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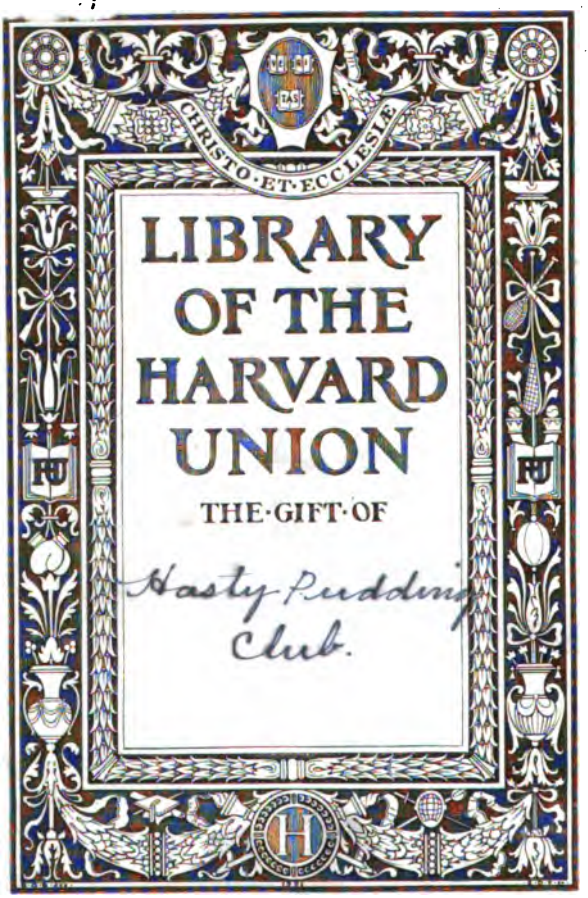

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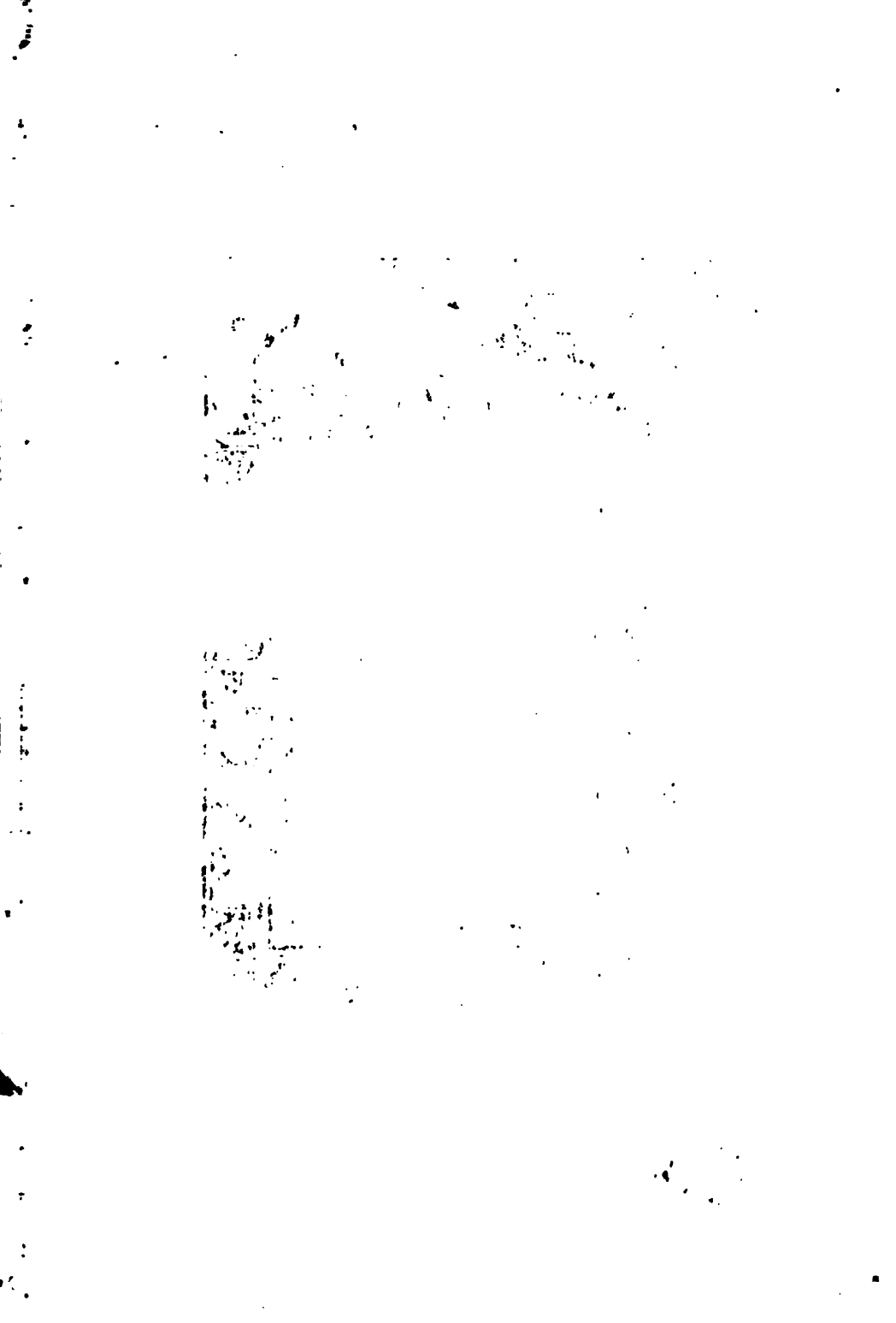

Battle of Valmy.

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La Comtesse de Charny

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. IV.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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LA COMTESSE DE CHARNY.

CHAPTER I.

REACTION.

The dispersal of the crowd was as quiet and gradual as the invasion had been boisterous and alarming. Astonished at the meagre results of their day's work, the rioters began to say to one another: "We accomplished nothing. We shall have to go back again."

Those who had fancied they could foresee what would happen, had judged the king by his reputation. They remembered how this monarch had appeared at Varennes clad like an upper servant, and prophesied that at the first intimation of danger Louis would hide under a table or in some closet or behind a curtain, and that somebody would stab him as if by accident, and then get off by saying, "How now! A rat?" as Hamlet says in the play when he slays Polonius behind the arras, thinking it is the tyrant of Denmark.

The result, as far as Louis was concerned, had been quite the opposite. Never had the king appeared so calm, or, rather, so truly great.

The insult had been colossal, but it had not exceeded his resignation or powers of endurance. His timid firmness — if one could so term it — needed to be stimulated

by excitement, but, in the heat of excitement, acquired the hardness and tenacity of steel.

For five long hours he saw axes gleam above his head, and lances, swords, and bayonets aimed straight at his breast, without once turning pale. No general in a dozen battles, no matter how desperate they may have been, ever faced greater danger.

The Théroignes, the Saint-Huruges, the Fourniers, and the Verrières had started out with the determination to murder the king; but his unexpected majesty of demeanour awed them, and made the poniard drop from their hands.

If such a sacred word can be used in connection with a human personage, this was the passion of Louis XVI., as he stood there with his brow encircled, not with a crown of thorns, but with that odious red cap; and as Jesus in the midst of insults and cruelty had said "I am the Christ," so Louis, undaunted by insult and outrage, composedly said, in manner if not in words, "I am your king."

The extreme Revolutionists had believed when they forced open the doors of the Tuileries that they should find only the helpless and trembling ghost of royalty on the other side; but, to their intense surprise, they had met the spirit of mediæval times, erect and alert. For an instant these two conflicting principles were seen standing face to face,—one about disappearing below the horizon, the other just rising in the east; and the effect was as startling as if one beheld two suns of equal splendour shining in the sky at the same time.

The Royalists were delighted, for the victory seemed to be theirs.

After these violent measures the king, instead of signing one of the decrees, as he had intended, now made up his mind to veto both; for he knew he ran no more risk in rejecting both than in rejecting one.

After this eventful 20th of June a strong reaction set in. The very next day the Assembly passed a decree that no

assemblage of armed citizens should ever again be allowed to enter its doors, — which was equivalent to a condemnation of the uprising of the previous day.

On the evening of the twentieth, Pétion arrived at the Tuileries just after order had been restored.

"I have only just now heard of your Majesty's situation," he remarked.

"That is strange," responded the king, drily. "It has lasted long enough."

On the day following, Constitutionalists, Royalists, and Feuillants all united in imploring the Assembly to proclaim martial law.

Everybody knew what the result of instituting martial law had been on the 17th of July of the previous year; but this request was said to have been due to the discovery of fresh conspiracies.

But Pétion hastened to the Assembly and stoutly declared that these conspiracies were purely imaginary, and that he was perfectly willing to be answerable for the tranquillity of Paris; so martial law was not proclaimed.

At the close of the session, about eight o'clock in the evening, Pétion repaired to the Tuileries to assure the king of the peaceful condition of the capital. He was accompanied by Sergent, who was an engraver, a brother-in-law of Marceau, a member of the City Council, and one of the police commissioners. Two or three more city officers went with them.

As they crossed the Carrousel, they were insulted by several Knights of the Order of St. Louis, and Constitutional Guards who chanced to be standing there. Pétion was attacked, and Sergent, in spite of the official scarf he wore, was struck on the breast and face, and finally knocked down.

They had scarcely been ushered into the presence of their sovereign before Pétion perceived that a quarrel was imminent.

Marie Antoinette gave him one of those wrathful glances

which the eyes of Maria Theresa had known so well how to bestow, — a glance full of defiance and scorn, though so dazzling in its brightness.

The king knew what had occurred at the Assembly, so he said: —

"Well, monsieur, you claim that quiet has been restored in the capital, do you?"

"Yes, Sire; now that the people have made their wishes known to you, they are quiet and satisfied."

"Confess, monsieur, that the proceedings of yesterday were a disgrace to the country, and that the municipal government neither did all that it should or all that it could."

"The municipal government did its duty, Sire."

"What is the present condition of Paris, monsieur?"

"Quiet, Sire."

"That is false."

"Sire!"

"Hold your tongue!"

"A servant of the people has no right to hold his tongue when he is doing his duty and speaking the truth."

"That 's enough. Take yourself off!"

Pétion bowed and withdrew.

The king's manner was so violent, and his face wore such an expression of intense anger, that even the high-spirited queen was alarmed.

"Don't you think the king has been too hasty?" she said to Rœderer when Pétion had vanished. "Are you not afraid this ebullition of anger will incense the Parisians still more?"

"No one will think it surprising that the king should silence a subject who is lacking in proper respect to him."

The next day the king wrote to the Assembly, complaining of the profanation of his royal domicile and person.

Then he issued a proclamation to his people. Consequently there were two peoples, — the people who had

created the disturbance on the 20th of June, and the people to whom the king complained.

On June 24th the king and queen reviewed the National Guards, and were greeted with enthusiasm.

That same day the Directory of Paris suspended the mayor from office. What had inspired them with such audacity? Three days later the mystery was solved.

Lafayette, attended by a single officer, left his army, reaching Paris on June 27th. On his arrival, he went straight to the house of his friend Rochefoucauld.

During the night the Constitutionalists, Feuillants, and Royalists were duly notified, and arrangements were made to pack the gallery the following day.

Three rounds of applause greeted him when he presented himself before the Assembly on that day; but they were drowned in the murmurs of the Girondists, and it was evident that the session was destined to be a stormy one.

Lafayette was one of the bravest men that ever lived; but there is a great difference between bravery and foolhardiness. In fact, a truly brave man is rarely, if ever, foolhardy.

Lafayette understood the danger he was incurring, perfectly. He was about to stake the last remnant of his popularity. If that went, he would perish with it. If he won, he might perhaps save the king.

This action was all the more magnanimous on his part, because he was perfectly well aware of the king's dislike and the queen's positive hatred; for had not her Majesty as much as said, "I would rather perish through Pétion than be saved by Lafayette"?

It is quite possible, though, that he had come as much in answer to a sort of challenge as anything.

About a fortnight before, he had written both to the king and to the Assembly, — to the king to encourage him to resist, and to the Assembly to warn it against the continual attacks upon the Crown. "He is very high and

mighty out there surrounded by his army," cried a voice. "Let us see if he will talk in the same fashion here in the Assembly."

These words had been reported to Lafayette, and perhaps they were the real cause of his journey to Paris.

Amid hearty applause from one side, and groans from the other, he ascended the tribune.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have been severely censured for writing my letter of the 16th of June in the midst of my troops. It is consequently my duty to protest against this imputation of cowardice, by coming out from behind the sort of rampart the devotion of my soldiers forms around me, and presenting myself alone and unattended before you. A still more imperative duty also calls me here. The outrages of the 20th of June have aroused the indignation of all good citizens, and especially of the army. Officers, subalterns, and privates have but one opinion in regard to these most reprehensible acts; and from each and every division I have received the warmest assurances of devotion to the Constitution, and protests against such disorderly and rebellious proceedings. I have deprecated any further manifestations of feeling, however, and have taken it upon myself to express the sentiments now prevailing in the army. I speak only as a citizen, however. It is time to establish the Constitution on a firm basis, to protect the liberty of the National Assembly and the king, as well as the king's dignity. I therefore implore the Assembly to treat the excesses of the 20th of June as treasonable crimes against his Majesty, and prosecute the perpetrators thereof; also to adopt effectual measures for making the authority conferred by the Constitution respected, — especially yours and the king's, — and to give the army some assurance that the Constitution will not be attacked at home, while brave Frenchmen are pouring out their blood in its defence upon the frontier."

Guadet had risen slowly as he perceived that Lafayette was approaching the end of his discourse. When the

Girondists wished to shoot an arrow barbed with sarcasm and irony, it was to Guadet the bow was intrusted, and Guadet had only to take an arrow at random from his quiver. The last round of applause had hardly died away before his resonant voice was heard.

"The moment I saw Monsieur Lafayette," he began, "a very consoling idea suggested itself to my mind. I said to myself: 'We have no more foreign enemies; the Austrians must have been vanquished, for here is Monsieur Lafayette come to announce the news of his victory and their destruction. But, alas! this pleasing delusion was short-lived. Our enemies are still in the field! The danger on our frontier remains the same; and yet — Monsieur Lafayette is in Paris. He declares himself the mouthpiece of the army and of certain honest citizens. Where are these worthy citizens? What opportunity has the army had for deliberation? But, first of all, let our gallant general show us his leave of absence."

At this sally the Girondists perceived that the wind was shifting around to their quarter; and the speaker had hardly ceased before a round of deafening applause burst forth.

A deputy hastily rose, and, speaking from his seat, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, surely you forget to whom you are speaking, as well as the question at issue. You forget who Lafayette is. Lafayette is the eldest son of French liberty! Lafayette has sacrificed his fortune, his titles, and his life to the Revolution."

"It seems to be his funeral oration you are pronouncing," cried a mocking voice.

"Gentlemen," said Ducos, "the deliberations of this Assembly are disturbed by the presence on the floor of a person who does not belong to this body."

"Nor is that all," shouted Vergniaud. "This commander has forsaken his post in the face of the enemy. It was to him, and not to the subordinate he left in his place, that a division of our army was intrusted. We know

that Lafayette has left his post without permission; and as we know that to be the case, let him be arrested and tried as a deserter."

"I second the motion!" cried Guadet.

"And I! And I!" shouted all the Girondists.

"Call the roll," said Gensonné.

The roll-call gave Lafayette's friends and supporters a majority of ten.

But, like the populace on the 20th of June, Lafayette had either ventured too much or too little. This was one of those triumphs which cause a leader to exclaim, with Pyrrhus, "One more such victory, and I am lost!"

On leaving the Assembly, Lafayette, like Pétion, hastened to the palace.

The king received him with a more affable countenance, but a no less bitter heart.

Lafayette had just sacrificed something more precious than life for the king and queen. He had sacrificed his popularity. This was the third time he had made this sacrifice, for which even a king can give no meet reward.

The first time was at Versailles, in October, 1789. The second on the Champ de Mars in July, 1791.

Lafayette had one last remaining hope. The following day he was to review the National Guards, in company with the king. He could not doubt the enthusiasm the presence of their old commander would inspire; and Lafayette might take advantage of this enthusiasm to march upon the Assembly, and place the Girondists under arrest, while, during the commotion that would ensue, the king could make his escape to the camp at Maubeuge.

This would be a bold move, but in the present condition of affairs it was the only safe one.

But, unfortunately, Danton went to Pétion's lodgings at three o'clock in the morning to notify him of the conspiracy. At daybreak Pétion issued an order postponing the review.

Who had betrayed the king and Lafayette? The queen.

Had she not said she would rather perish through some other person than owe her salvation to Lafayette?

Her desire was fulfilled, for she was fated to perish through Danton's instrumentality, finally.

At the very hour the review was to have taken place, Lafayette left Paris and returned to the army. He had not abandoned all hope of saving the king, however.

CHAPTER II.

VERGNIAUD.

LAFAYETTE'S doubtful victory, followed by his hasty retreat, had this singular result. It discomfited the Royalists, who were supposed to be the victors, and elated the Girondists, who were supposed to be defeated. It aided them, too, by disclosing the precipice into which they were liable to fall.

The Court must not be allowed time to repair its error, and the force of the revolutionary current must be renewed and strengthened after this brief set-back. Every one attempted to devise the best means of accomplishing this, and every one fancied he had found it; but the impracticability of each method became apparent on discussion, and had to be abandoned.

Madame Roland, the soul of the party, advocated a stirring appeal in the Assembly. Who alone could create this great commotion? Who alone could strike such a blow? Vergniaud.

But why was this Achilles lingering in his tent; or, rather, why was this Rinaldo dallying in Armida's garden? He loved.

And it is so difficult to hate when one loves! Vergniaud adored the beautiful Madame Candeille, the famous actress, poetess, and musician. His friends sought him in vain, or, rather, they found him only at the feet of this charming woman, with one hand resting on her lap, and the other listlessly sweeping her harp-strings; and every night he was at the theatre to applaud the divinity he worshipped all day.

One evening two deputies left the Assembly in despair. Vergniaud's inaction made them tremble for the fate of France.

These two men were Grangeneuve and Chabot. Grangeneuve was a Bordeaux deputy, the friend and rival of Vergniaud, and, like him, a Girondist.

Chabot had been a Capuchin monk, and was the author — or at least one of the authors — of "The Sans Culotte Catechism."

They walked on in silence for some time; then, fancying he could read his companion's thoughts in his gloomy face, Chabot asked: —

"What are you thinking about, Grangeneuve?"

"I am thinking that all these loiterers are enervating the country and killing the Revolution; for if the people give royalty much more time, the people are lost. I am thinking, too, that there is only one appointed time for a revolution, and that those who allow the opportunity to escape them will never find it again, and will be held accountable by their Maker and by posterity."

"And you really believe that God and posterity will hold us accountable for our inaction and procrastination?"

"I am afraid so.

"Look here, Chabot," continued Grangeneuve, after a brief silence, "I am firmly convinced that the people are disheartened by this last check, and that they will not recover their enthusiasm without the aid of some powerful lever or some sanguinary event. They need the stimulus of rage or terror to revive their waning energy."

"And how is this rage or terror to be excited?"

"That is the very thing I have been cogitating about," replied Grangeneuve; "and I think I 've devised a means, provided I can find a man possessed of sufficient nerve and resolution to carry out my plan."

"Speak!" said Chabot, with a firmness of accent that settled all doubts in his companion's mind. "I am capable of doing anything to destroy those I hate; and I hate kings and priests."

"Well," said Grangeneuve, "history shows that innocent blood has been shed at the beginning of all revolutions, — from the suicide of Lucrece to the execution of Sidney. If the vengeance of the populace is to be aroused, a victim must be provided. That victim the Court withholds; so we needs must sacrifice ourselves for the good of the cause."

"I do not understand you."

"Very well, then; it is necessary that one of us — and one who is energetic, upright, and well known — should become the real or pretended victim of the Royalists."

"Go on."

"The victim must be a member of the National Assembly, so that the Assembly shall take the work of retaliation into its own hands. In short, the victim must be — myself."

"But the Royalists have no intention of harming you, Grangeneuve. On the contrary, they 'll take precious good care not to do it."

"I know that; and it is for this very reason I say we must find a man of great nerve and determination."

"What for?"

"To kill me."

Chabot retreated a step; but Grangeneuve seized him by the arm and said: "You boasted just now that you were capable of doing anything to destroy those whom you hated. Are you capable of murdering me?"

Seeing that his friend remained speechless, Grangeneuve continued: —

"My words have no weight, and my life is of very little service to Liberty; while my death, on the contrary, may prove of vast benefit to her. My dead body will be the standard of insurrection, and I say to you — "

He paused a moment; then, pointing with a vehement gesture to the Tuileries, he added, "I say to you that that palace and all its occcupants must disappear in the cyclone."

Chabot trembled with awe as he gazed at his companion.

"Well?" insisted Grangeneuve.

"Blow out thy lantern, Diogenes; thy man is found."

"Very well. Let us arrange to have the whole affair over this evening. I will walk here alone to-night" (they were opposite the gates of the Louvre). "If you are afraid that your heart will fail you, bring two other patriots with you. I will make this signal, so that I may be recognised."

As he spoke, he raised both arms high above his head, then continued, "They must stab me when I do that; and I promise to fall without a groan."

Chabot wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"In the morning my body will be found," continued Grangeneuve, "and the Court will be blamed for my death. The wrath and indignation of the people will do the rest."

"Very well, so be it!" and the framers of this strange compact shook hands and separated.

Grangeneuve went home to make his will, dating it one year previous. Chabot went to get his dinner at a restaurant in the garden of the Palais Royal. Afterwards he went to a cutler's and purchased a knife. Candeille was to play that evening, so the former monk knew where to find Vergniaud.

He repaired to the Comédie-Française, only a few squares away, and went up to the dressing-room of the beautiful actress, where he found Vergniaud, Talma, Chénier, Dugazon, and several other ardent admirers assembled as usual.

When the play was over, and Vergniaud was preparing to escort the lady to the Rue Richelieu, where she lived, Chabot followed his colleague into the carriage.

"Is there anything you wish to say to me, Chabot?" inquired Vergniaud.

"Yes, but it won't take long."

"Speak out, then."

"It is n't time yet," replied Chabot, glancing at his watch.

"And when will it be time?"

"At midnight."

"Oh, monsieur," murmured the beautiful Candeille, tremulously.

"Don't be alarmed, madame; Vergniaud has nothing to fear. His country needs him, that is all."

As the carriage rolled along, its occupants maintained an unbroken silence; but on reaching Candeille's door Vergniaud asked: —

"Will you come in, Chabot?"

"No, I want you to come with me."

"Where do you intend taking him?" asked the actress, anxiously.

"Only a few hundred yards from here. He shall be back again in fifteen minutes, — I promise you that."

Vergniaud pressed the hand of his lovely sweetheart, made her a reassuring sign, and walked down the Rue Traversière with Chabot. Then they crossed the Rue Saint-Honoré and entered the Rue de l'Echelle. On reaching the corner of that street the monk placed one hand on Vergniaud's shoulder, and with the other pointed to a man who was pacing to and fro in front of the Louvre.

"Do you see that man?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, that is our colleague, Grangeneuve."

"What is he doing there?"

"Waiting for somebody to kill him."

"To kill him?"

"Yes."

"And who is to kill him?"

"I am."

Vergniaud looked at Chabot as one looks at a fool.

"Think of Sparta, think of Rome, and then listen," said Chabot.

Then he told Vergniaud the whole story. As Vergniaud listened, his head drooped lower and lower as he realised his immense inferiority — amorous lion, effeminate tribune that he was — to this earnest and grim Republican, who, like Decius, only asked for a gulf into which he could hurl himself to save his country.

"Very well," he said. "Give me three days to prepare my speech."

"And then?"

"Have no fears. In three days I shall either have dashed myself in pieces against the idol, or have overturned it."

"I have your word, Vergniaud?"

"Yes."

"It is the word of a man?"

"Of a Republican."

"Very well. I have no further need of you now. Go back and console your sweetheart."

Vergniaud returned to the Rue Richelieu; but Chabot walked on towards Grangeneuve, who, seeing a man approaching, retreated into the darkest corner. Chabot followed him.

Grangeneuve paused at the foot of the wall. Grangeneuve made the sign agreed upon by raising his arms.

Then, as Chabot remained motionless, he exclaimed, "Well, what deters you? Strike, I say!"

"It is not necessary; Vergniaud will speak."

"So be it," said Grangeneuve, with a sigh; "but I believe the other way would have been better."

How could royalty hope to contend successfully with such men as these?

CHAPTER III.

VERGNIAUD SPEAKS.

It was indeed time for Vergniaud to take a decided stand, for perils were rapidly increasing both at home and abroad.

The Council of Ambassadors at Ratisbon had unanimously refused to admit the French minister.

England, though she called herself the friend of France, was organising an immense armament.

The princes of the German States, though they boasted of maintaining a strict neutrality, were secretly admitting the enemy into their territory.

The Duke of Baden had allowed the Austrians to enter Kehl, which was only a league from Strasburg.

In Flanders it was even worse. Luckner was a deaf old dotard who managed to upset all the plans made by Dumouriez, who, though no military genius, was the only man of ability France had sent to meet the foe.

Lafayette was a Royalist at heart, and his last step has proved conclusively that the Assembly, or in other words France, could not count upon him.

While last, but not least, Biron, though a brave and strictly honest man, discouraged by our reverses, favoured a defensive warfare only.

So much for foreign affairs.

At home, Alsace was clamouring for arms, which the Minister of War, who belonged to the court party, took good care not to provide.

In Southern France the Governor of Lower Languedoc and Cévennes, also a Royalist partisan, acknowledged the authority of the nobility of that region.

At the conclusion of mass in a town of Western France, the announcement was made that an armed assemblage of the friends of royalty would be held in a neighbouring chapel, and five hundred peasants responded to the call. The Chouans were rampant in Brittany and the Vendée, and from nearly every department of the kingdom came anti-revolutionary addresses.

The danger was great, — so great that it was no longer individuals, but the entire country that was in peril. "The country is in danger" was whispered on every side.

The Assembly waited anxiously.

Chabot and Grangeneuve had announced that in three days Vergniaud would speak, and the other members counted the moments as they passed.

For two days Vergniaud was not seen at the Assembly. The third day arrived, and everybody was in a state of the utmost anxiety. Not a deputy was absent from his seat, and the galleries were crowded to suffocation.

At last Vergniaud entered the hall, and a sigh of relief ran through the Assembly; and the galleries applauded as theatre-goers applaud the entrance of a favourite actor.

Vergniaud was barely thirty-three years of age at the time. In temperament he was indolent, and somewhat phlegmatic; but when he intended to speak, he always prepared his address three or four days beforehand, carefully polishing and furbishing it, as a soldier polishes and furbishes his weapons on the eve of battle.

He was what one would call an eminently effective orator. No thrust satisfied him unless it was brilliantly made and loudly applauded; and it seemed absolutely necessary for him to reserve his efforts for moments of danger and important crises. In short, he was not a man for all occasions, but for great emergencies only.

In person he was short, rather than tall, though he possessed the robust frame of an athlete. His hair was long, and when he spoke he had a way of shaking it back as a lion shakes his mane. His forehead was broad, and his

black eyes were overshadowed by heavy, bushy eyebrows. His nose was short, but rather large, with flaring nostrils. His lips were thick, and words gushed from his mouth in torrents, as water gushes from an abundant spring when it is opened.

Thickly pitted with small-pox, his skin looked like marble roughly hewed out by the hand of an apprentice, but not yet polished by the sculptor's chisel; and his complexion was pale, purple, or livid, according as the blood mounted to his face or receded to his heart.

In repose or in a crowd, Vergniaud was a very ordinary looking man, in whom the keenest eye could discern no marks of genius; but when passion set his blood on fire, when his nostrils quivered, when the muscles of his face palpitated, and when his uplifted hand commanded silence and dominated the crowd, the man became a demi-god, the orator was transfigured, and the rostrum became his Mount Tabor.

This was the man who came to the Assembly with his hand filled with thunderbolts; and the applause that greeted him on his entrance showed him how eagerly he was expected.

He did not ask for the right to speak, but walked straight to the tribune, ascended it in the midst of a breathless silence, and immediately began his speech.

His first words were almost inaudible, but his voice soon became deep and sonorous.

"Citizens," he said, "I come to you and ask what is the meaning of the strange situation in which the Assembly finds itself? What strange fatality pursues you, and signalises each day with events which overthrow all our plans and hurl us back into a seething whirlpool of dread, anxiety, and passion? What has brought about this marvellous state of effervescence, in which one is at a loss to decide whether the Revolution is retrograding or progressing towards its proper termination?

"At the very moment our army seemed to be making

some progress in Belgium, we see it turn and flee before the enemy, thus bringing the war into our own territory; and the only recollections that the unfortunate Belgians will retain of us will be of the conflagrations which lighted our retreat.

"Along the Rhine the Prussians are massing their troops upon our defenceless borders. How happens it, that, at such an important crisis in our national existence, the movements of our troops should be entirely suspended, and that by a sudden dissolution of the cabinet the interests of the kingdom should be intrusted to inexperienced hands?

"Can it be that the success of our arms is not desired at home? Can it be that the blood of the army of Coblentz is more precious to our rulers than that of our own army? When priestly fanaticism seems likely to deliver us over to the horrors of civil war and of invasion, what can be the motives of those persons who obstinately refuse to sanction edicts directed against the prime movers in these disturbances? Do our rulers desire to reign over deserted cities and devastated fields? How much misery and blood and suffering and death will be required to satisfy their desire for vengeance? In short, where do we stand?

"And you, gentlemen, whose courage the enemies of the Constitution are incessantly striving to weaken by arousing a spirit of contention in among you — you, whose consciences they are continually endeavouring to alarm by terming your love of liberty a spirit of sedition — you, who are slandered only because you do not belong to the class that the Revolution has humbled in the dust, and because the degraded men who regret the loss of the infamous privilege of cringing and grovelling cannot hope to find accomplices in you — you, whom they are trying to alienate from the people, because they know the people are your only dependence and support, and because if, by reason of an abandonment of their cause, you in turn deserve to be abandoned, it will be an easy matter to dissolve

the Assembly — you, whom they are doing their best to divide and estrange, but who will surely postpone your quarrels until the war is over, and who certainly do not take such delight in bickering and hating that you prefer it to the salvation of the country — you, whom they have endeavoured to terrify by predictions of another invasion of armed petitioners, when you know only too well that at the beginning of the Revolution the sanctuary of liberty was surrounded by the satellites of despotism, that Paris was filled with court troops, and that those days of peril were the most glorious days of our first Assembly, — I wish to call your attention to the present crisis.

"Our domestic troubles are unquestionably caused by the plotting and scheming of the aristocrats and priests, both of whom are striving to achieve the same result, — a counter-revolution.

"The king refuses to sanction an edict that will put an end to the religious disturbances. I know not whether the grim spirit of the Medicis and of Cardinal Lorraine still haunts the Tuileries, and the king's mind is disturbed by the ghostly ideas their presence might create; but unless we insult the king by believing him to be the Revolution's most dangerous enemy, we certainly cannot believe he will encourage these efforts of priestly ambition, and restore the power wherewith these arrogant supporters of the Tiara have oppressed both monarchs and people in the past; nor can we believe, without doing the king injustice and declaring him to be the most bitter of his country's enemies, that he delights in encouraging dissensions and perpetuating disorders which will eventually lead to ruin through the agency of a civil war.

"I conclude, consequently, that the king opposes your laws because he believes himself strong enough to maintain public peace and order without your aid; but if public peace is not maintained, if the torch of fanaticism still threatens to kindle widespread conflagrations throughout the kingdom, if religious dissensions still continue to

devastate our land, then whom are we to regard as the cause of all these evils? Is it not the agents of royal authority who should be held responsible? Are not they themselves the real cause of all our troubles?

"Very well; then let them answer with their heads for all disturbances of the public peace and all the outrages of which religion will be the pretext! Only by thus placing this terrible responsibility where it really belongs can you hope to put an end to the turmoil that everywhere prevails.

"In your solicitude for the adequate protection of the empire from foreign foes, you passed a decree for the establishment of a military camp near Paris, in which city the confederates of France are to assemble on the 14th of July to renew their oath to live free or die. The poisonous breath of calumny has killed this project, and the king has refused to sanction that also.

"I respect this exercise of a constitutional prerogative too much to suggest that his ministers should be considered responsible for this refusal on his part; but if the sacred soil of liberty is profaned before a suitable army can be raised to defend it, you must regard these men as traitors, and punish them as such, by hurling them into the pit which their indifference or malevolence has created in the pathway of liberty.

"We should tear off the bandage which flattery and intrigue have placed over the king's eyes, and show him the goal to which perfidious friends are endeavouring to lead him.

"It is in the king's name that refugee princes are stirring up the courts of Europe against us; it is to avenge the king's dignity that the treaty of Pilnitz has been concluded; it is to defend the king that we see the members of his former body-guard fleeing to Germany to enroll themselves under a foreign flag; it is to come to the king's aid that *émigrés* are enlisting in Austrian armies, and preparing to wage a relentless war upon their native land; and it

is to assist these champions of royal prerogative that others desert their posts in the face of the enemy, break their oaths, steal the funds intrusted to their charge, and corrupt their men,—thus to all appearance priding themselves upon their cowardice, insubordination, perjury, theft, and murder. And the king's name has been made the pretext for all this.

"Now, in the Constitution I read as follows:—

"'If the king places himself at the head of an army, and directs its forces against the nation, or if he does not oppose by formal act any such enterprise undertaken in his name, he shall be regarded as having abdicated his throne.'

"It will be useless for the king to say in reply: 'The enemies of the nation pretend to be acting in my behalf, but I have proved that I am not their accomplice. I have obeyed the Constitution, I have put troops in the field. It is true that the armies were too weak, but the Constitution does not specify how strong the army is to be. It is true they may have been put in the field too late, but the Constitution does not state how much time is to be allowed me for their organisation. It is true some troops might have been placed in reserve to relieve those in the field, but the Constitution does not oblige me to organise these reserve camps. It is true that when the generals were advancing unhindered into the enemy's country, I ordered them to be re-called, but the Constitution does not compel me to win victories. It is true that my ministers have deceived the National Assembly with regard to the number, disposal, and equipments of our troops, but the Constitution gives me the right to select my own counsellors, and nowhere commands me to bestow my confidence on patriots, or drive counter-revolutionists from me. It is true that the Assembly has passed several decrees essential to the welfare of our beloved country, and I have refused to sanction them, but the Constitution gives me this power. Finally, it is true that a counter-revolution is at work, that des-

potism is striving to re-invest me with its sceptre of iron, in order that I may crush you with it, that I may punish you for having the insolence to desire to be free, and that I may compel you to grovel before me; but I am doing all this constitutionally. No act that the Constitution condemns has emanated from me; so no one has any right to doubt my fidelity towards the Constitution, or my zeal in its defence.'

"If it were possible for the king to use such derisive language as this amid the misfortunes that now environ us, and to prate of his respect for the Constitution in such terms of insulting irony, should we not have a perfect right to reply: —

"'You believe, perhaps, O king, like the tyrant Lysander, that truth is no better than falsehood, and that it is perfectly right and proper to amuse men with promises and oaths, as you amuse children with jackstraws. You have made a pretence of loving the laws, merely for the sake of retaining the power to defy them. You have accepted the Constitution, merely to retain your seat upon the throne, where you needed to remain in order that you might be able to destroy this same Constitution. You profess to love the nation, merely to win the confidence of the people, and so insure the success of your perfidious schemes.

"'Do you still think to deceive us with such hypocritical protestations? Do you hope to blind us to the real cause of our misfortunes by your artifices and sophistries?

"'Was it really with the hope of defending us that you sent such an insignificant force to resist the invader as to prevent a possibility of anything save defeat? Was it for the purpose of defending us that you paid no attention to plans for fortifying the interior of the kingdom, and neglected to make any preparations for resistance? Was it to defend us that you failed to reprimand a general who violated the Constitution, and did his best to weaken the courage of the men who were serving under him? Is it to defend us that you are paralysing the government by

continual changes in your cabinet? Does the Constitution empower you to choose your ministers for our weal or for our woe? Does it make you commander-in-chief of our armies for our glory or our shame? Does it give you a large civil list, and so many valuable prerogatives, — among them the right of veto, — in order that you may employ these advantages to the detriment of the Constitution and the kingdom?

"'You have not kept the oath you took to support the Constitution. The Constitution may be overthrown, but you shall not profit by your perjury. You have uttered no protest against the victories which have been achieved over liberty in your name, nor have you ever repudiated them, either directly or indirectly; but you shall not profit by these unworthy triumphs. Henceforth you are naught to this Constitution which you have so basely violated, or to the people whom you have so shamefully betrayed.'

"As a close connection is apparent between many of these facts which I have recalled to your mind, and certain acts of the king's; as it is certain that the false friends who surround him are in league with those conspirators at Coblentz who were striving to lure the king on to his ruin in order to place the crown upon the head of one of their own chief conspirators; as it is needful for his personal safety as well as for the safety of the kingdom that his conduct should be above suspicion, — I suggest an address in which he be reminded of the truths I have just mentioned, and of the fact that the state of neutrality which he maintains between this country and Coblentz is nothing more nor less than treason towards France.

"I demand, moreover, that you declare the country in danger. You will see all citizens rallying to her support at this cry of alarm. The land will be covered with soldiers who will repeat the deeds of valour that covered the nations of antiquity with glory.

"For what are we waiting? For the military government some persons desire to establish? The Court is

suspected of treasonable projects. There is much talk of military movements and of martial law. The imagination is becoming familiar with the idea of bloodshed. The palace of the king of the French is being transformed into a fortress.

"But where are our enemies? Upon whom are these cannon and bayonets pointed?

"The friends of the Constitution have been driven out of the cabinet, though the firm hand of a true patriot is sadly needed upon the reins of government. Discord is rife and fanaticism rampant on every side. The connivance of our own government increases the audacity of our foreign foes, and at the same time cools the sympathy of nations who are secretly praying for the triumph of liberty. The enemy's cohorts are becoming larger and larger, while intrigue and perfidy are busily weaving treasonable plots in the very midst of us. The Assembly passes rigorous but sorely needed edicts to circumvent these conspirators, but the king's hand rends these edicts in twain.

"It is high time to summon the French people to the defence of their native land, and show them the terrible abyss that is opening before them.

"Imitate the Spartans at Thermopylæ, or those venerable Roman senators who calmly awaited upon their own thresholds the death to which their ferocious conquerors had condemned them. A few such sacrifices only are needed to raise up countless avengers; for the day your blood reddens the soil, tyranny — with its arrogance, its palaces, and its champions — will vanish for ever before the irresistible power of the nation and the just wrath of an outraged people."

An ever-increasing power was apparent in this impassioned discourse. Rising higher and higher, it beat the air more and more violently with its wings, like some huge bird, until it created a positive hurricane.

The effect was similar to that of a waterspout. The

entire assemblage, Feuillants, Royalists, Constitutionalists, Republicans, members in their seats and spectators in the gallery, were enveloped, caught up, and swept away by this powerful flood of impassioned eloquence. People fairly shrieked with enthusiasm.

That same evening Barbaroux wrote to his friend Rebecqui in Marseilles: —

Send me five hundred men who know how to die!

CHAPTER IV.

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

On the 11th of July the Assembly declared the country in danger. According to the Constitution the king's sanction was necessary for the promulgation of this announcement, however, and the king did not give it until the evening of the 21st.

And, in fact, to admit that the country was in danger was equivalent to a confession of powerlessness on the part of the chief executive. It was an appeal to the country to save itself, inasmuch as the king either would not or could not save it.

From July 11th to July 21st the liveliest apprehensions were felt by the occupants of the palace.

The Court was confident of the development of some conspiracy against the king's life on the 14th. A bulletin issued by the Jacobins strengthened these suspicions. It was evidently prepared by Robespierre, and it was addressed to the confederates, who were coming to Paris to attend the fête of the 14th of July, so cruelly stained with blood the year before: —

"To the French people of the eighty-three departments, greeting!" said the Incorruptible. "To Marseilles, greeting! To the powerful and invincible nation who gathers her children about her in all seasons of joy and of peril, greeting! We open our doors wide to our brothers!

"Citizens, do you come hither for a mere idle ceremony, and for superfluous protestations? No, no! You hasten hither in response to the appeal of the nation, menaced from without, betrayed from within.

"Treacherous leaders conduct our armies into pitfalls. Our generals respect the territory of the tyrannical Austrian, and burn the towns of our Belgian brothers. A monster, Lafayette, has just insulted the Assembly to its very face.

"Reviled, threatened, outraged, does the Assembly still exist? So many dastardly attacks have at last aroused the nation; and you hasten here in answer to its appeal. Wheedlers will endeavour to cajole you. Shun their caresses; shun their banquets, where they will drink to moderation and to forgetfulness of duty! Do not allow your suspicions to be lulled to rest for a moment. The fatal hour is at hand!

"There stands the patriot altar! Will you allow false idols to come between you and Liberty, to usurp the adoration which is due to her alone? Let us swear allegiance only to our country!

"Everything on the Champ de Mars will remind you of the treachery of our enemies. There is not a single foot of ground unstained with innocent blood. Purify that soil! Avenge that blood, and do not leave this sacred spot until the salvation of the country is assured."

It would be difficult indeed to speak more explicitly. Never was assassination recommended in plainer terms; never was a sanguinary revenge urged more clearly and forcibly.

And it was Robespierre, take notice, the crafty orator, the cautious deputy, who said, in his blandest tones, "My friends, you must kill the king!"

Everybody at the Tuileries was greatly alarmed, the king particularly, for they were all positive that the sole object of the outbreak on the 20th of June had been the assassination of the king, and that the failure of the plot had been due entirely to the courageous demeanour of the king, which had awed his would-be murderers.

And there was not a little truth in all this. Now, all

the friends of the king and queen believed that the crime which had failed on the 20th of June had merely been postponed until the 14th of July. In fact, they were so firmly convinced of this that they begged the king to put on a suit, or at least a tunic, of chain armour under his clothing, so that the first stab or shot would prove harmless, and his friends have time to come to his assistance.

Alas! the queen had not Andrée to aid her now, as on a former occasion, and to go with her at midnight to a lonely part of the palace to test with a trembling hand the efficacy of that light silky cuirass, as she had done once at Versailles.

Fortunately, the king's cuirass had been preserved. He had put it on once, merely to please the queen, on the occasion of his first compulsory journey from Versailles to Paris, but had never worn it afterwards. Now he was so closely watched that his friends could find no opportunity to put it on him a second time, and repair any defects it might have; and Madame Campan carried it about three days under her dress.

At last, one morning, while she was in the queen's chamber, and the queen still in bed, the king came in, hastily pulled off his coat, and tried on the armour, while Madame Campan stood guard at the door.

When the cuirass had been adjusted, the king called Madame Campan to him and said: "It is to satisfy the queen I am doing this. They won't assassinate me, Campan, you may be sure of that. They have changed their plans, and there is an entirely different kind of death in store for me. When you leave the queen come to my room, for there is something I wish to intrust to your charge."

The king went out, and the queen, who had noticed this whispered conference, asked Madame Campan what the king had said to her.

Bursting into tears, Madame Campan fell upon her knees beside the bed and repeated his Majesty's words.

The queen shook her head sorrowfully, and said: "Yes, that is the king's opinion, and I am beginning to think as he does. He believes that what is now taking place in France will prove a mere repetition of what took place in England a century ago. He is continually reading the history of the unfortunate Charles. Yes, yes; I begin to fear the king will be tried. As for me, I am a foreigner, and they will assassinate me. Alas! what will become of my poor children?"

Sobs choked her utterance. Madame Campan sprang up and began to prepare a soothing draught of sweetened water and ether; but the queen stopped her.

"Nervous attacks are for happy women," she said sadly; "but there is no remedy for a mind diseased. Since our misfortunes became so great, I am scarcely conscious of my bodily existence. I can think only of my probable fate. Say nothing about this to the king, and go to him at once."

But Madame Campan made no movement to obey.

"What is the matter? Why don't you go?" asked the queen.

"Oh, madame, I want to tell your Majesty that I have had a tunic of mail like the king's made for you," cried Madame Campan, "and I implore your Majesty on my knees to put it on."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear Campan," said the queen, much affected.

"Your Majesty accepts it, then?" exclaimed her devoted attendant, joyfully.

"I will accept it as a token of your devotion, but I shall not put it on." Then, taking her faithful friend's hand, she added softly: "I shall be only too thankful if they do assassinate me. O God! they will, in that case, confer a greater blessing on me than Thou did'st in giving me life, for they will deliver me from it! Go, Campan, go!"

In the corridor Madame Campan met the king. On seeing her, he stopped, and offered her his hand. Madame

Campan took it, and bent her head to press her lips upon it; but the king drew her to him, and kissed her upon both cheeks; then, before she had recovered from her astonishment, he bade her follow him.

The king walked on in advance of her until he reached a side passage leading from his bed-chamber to that of the dauphin. Here he paused, and passed his hand over the partition, until he found a spring which yielded to his touch, and a door flew back, revealing a small closet skilfully built in the wall of the passage. It was the iron vault the king had built and walled up, with Gamain's assistance, two years before.

There was a large portfolio filled with papers in the closet, as well as a large quantity of gold.

"Here, Campan, take this portfolio and carry it to your own room," said the king.

Madame Campan tried to lift it, but the portfolio was too heavy.

"I cannot lift it, Sire," she replied.

"Wait, then," said the king.

And after carefully closing the safe again, he picked up the portfolio and carried it to Madame Campan's room himself.

"What am I to do with this portfolio, Sire?" asked the lady.

"The queen will inform you, and at the same time tell you what it contains."

The king left the room, and Madame Campan, after concealing the portfolio between the two mattresses on her bed, returned to the queen.

"Madame, the king has just intrusted a portfolio to my keeping. He says your Majesty will tell me what it contains, and what I am to do with it," she remarked.

"Campan, it contains documents and papers which would ruin the king if he should ever be brought to a trial, which God forbid! At the same time — and this is probably what the king wished me to tell you — it also contains a

full report of the session of the Council in which the king opposed a declaration of war. He had it signed by all his ministers; and in case he is ever brought to trial, he thinks, though the others may injure him, this will be of some service to him."

"But what am I to do with the papers, madame?"

"Whatever you think proper, Campan, provided they are in a safe place. Only you must not leave me, even when you are not on duty; for circumstances are such that I may need you at any moment. As you are one of our most trusty friends, I want you always near me."

The festival of July 14th took place. It was the Revolution, not the assassination of the king, that engrossed every mind, however, — though there was undoubtedly a strong disposition to celebrate Pétion's victory over the king.

As we have previously stated, Pétion had been suspended from office by the Directory of Paris after the outbreak on the 20th of June; but the king's concurrence was needed to make this act valid. The king confirmed the action of the Directory by a royal proclamation sent to the Assembly; but on the 13th the Assembly formally reinstated Pétion.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 14th the king descended the steps of the palace in company with the queen and the royal children. Three or four thousand troops formed an escort for the royal family; but the queen looked in vain for any expression of friendly feeling or sympathy on the faces of these men.

As for the people, there was no mistaking their sentiments. Shouts of "Long live Pétion!" resounded on every side. The queen trembled and turned pale. In spite of what she had said to Madame Campan, she felt convinced that there must be a plot against the king's life, and shuddered as she fancied she saw an outstretched hand armed with a knife or aiming a pistol.

On reaching the Champ de Mars, the king alighted from his carriage, took his place on the left of the President of

the Assembly, and advanced with him towards the patriot altar.

The queen was obliged to leave the king, in order to take possession of the box that had been reserved for her and her children; but she paused, unwilling to ascend the stairs until she was satisfied that her husband was safe.

Just as the king reached the foot of the patriot altar, there was a sudden movement, attended with considerable commotion in the crowd, and the king disappeared from sight. The queen screamed, and started towards the spot; but in a moment the king was seen again, ascending the steps of the patriot altar.

Among the numerous allegorical figures, such as Justice, Liberty, Law, and Order, which usually figure in such processions, there was a man, heavily swathed in crape and crowned with cypress, who especially attracted the queen's attention.

"Who is that man dressed in black and crowned with cypress?" she managed to falter, though not without a terrible effort.

"The headsman," replied a voice that made her tremble.

"And what is he carrying in his hand hidden under that crape veil?"

"The axe with which Charles I. was beheaded."

The queen turned pale and glanced nervously around, for it seemed to her she had heard that voice before.

She was right. The speaker was the man she had seen at the Château de Taverney, at the Sèvres Bridge, and upon her return from Varennes. In short, it was Cagliostro; and, uttering a sharp cry, the queen fell back, fainting, in Madame Elizabeth's arms.

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNTRY IS IN DANGER!

At six o'clock on the morning of July 22, just one week after the festival on the Champ de Mars, all Paris was startled by the sullen roar of a huge cannon fired from the Pont Neuf. It was answered by another cannon from the Arsenal.

And this firing was continued at regular intervals during the entire day.

The six battalions of National Guards, under their several commanders, assembled at daybreak in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and two processions were formed, to carry through the streets of Paris and out into the faubourgs the announcement that the country was in danger.

It was Danton who had originated this scheme; and he had secured Sergent's assistance in arranging the programme.

Both processions left the city-hall at six in the morning, and took up their line of march in opposite directions.

First came a detachment of cavalry, headed by a band of music playing a gloomy melody, strongly resembling a funeral march, composed for the occasion.

Behind the cavalry came six pieces of artillery, moving abreast when the quays and avenues were wide enough, but advancing two by two in the narrow streets.

Then came four officers on horseback, each bearing an ensign, upon which one of the following words was inscribed: —

LIBERTY — EQUALITY — CONSTITUTION — COUNTRY.

Then came twelve municipal officers, each with his sash and sword.

Then, solitary and alone, like France herself, came a National Guardsman on horseback, bearing aloft a large tricoloured banner, with the words: —

CITIZENS, THE COUNTRY IS IN DANGER!

Then came six more pieces of artillery, rumbling and jolting heavily over the stones.

Then another detachment of the National Guards, with another squad of cavalry bringing up the rear.

At each public square and bridge and cross-roads the procession halted. The roll of drums gave the signal for silence, the banners were slowly waved, and when every sound was hushed, and ten thousand spectators listened with bated breath, one of the city officers read the legislative decree in a loud voice, concluding in every instance with the words: —

THE COUNTRY IS IN DANGER!

This startling cry thrilled every heart to its inmost core. It was the appeal of the Nation, of Fatherland, of France! It was the cry of an agonised mother, calling, "Help, help, my children!"

And all the while the big cannon at the Arsenal thundered out its solemn answer to the cannon on the Pont Neuf.

Platforms for the enrolment of volunteers had been erected in all the principal squares of the city. Every one rushed up to have his name inscribed upon the roll. The sentinels could not keep back the eager applicants, who were continually breaking through the line. The two flights of steps — one for ascending to, the other for descending from, the platform — were totally inadequate, broad as they were.

Every man climbed up as best he could, assisted by those

who were already on the platform; and as soon as his name was registered, and his certificate filled out, he jumped to the ground, waving his parchment proudly in the air, and running to kiss the cannon's mouth, chanting the *Ça ira* the while.

Among the would-be volunteers were many entirely too old for military service, who did their best to disguise their age, and many more who were too young, but who, in their wild longing to be soldiers, stood on tiptoe and answered "Sixteen!" when they were only fourteen years of age.

Those who were held by indissoluble ties wept that they too could not go, and buried their faces in their hands to conceal their shame.

And as the cannon thundered hour after hour, the cheers for the nation rose louder and louder.

The excitement was so intense, and the people were fast relapsing into such a condition of frenzy, that the Assembly became frightened at its own work, and deputies were sent out in every direction to say: "Brothers, in the name of our country, no rioting! The Court would like to have a riot, in order to furnish an excuse for getting the king out of the way. But we must provide them with no such pretext. The king must remain here with us."

Then they added, in a whisper, "But he certainly ought to be punished."

And everywhere these men went, the throng applauded; and after they passed, a low murmur of "Yes, he ought to be punished," could be heard circulating through the crowd, like the sighing of the wind through the branches when a storm is gathering. No name was mentioned, but everybody knew perfectly well whom he desired to punish.

This state of affairs lasted until midnight; until midnight the cannon thundered, and crowds surrounded the recruiting-officers. Many encamped on the Champ de Mars, making their first bivouac at the foot of the patriot altar.

The king, Marie Antoinette, the royal children, and the Princesse de Lamballe spent the entire day together. Nor did they separate until after midnight, — that is, until they knew that the last gun had been fired.

Since the outbreak in the faubourgs, the queen's friends had persuaded her to leave her old apartments, and occupy a room between the king's chamber and that of the dauphin. Accustomed to wake at daybreak, she would never allow the blinds or shutters to be closed, as her wakeful hours were thus rendered less intolerable. Madame Campan slept in the same room.

The reason the queen had consented to this arrangement was that one night, when the queen was about to retire, and Madame Campan was standing by the bed talking with her, hurried footsteps were heard in the corridor, followed by a noise like that made by a struggle between two men. Madame Campan wanted to go and see what the matter was, but the queen clung to her, exclaiming, "Don't leave me, Campan, don't leave me!"

Just then a voice shouted from the corridor: "Don't be frightened, madame. It is a rascal who meant to kill you; but I 've got him."

"Good heavens! what a life!" cried the queen. "Insults by day, and assassins by night!"

Then she called out to the valet: —

"Let the man go, and open the door for him."

"But, madame," interposed Madame Campan.

"What is the use, my dear? If he is arrested to-night, the Jacobins will carry him through the streets in triumph to-morrow!"

So this man — who proved to be one of the lower servants of the household — was allowed to depart; but after that, the king insisted that some one should sleep in the queen's room, and she had chosen Madame Campan.

On the night following the proclamation, Madame Campan woke about two o'clock, and, hearing the queen sigh, she felt sure that her Majesty was awake.

"Are you in pain, madame," she asked softly, "or are you oppressed by dismal forebodings?"

"Quite the contrary, Campan," replied the queen, holding out her white hand, which looked even more like marble than usual in the bright moonlight that flooded the apartment. "I was thinking that before another moon we shall be free once more."

"Then you have accepted Lafayette's offer of assistance, and are going to flee?"

"Lafayette's assistance? No, thank Heaven!" exclaimed the queen, with an accent of unmistakable aversion; "but in a month my nephew, the Emperor Francis, will be in Paris."

"Are you sure, madame?" cried Madame Campan, much alarmed.

"Yes, everything has been arranged. An alliance has been formed between Austria and Prussia, and the two armies are to combine and march upon Paris. We know the route both of the princes and of the allied armies, and can say with certainty, "On such a day our rescuers will be in Valenciennes, on such a day in Verdun, and on such a day in Paris."

"And you are not afraid of being —"

"Of being assassinated?" said the queen, concluding. "I am very well aware there is a possibility of that. But what then? One who risks nothing, gains nothing."

"On what day do the allies expect to reach Paris?"

"Between the 15th and 20th of August."

"God grant it?" said Campan.

But fortunately God did not grant the petition; or rather He heard it, and sent France unhoped-for aid in the MARSEILLAISE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

STRANGE to say, the queen was encouraged by the very thing that should have alarmed her, namely, the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto.

This document, prepared at the Tuileries and sent away early that same month, could hardly be expected to reach Paris on its return before July 26th.

But about the same time that the Court was preparing this absurd document, whose effect we shall note in due time, let us see what was going on at Strasburg.

Strasburg, one of the most French of French towns, by reason of its having but narrowly escaped becoming an Austrian dependency, saw the enemy at its very gates.

For six months, and indeed ever since war had seemed imminent, patriot battalions, composed of young and enthusiastic volunteers, had been assembling at Strasburg; so that city, whose superb spire is mirrored in the Rhine, which alone separated France from the enemy, was a seething cauldron of war, gaiety, pleasure, balls, and parades.

As fresh volunteers entered by one gate of the city, those who were considered prepared for the fray left by the other. In Strasburg friends met, embraced, and bade each other a last farewell; in Strasburg sisters were weeping, mothers were praying, and fathers were saying, "Go and die for France!"

And above all this could be heard the roar of cannon and the chiming of church-bells, — those two brazen voices

which appeal to God, one imploring His mercy, the other invoking His justice.

On the occasion of one of these departures of troops, — one rather more solemn than the others, because there were more troops departing, — Mayor Diétrich of Strasburg invited the brave young fellows, together with the officers of the garrison, to a banquet at his house.

The mayor's two daughters, with a dozen or more of their girl friends, fair-haired daughters of Alsace, though they were not to preside at the banquet, were to adorn and embellish it, like so many beauteous flowers.

Among the guests was an intimate friend of the Diétrich family, a young man from Franche Comté named Rouget de l'Isle.

He was then about twenty years of age, an officer in the engineer corps attached to the Strasburg garrison. A poet and musician as well, his harpsichord was frequently heard, and his voice resounded among the strongest and most patriotic voices of his time.

Never was there a more enthusiastic and patriotic gathering. No one spoke of himself, every one talked of France.

True, Death was there, as at the banquets in ancient times, — not the hideous spectre armed with scythe and hour-glass, but a beautiful smiling guest, with a sword in one hand and a palm-branch in the other.

They wanted something to sing. The old *Ça ira* had become an anthem of wrath and of civil war; they needed a patriotic, fraternal chant, breathing menace only upon foreign foes.

Where was the modern Tyrtæus who could compose this patriotic song amidst the smoke of cannon and the whistling of bullets?

"I can!" answered that ardent and enthusiastic young patriot, Rouget de l'Isle.

He rushed from the banquet-hall, and in less than half an hour — even before his absence was noted — words and music

Portrait of Rouget de l'Isle.

Etched by E. H. Garrett. From Painting by Leopard Mar.

were alike ready. All the material was, as it were, melted at once, and cast in the mould, like the statue of a god.

Rouget de l'Isle re-entered the room with forehead covered with great drops of sweat, his hair thrown back from his face, and almost breathless from his fierce struggle with those two sublime sisters, — Music and Poesy.

"Listen! listen all of you!" he cried. He was sure of his muse, this noble youth.

At the sound of his voice every one turned, some with glasses still upraised, while others clasped their neighbours' trembling hands.

Rouget de l'Isle began: —

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
Affright and desolate our land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death!"

On hearing the opening lines, an electric thrill ran through the entire assemblage.

Two or three times shouts of applause burst forth; but those thirsting for more, cried, "Silence! silence! Listen!"

With a gesture of deep indignation, Rouget continued: —

"Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our walls and cities blaze!
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride
Spreads desolation far and wide,

With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe," etc.

This time the singer did not need to ask the company to join in the chorus, for it seemed to burst forth spontaneously from every lip.

With growing enthusiasm, Rouget continued: —

"With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare —
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded —
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us;
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man — and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?"

A hundred throbbing breasts panted wildly in their longing to answer; and before the last of the above lines had left the poet's lips, a fierce "No! no! no!" burst forth.

Then like a trumpet-blast that stirring chorus again rang out: —

"To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death!"

There was such a commotion in the audience that Rouget was obliged to ask for silence before beginning the fourth stanza; but they all listened with feverish attention as, with a voice that was full of menace now, he sang: —

"Ye tyrants, tremble! Traitors scheming,
By all true hearts ye stand condemned!
Quail! O'er your parricidal dreaming
Punishment dire doth now impend.
Here all are soldiers strong to fight you;
And if they fall in youth's glad spring,
The earth new heroes forth shall bring,
With hands already raised to smite you."

"Yes, yes!" shouted every auditor.

A crowd had come in after the banquet to listen to the speeches and songs, and fathers pushed forward their sons who were old enough to walk, and mothers lifted high above their heads children who still had to be carried.

Then Rouget de l'Isle saw that a verse was still lacking, — the song of the children; and while his companions were enthusiastically repeating the terrible refrain, he leaned his head upon his hand, and, in the midst of all that noise and applause and commotion, he improvised the following stanza: —

"Upon their life-work we will enter,
When our dear parents are no more.
May their bright virtues be our mentor
In all the paths they trod before!
Less anxious far to long survive them
Than honored graves with them to share,
With pride sublime we 'll do or dare,
Their deaths avenge, or die beside them!"

And above the stifled sobs of the mothers, and the enthusiastic shouts of the fathers, the pure voices of girlhood could be heard chanting the refrain: —

"To arms, to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On victory or death!"

"Now on your knees, all of you," cried Rouget de l'Isle.

They obeyed.

Rouget alone remained standing. Placing one foot on a neighbour's chair, as if upon the first step of the Temple of Liberty, and lifting his clasped hands to Heaven, he sang the last stanza, — an invocation to the presiding genius of France: —

"O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Who once has felt thy generous flame?

Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield; —
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing."

Then once again every voice joined in that sublime refrain, that *De profundis* of despotism, — that *Magnificat* of Liberty: —

"March on! March on, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved
On liberty or death."

Wild, intoxicating joy filled every heart. Every person embraced his neighbour, and fair maidens heaped bouquets and floral crowns at the poet's feet with a lavish hand.

Thirty-eight years afterwards, when he narrated the incidents of that eventful evening to me, — then a young man, — the poet's brow was still radiant with the sublime aureole of 1792.

Nor is this strange; for the "Marseillaise" is not only a war-cry, but a pæan of fraternity. It typifies the powerful hand of France outstretched to the oppressed of all nations. This hymn, indeed, must ever be the last sigh of expiring Liberty, the first glad cry of new-born freedom.

But as the hymn was composed in Strasburg, and christened the Song of the Rhine, how did it happen to suddenly appear in the heart of France under the name of the Marseilles Hymn?

That is what we are about to explain to our readers.

CHAPTER VII.

BARBAROUX'S FIVE HUNDRED.

As if to furnish just grounds for declaring the country in danger, the manifesto from Coblentz reached Paris on the 28th of July. As we have previously remarked, it was a foolish document, — a threat, and consequently an insult, to France.

The Duke of Brunswick, an exceedingly clever man, considered the document absurd; but the duke was obliged, of course, to bow to the will of the allied sovereigns, who, having received the manifesto all prepared from the hands of the French monarch, imposed it upon the leader of their forces.

According to this manifesto, all Frenchmen were criminals, and every town and village ought to be demolished or burned. As for Paris, that was a modern Nineveh, which should be given over to destruction, and not a single stone be left standing above another.

Such were the contents of the manifesto bearing the date of July 26th, but which reached Paris on the 28th. Had an eagle transported it from Coblentz to Paris in its claws? One would suppose so, when one remembers it had traversed a distance of over two hundred leagues in thirty-six hours. The explosion of wrath such a document created can be easily imagined. It was like a spark falling on powder. Every heart bounded with rage and indignation, and every man eagerly girded himself for the fray.

Among these numerous types of manhood there was one which we will now endeavour to depict.

We have already alluded to a man named Barbaroux, who early in July wrote to his friend Rebecqui, "Send me five hundred men who know how to die."

The man who penned these words exerted a powerful influence over his compariots through the potent charm of youth, beauty, and patriotism.

This man was Charles Barbaroux, whose face haunted Madame Roland in the conjugal chamber, and made Charlotte Corday dream of him even at the foot of the scaffold.

Madame Roland began by distrusting him, — and why? Because he was too handsome.

This was the criticism bestowed upon another celebrated Revolutionist, whose head was held aloft by the hand of the public executioner within fourteen months of the day that Barbaroux met the same fate at Bordeaux. This other Adonis was Hérault de Séchelles, who was executed at Paris.

Read what Madame Roland says of him: —

"Barbaroux is frivolous. The adoration women lavish upon him has impaired the earnestness of his sentiments. When I see these handsome young men intoxicated by the admiration they excite, as in the case of Barbaroux and Hérault de Séchelles, I cannot help thinking that they care too much for themselves to care very much for their country."

She was mistaken, this austere Minerva. His country may not have been Barbaroux's only divinity, but he at least loved her sufficiently well to die for her.

Barbaroux was scarcely twenty-five years of age. Born in Marseilles of a family of those sturdy seamen who made commerce a poem, his superb form, grace of movement, and personal beauty made him look like a direct descendant of one of those Phocians who transported their gods from the shores of the Permessus to the banks of the Rhone.

Though young, he was already an adept in the art of oratory, a poet of no mean order, a graduate in medicine, and a valued correspondent of Saussure and Marat.

He first attracted public notice during the disturbances which followed the election of Mirabeau in his native

town, and he was soon afterwards made secretary by the City Council.

During the subsequent troubles in Arles, Barbaroux was ever in the foremost ranks, — an armed Antinoüs.

He was sent to Paris to give an account of the troubles in Avignon. From his report one might have supposed that he belonged to no party, that his heart, like that of justice, was a stranger alike to friendship and prejudice. He told the exact truth, terrible as it was, and the telling of it made him seem as great as truth itself.

The Girondists had just come into power. The distinguishing characteristic of this party was their genuine artistic taste, or rather their love of the beautiful. They greeted Barbaroux with enthusiasm; then, proud of their new recruit, conducted him straight to Madame Roland.

We know the impression Madame Roland first formed of him. She was amazed, too, at his youth. Her husband had corresponded with Barbaroux for a long time; and the latter's letters had always been remarkably sensible, accurate, and full of wise counsel. She had never given much thought to this sage correspondent's age or appearance, but had vaguely supposed him to be a bald-headed, wrinkled man of forty.

She found him to be a handsome, gay, frivolous young man of twenty-five, devoted to the ladies. In fact, all that fiery, impulsive generation that flourished in '92, to die, prematurely cut down, in '93, loved the fair sex.

It was in this apparently frivolous head — which Madame Roland considered entirely too handsome — that the idea of the 10th of August first originated.

There was a storm in the air. Formidable clouds were scurrying wildly to and fro; but it was Barbaroux who first conceived the idea of concentrating them over the tiled roof of the Tuileries.

Before any one else had made any plan, he wrote to Rebecqui, "Send me five hundred men who know how to die!"

Ah, the real King of France now was the King of the Revolution, who wrote for five hundred men who knew how to die, and to whom they were sent as artlessly and freely as he had sent for them.

Rebecqui had selected them himself from the French faction at Avignon. They had been fighting only two years, but they had been hating for ten generations. They had fought at Toulouse, at Nîmes, and at Arles; so they were accustomed to bloodshed, and did not consider fatigue even worth talking about.

On the appointed day they set out upon this long, tiresome march of two hundred and twenty leagues as if it were a slight jaunt. And why not? They were stalwart sailors, and sturdy peasants with faces burned by the sirocco or the mistral, and with hands blackened with tar and callous from labour.

During a halt made near Orgon, in the department of Arles they received the words and music of Rouget de l'Isle's hymn. Barbaroux had sent it to them to make their journey seem shorter.

One of them deciphered the music and sang the words; then with a great outburst of enthusiasm they all joined in the terrible chant, — much more terrible than Rouget himself had imagined; for, in passing through the mouths of these sons of Marseilles, the song seemed to have undergone an entire change of character. It was no longer a fraternal hymn, an appeal to resist the invader, but a wild chant of extermination and death.

The little band marched through one town after another, electrifying France by the ardour with which they sang this new song.

When he knew they had reached Montereau, Barbaroux informed Santerre, and Santerre promised to meet them at Charenton with forty thousand men. With Santerre's forty thousand men, headed by his own five hundred, Barbaroux intended to carry the city-hall and the Assembly by storm, then capture the Tuileries, as the

people had captured the Bastille on the 14th of July, and then establish a republic on the ruins of that Florentine palace.

Barbaroux and Rebecqui went to Charenton to await the coming of Santerre and his forty thousand men.

He arrived with two hundred.

Possibly he did not propose to give outsiders the glory of such an achievement.

The little band marched through the city to the Champs Élysées, where they were to encamp, singing the Marseillaise. A banquet was to be given to them the next day, and the banquet took place; but between the Champs Élysées and the revolving bridge — a few rods distant — were stationed several battalions of grenadiers which the palace had placed as a safeguard between the new-comers and itself.

The Marseillais and the grenadiers displayed unmistakable animosity from the very first. They began with an interchange of opprobrious epithets, which speedily led to blows. At the first show of blood the Marseillais sounded the call to arms, seized their guns, and charged with their bayonets. The grenadiers succumbed under the first attack; but fortunately the palace, with its massive iron gates, was behind them, and the revolving bridge protected their flight and served as a protection from their foes.

The fugitives found a shelter in the king's apartments. Tradition says that one of the wounded was even cared for by the queen's own hands.

The confederates, the Marseillais, and the Bretons numbered five thousand men; and these five thousand men were a power, — not by reason of their number, but of their faith and courage.

They were thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the Revolution.

On the 17th of July they sent an address to the Assembly: —

"You have declared the country in danger," they said; "but do you not place yourselves, too, in a dangerous position by prolonging the reign of traitors? Send for Lafayette, suspend the chief executive, dissolve the directories, and strengthen the judicial power."

On August 3rd, Pétion himself repeated this demand, and in behalf of the municipality insisted upon a resort to arms. It is true, however, that there were two dogs behind him, snapping at his legs, — Danton and Sergent.

"The municipality denounces the executive power," said Pétion. "To cure the evils from which France is now suffering, we must attack them at the very root, and at once. We would prefer that the king's suspension from office be only temporary, but the Constitution forbids that; and as he is continually referring and appealing to the Constitution, we not only ask his abdication, but demand it."

Hear the King of Paris thus denouncing the King of France, — the King of the City-Hall declaring war against the King of the Tuileries!

The consideration of this question of abdication was too dangerous. The committee shrank from it, and the discussion was deferred until August 9th.

On August 8th the Assembly decided it had no legal grounds for proceding against Lafayette. The Assembly was evidently retracing its steps. What would it decide the next day in relation to the king's deposal? Did it intend to oppose the plainly expressed will of the people? The Assembly had better take care! Is it possible the members cannot see the inevitable result of such imprudence now?

On the 3rd of August — the same day Pétion asked for the king's deposal — the people in the Saint Marceau district became weary of suffering for food by reason of this protracted state of uncertainty, and sent delegates to the Quinz-Vingts section to ask their brothers of the Faubourg Saint Antoine if they would march with them upon the Tuileries.

"We will," was the prompt reply.

On August 4th the Assembly censured the insurrectionary proclamation of the Mauconseil section.

On the 5th the Commune refused to promulgate this decree. It was not enough for the King of Paris to declare war upon the King of France: here was the municipality formally opposing the Assembly, — positively defying them, in fact.

The report of all these proceedings, of course, reached the ears of the Marseillais. They had guns, but no cartridges. They clamoured loudly for cartridges, but their request was refused.

On the evening of August 4th, shortly after the condemnation of the Mauconseil proclamation was announced, two members of the Marseilles battalion presented themselves at the mayor's office. There were but two municipal officers present at the time, — Sergent, a devoted adherent of Danton, and Panis, a Robespierre man.

"What do you want?" inquired the two magistrates.

"Cartridges," the young men replied.

"We have been expressly forbidden to furnish any."

"Forbidden to furnish cartridges! Why, there is a fight near at hand, and we have no means of defence."

"Did you bring us to Paris to have our throats cut?" cried the other man, indignantly.

The first Marseillais pulled out a pistol; but Sergent only smiled.

"No threats, young man," he responded. "The municipal authorities of Paris are not to be intimidated."

"Who is talking of threats and intimidation?" retorted the young stranger. "This pistol is not for you, but for me." And, placing the muzzle against his forehead, he added, "Give me powder, cartridges, or, upon the word of a Marseillais, I 'll blow my brains out."

Sergent had the imagination of an artist, and a real French heart. He felt that the cry this young man had just uttered was the cry of all France.

"Panis, take care!" he cried. "If this young man kills himself, his blood will be on our heads."

"But if we give him cartridges in direct violation of orders, we shall be risking our heads."

"Never mind," responded Sergent. "I believe the time for risking our heads has come. Every one for himself, however; I 'm going to risk mine. You can do as you please, of course."

And, taking a sheet of paper, Sergent wrote and signed an order for the delivery of the cartridges to the Marseillais.

"Hand it here," said Panis; and he added his signature to that of Sergent.

There was little danger that the Marseillais would allow themselves to be slaughtered in cold blood, now that they possessed ammunition; and the Assembly was so thoroughly frightened that the members seriously discussed the question of retiring to the provinces.

Vergniaud held his ground, however. Possibly it was because he was resolved to remain near the beautiful Candeille that he protested so vigorously, — who knows? It matters little, however.

Everybody was in doubt as to what course to pursue. Everybody hesitated, but everybody felt the earth trembling under him, and feared lest it should open beneath his very feet.

On the very day that the Assembly denounced the Mauconseil proclamation, and that the two young Marseillais distributed the cartridges extorted from Sergent and Panis among their comrades, there was a large gathering at the Cadran Bleu, on the Boulevard du Temple. Camille Desmoulins was there, and Carra wielded the pen and drew up the plan for an insurrection. The plan being completed, the conspirators went to confer with Antoine, an ex-deputy who resided with Duplay's family, and consequently in the same house with Robespierre.

There must have been some doubts as to Robespierre's position at this time; for when Madame Duplay saw this

crowd of men going up to Antoine's room, she hastened up there, and, calling the ex-deputy aside, exclaimed, "Surely you 're not going to kill Robespierre, Monsieur Antoine!"

"No one is troubling himself about Robespierre, thank Heaven!" responded Antoine. "If he 's afraid, let him keep out of the way!"

By midnight Carra's scheme had been communicated to Santerre and Alexandre, another district commander. Alexandre avowed his willingness to march on the palace at once; but Santerre said his people were not ready.

It was thus that Santerre kept the promise made to the queen on the 20th of June. Even on the 10th of August he marched against her only because he could not help it.

So the uprising was postponed.

Antoine said that no one was thinking about Robespierre. He was mistaken. The public mind was in such a state of perturbation that the people even thought of taking Robespierre, that centre of immobility, for a driving-wheel.

And with whom did this idea originate? With Barbaroux.

He was almost in despair, this stalwart Marseillais. He was even tempted to leave Paris and return to Marseilles.

Listen to Madame Roland: —

"We placed very little dependence on our forces at the North; so, with Servan and Barbaroux, we discussed the chances for the preservation of liberty in the South, and of founding a republic there."

Barbaroux fancied he had discovered another resource now, — the genius of Robespierre; but very possibly it was Robespierre who was anxious to discover Barbaroux's plans and ideas.

The Marseillais had left their former quarters, and taken up their abode in the old Cordelier Convent, near the end of the Pont Neuf.

This brought them into intimate relations with Danton; and in case of a successful insurrection, Danton would have all the credit.

Barbaroux requested an interview with Robespierre; and, with no slight show of condescension, Robespierre acceded to the request.

As we remarked some time ago, Robespierre had lodgings in carpenter Duplay's house. It was chance that had led him there the evening after the massacre on the Champ de Mars; and Robespierre considered it almost in the light of a direct interposition of Heaven in his behalf, not only because it saved him from danger at the time, but because it furnished him with the very abode a man who desired to live in such a manner as to be styled "The Incorruptible" desired. He did not take possession of this abode at once, however. First he paid a visit to Arras, bringing back his sister Charlotte, with whom he resided on the Rue Saint-Florentin for some little time.

Afterwards Robespierre became ill; and when Madame Duplay — who was a perfect fanatic on the subject of Robespierre — heard of the fact, she reproached Mademoiselle Charlotte bitterly for not having notified her at once, and begged that the invalid should be taken to her house immediately.

Robespierre was nothing loath, for he had long since planned to return to that admiring household at an early day; so Madame Duplay's proposal harmonised admirably with his schemes.

She fitted up a small but neat upper room for him, to which she transported all the best and prettiest furniture in the house, and lined the walls with shelves for the accommodation of her new lodger's books and papers. The books were not very numerous, however, — the works of Racine and Rousseau forming the greater part of his library; for, aside from these two authors, Robespierre read nothing but Robespierre.

All the vacant places on the walls were filled with por-

traits of the great man himself; and even as he had only to put out his hand to read Robespierre, so, in whatever direction he turned, Robespierre saw Robespierre, and Robespierre only.

It was into this sanctuary, into this holy of holies, as it were, that Barbaroux and Rebecqui were ushered.

With wonderful cunning, Robespierre first complimented the Marseillais on their courage and patriotism, and then expatiated upon his fear of seeing even the noblest sentiments carried too far. Then he spoke of himself, of his valuable services to the Revolution, and the skill and wisdom with which he had guided its course.

But was it not time now that the Revolution was checked? Had not the hour come for all parties to unite in choosing the most popular man among them, and place affairs in his hands?

But Rebecqui did not allow him to proceed any further. "I see what you're driving at, Robespierre!" he exclaimed. "Come on, Barbaroux! we are no more anxious for a dictator than for a king;" and they both departed in hot haste from the Incorruptible's attic.

Panis, who had accompanied them, hastily followed them down into the street. "You don't understand Robespierre's meaning," he exclaimed. "He only desires authority temporarily; and certainly, if you carry out your scheme, no better man than Robespierre could be found —"

"We are no more desirous of having a dictator than a king," exclaimed Barbaroux.

Then he hurried away with Rebecqui.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHY THE QUEEN DECIDED NOT TO FLEE.

THE very thing that alarmed the Revolutionists was what reassured the occupants of the Tuileries.

The Tuileries, having been put on a defensive footing, had become a fortress, with an effective garrison.

On that famous 4th of August when so many important events occurred, royalty did not remain inactive. Several companies of Swiss mercenaries were brought from Courbevoie to the Tuileries, and a few companies were despatched to Gaillon, where the king might perhaps seek a refuge.

Three trusty men were now stationed near the queen, — Maillardot, with his Swiss; D'Hervilly, with his Knights of St. Louis and Constitutional Guards; and Mandat, a commander of the National Guards, who promised the assistance of twenty thousand resolute and devoted men.

On the evening of the 8th of August a man entered the palace and made his way to the queen's apartments without the slightest difficulty,— for everybody in the Tuileries knew him well.

When Dr. Gilbert, — for it was he — was announced, the queen exclaimed feverishly, "Come in, doctor, come in! I am glad to see you!"

As Gilbert glanced at the queen, he noted in her entire manner and appearance a complacent, even joyous air that made him shudder. He would greatly have preferred seeing her pale and depressed than in this state of elation.

"I fear I come too late, and at an inopportune time, madame," he said.

"On the contrary, doctor," responded the queen, with a smile to which her lips had long been a stranger, "you

arrive most opportunely, and you are most welcome. You are about to see something I have long wished to show you, — a king, a real king."

"I fear you are deceiving yourself, and that you will show me merely a military commander, not a king."

"Possibly we agree no better in our estimate of the proper character of a king than in many other things. In my opinion a king is a man who can say, not merely 'I will not,' but 'I will.'"

"Yes, madame; and in your Majesty's opinion a king is, above all else, a man who avenges himself."

"Who defends himself, you mean, Monsieur Gilbert. You know that we are publicly menaced, and that we are almost certain to be attacked. There are, I am told, five hundred Marseillais now in Paris who have sworn on the ruins of the Bastille that they will not return to their homes until they have encamped on the ruins of the Tuileries."

"I have heard this report, and it has alarmed me very much, both on the king's account and on your own."

"So much, indeed, that you have come to advise us to abdicate, and trust ourselves to the tender mercies of Monsieur Barbaroux and his Marseillais, I suppose."

"Ah, yes, madame; if the king would consent to abdicate, and by the sacrifice of his crown insure the preservation of his own life — as well as of yours and your children's."

"You would advise him to do that, Monsieur Gilbert?"

"I would not only advise it, but would kneel at his feet and implore him to do it."

"Permit me to say that you are not very stable in your opinions."

"My opinion has undergone no change, madame. Devoted to my king and my country, I should have rejoiced to see the king and the Constitution in accord; and this desire on my part has prompted the advice I have had the honour to offer to your Majesty heretofore."

"And what advice do you offer us at the present time, Monsieur Gilbert?"

"I advise you to flee."

"To flee?"

"Yes, madame; you know very well that you now have it in your power to do so. In fact, that such a favourable opportunity has never before presented itself."

"How so?"

"You have nearly three thousand men in the palace already."

"Nearer five thousand, monsieur," said the queen, with a satisfied smile; "and we can have twice as many if we desire."

"Then place yourself in the midst of these five thousand men, in company with the king and your august children. Leave the Tuileries when such a movement is least anticipated. When you are two leagues away, mount your horses and hasten to Gaillon, where you are expected."

"That is, trust myself to Lafayette."

"He has certainly proved his devotion to you beyond all question."

"No, monsieur, no. With these five thousand men, and five thousand more who will come at our bidding, I prefer to do something very different, — crush this rebellion now and for ever."

"Ah, madame, madame, he was right when he told me you were doomed."

"Who said that?"

"A man whose name I dare not repeat in your presence. A man who has warned you three times already."

"Silence!" cried the queen, turning pale. "He shall be proved a liar, this prophet of evil!"

"Madame, I am very much afraid that you are wilfully deceiving yourself."

"You really think they will make an attack upon us, then?"

"There is certainly a strong probability of it."

"And do the populace think they can gain an entrance here now as they did on the 20th of June?"

"A palace can never be very strongly fortified."

"No; but if you will come with me, I will show you that we shall at least be able to hold out some time."

And, preceding Gilbert to the window, she bade him look out upon the Carrousel, where they could see, not the immense courtyard which now extends along the entire front of the palace, but three small courtyards, separated from each other by walls.

"Look!" she exclaimed.

And Gilbert saw that the walls had been pierced with many narrow loopholes, which would afford the garrison a decided advantage in case it was necessary to fire upon the mob. If this first barrier was passed, the garrison could retire, not only into the palace, every door of which opened upon a courtyard, but also into the side buildings; so any patriots who ventured into either courtyard would find themselves betwixt two fires.

"What do you think now, monsieur?" asked the queen. "Would you still advise Monsieur Barbaroux and his five hundred Marseillais to persist in their undertaking?"

"If they were likely to listen to me, I should give them advice very similar to that which I have offered you. I came to ask you not to wait for an attack. I should ask them not to make an attack."

"And they would turn a deaf ear to your advice, probably."

"Yes, as you do, madame. It is one of the greatest weaknesses of mankind to be always asking for advice, which one has no intention of following."

"But you forget that the advice you give us is not solicited, Monsieur Gilbert," remarked the queen, smiling.

"True," responded the doctor, retreating a step or two.

"But that makes us all the more grateful for it," added the queen, graciously, offering the doctor her hand.

Gilbert smiled rather dubiously.

Just then several waggons loaded with heavy oak timbers were driven into the courtyard, where a number of men, who

were evidently soldiers, in spite of their citizen's dress, were apparently waiting for them; for they immediately began sawing these timbers into pieces about six feet long.

"Do you know who those men are?" asked the queen.

"Engineers, I should judge."

"Yes, monsieur; and they are preparing to board up the windows, and leave only the loopholes open, so as to fire through them."

Gilbert looked at her sorrowfully.

"Well, what have you to say about it?"

"I pity you sincerely, madame, for having forced your memory to retain those words, and your tongue to utter them."

"Why so, monsieur? There are circumstances which make it necessary for women to become men, and men —"

She checked herself suddenly; then, as if concluding her thought rather than her sentence, she added, "But this time it is the king that has decided."

"Madame, as you have decided to resort to these violent measures, I trust you have fortified all the approaches to the palace, — the gallery leading from the Louvre, for example —"

"Ah! you have set me to thinking. Come with me, monsieur. I should like to satisfy myself that an order I gave has been carried out."

She led the way through her apartments to the door leading into the Floral Pavilion, which was connected in turn with the picture gallery.

The door was open, and Gilbert could see that workmen were dividing the gallery into compartments about twenty feet long.

"See!" she exclaimed. Then, addressing the officer in charge, she asked, —

"How is the work progressing, Monsieur d'Hervilly?"

"If the rebels give us twenty-four hours longer, we shall have completed it."

"Do you think they will give us twenty-four hours?" the queen inquired, turning to the doctor.

"If anything serious is contemplated, it will not take place before the 10th of August."

"On Friday, then. That is a bad day for an outbreak. I should have supposed the rebels would be shrewd enough to select a Sunday."

She walked on, Gilbert following her closely. As they were leaving the picture gallery, they met another officer.

"Well, Monsieur Mandat, are all your arrangements completed?"

"Yes, madame," replied the officer, eying Gilbert rather dubiously.

"Oh, you can speak with perfect freedom before this gentleman, monsieur," said the queen. "He is a friend of ours. Is n't that so, doctor?" she added, turning to Gilbert.

"Yes, madame, and one of your most devoted friends."

"That alters the case entirely," responded Mandat. "A detachment of National Guards at the city-hall and another at the Pont Neuf will allow the rebels to pass them. When Monsieur d'Hervilly and his men, and Monsieur Maillardot with his Swiss, confront the rebels here, their retreat being completely cut off, they will be utterly annihilated."

"You see, monsieur, that your 10th of August is not likely to prove a 20th of June," remarked the queen.

"I fear not indeed, madame."

"Have you time to go down to the basement with me, monsieur?"

"Certainly, madame."

They found the basement story strongly fortified, and defended by Swiss Guards. The windows were already boarded up.

"How about your men, Monsieur Maillardot?" the queen inquired, going up to the officer in command.

"They, like myself, are ready to die for your Majesty."

"They will defend us to the last, then?"

"When they have once opened fire, they will cease only upon the king's written order."

"You hear, do you not, Monsieur Gilbert? Outside the walls of the palace, hostility reigns; but within, every one is faithful."

"That is a great consolation, madame, but no guarantee."

"You are not very encouraging, to say the least, doctor. Now, as I am very tired, will you give me your arm and escort me back to my apartments?"

Gilbert bowed low on receiving this signal mark of favour, rarely bestowed by the queen except upon a few intimate friends, — especially since her days of adversity.

On reaching her boudoir, Marie Antoinette sank into an arm-chair, sighing heavily. Dropping on one knee before her, Gilbert said: "Madame, for the sake of your august husband, your beloved children, and your personal safety, I once more beseech you to use the force at your command for flight, and not for conflict."

"Ever since the 14th of July I have been longing to see the king have his revenge," said the queen. "The time has come, — at least, we think so. We shall either save our crown, or bury it in the ruins of the Tuileries."

"Can nothing induce you to abandon this unfortunate resolution?"

"Nothing!" and as she spoke, the queen offered him her hand, partly as a signal for him to depart, and partly that he might raise it to his lips.

Gilbert kissed her hand respectfully, and, rising, said:

"Madame, will your Majesty allow me to write a few lines? The necessity is so urgent, I feel they can be no longer delayed."

"Certainly, monsieur," said the queen, motioning him to a table.

Gilbert seated himself, and wrote the following note:

"Come, monsieur. The queen is in mortal danger, unless a friend can persuade her to flee; and I believe you are the only person who has sufficient influence over her to do this."

Then he signed and addressed the missive.

"I trust you will not think me too inquisitive if I ask to whom you are writing?" said the queen.

"To Monsieur de Charny, madame," replied Gilbert.

"To Monsieur de Charny?" repeated the queen, pale and trembling now. "And why to him, pray?"

"In order that he may be able to persuade your Majesty to do what I am powerless to induce you to do."

"Monsieur de Charny is too happy now to even recollect the existence of his less fortunate friends. He will not come."

The door opened, and a footman appeared.

"The Comte de Charny — who has only this moment arrived in Paris — begs permission to pay his respects to your Majesty."

The queen's face was not pale, but livid now, and it was with great difficulty that she managed to stammer out a few incoherent words.

"Show him in! Show him in!" cried Gilbert. "It is certainly Heaven that sends him here!"

In another moment Charny appeared upon the threshold, clad in his naval uniform.

"I was just writing to you. Here is the letter," exclaimed Gilbert.

"I heard of her Majesty's peril, and here I am," said Charny, bowing.

"Madame, for God's sake, listen to what Monsieur de Charny is about to tell you," pleaded Gilbert. "His voice will be the voice of France."

And, bowing respectfully both to the queen and to the count, Gilbert departed, not entirely without hope now.

CHAPTER IX.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT AT DANTON'S.

Our readers must now permit us to conduct them to a house on the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, near the Rue Dauphine.

Fréron lived on the first floor.

Passing his door,— where it would be useless to ring, as he is on the floor above, with his friend Camille Desmoulins,— we will give a brief history of Fréron while we are ascending the seventeen stairs which separate one story from the other.

Louis Stanislas Fréron was the son of the famous Monsieur Elie Catherine Fréron, so unjustly and cruelly attacked by Voltaire. When one peruses to-day that journalist's criticism upon the author of "La Pucelle," "The Philosophical Dictionary," and "Mahomet," one is amazed to see that the journalist only said in 1754 exactly what we all think a hundred years afterwards.

Incensed by the persecution he had seen heaped upon his father, — who died of chagrin in 1776, in consequence of the suppression of his journal by Miromesnil, keeper of the seals, — young Fréron embraced the principles of the Revolution with ardour.

On the evening of August 9th he was in the apartments of Camille Desmoulins, having supped there in company with Brune, a future marshal of France, — though then only a foreman in a printing-office, — and Barbaroux and Rebecqui. Only one woman graced their repast,— Lucile, a charming creature, who left a mournful memory indeed in the annals of the Revolution.

In our story we cannot accompany thee to the scaffold, which thou wilt soon ascend, loving and romantic creature, because it is the shortest road to reunion with thy husband!

But one portrait remains of thee, poor child! for thou didst die so young that the painter was, so to speak, compelled to seize thy likeness in thy flight; and this is a miniature in the admirable collection of Colonel Morin.

In this portrait Lucile is represented as small and pretty, with a decidedly roguish expression of countenance; yet there is something unmistakably plebeian in her charming face; and, indeed, as the daughter of an old treasury clerk and a very beautiful woman who claimed to have been the mistress of Terray, — a secretary of the treasury, — Lucile, like Madame Roland, was of essentially common origin.

In 1791 a marriage of love had united this young girl — who was wealthy in comparison with him — to that *enfant terrible*, that wild, erratic genius called Camille Desmoulins.

Poor, unattractive in person, and slow of speech by reason of the impediment which prevented him from becoming an orator, but made him, perhaps, the great writer with whom we are familiar, Camille had won her by his wit, his refinement, and the natural goodness of his heart.

Although he agreed with Mirabeau, who said, "You will never make the Revolution a success unless you de-christianize it," Camille was married in Saint Sulpice Church in accordance with the rites of the Catholic Church; but in 1792, when a son was born to them, he carried the infant to the city-hall, and requested a Republican baptism for it.

It was in their apartments, on the second floor of a house on the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, that the entire plan of the insurrection was unfolded, to Lucile's great pride and alarm, — a plan which Barbaroux frankly confessed he had sent, by mistake, in the pocket of his nankeen breeches, to his laundress a few days before.

As Barbaroux was by no means confident of the success of his scheme, and feared he might fall into the hands of his opponents, he exhibited with truly antique simplicity a poison, prepared, like Condorcet's, by Cabanis.

At the beginning of the repast, Camille, who was not much more sanguine than Barbaroux, raised his glass, and quoted in Latin, so as not to be understood by Lucile, the words: —

"*Edamus et bibamus, cras enim moriemur;*" but Lucile comprehended, nevertheless, and exclaimed: —

"Why do you speak in a foreign tongue. I understand what you say. Go on, Camille. It is not I, you may rest assured, who will hinder you from fulfilling your noble mission."

After this they all talked very plainly. Fréron was the most determined of them all. It was known that he loved some woman hopelessly, though no one knew who the woman was at that time; but his despair over Lucile's death subsequently revealed his sad secret.

"Have you any poison, Fréron?" asked Lucile.

"I? If we do not succeed to-morrow, I shall manage to get myself killed. I am so tired of life that I am trying my best to find some way of ridding myself of it," was the reply.

Rebecqui was more sanguine.

"I know my Marseillais," he exclaimed. "I selected them myself, and know that every mother's son of them will be faithful to the last! Not one of them will flinch."

After supper some one suggested that they should pay Danton a visit. Barbaroux and Rebecqui declined, saying they were expected at the barracks, Fréron had an appointment at the city-hall with Sergent and Manuel, and Brune was to spend the night with Santerre; so only Camille and Lucile went to Danton's when the party broke up.

The Desmoulins and Danton households were intimate, the women as well as the men being close friends.

We are all well acquainted with Danton, — his wife is not

so well known; so a few words in regard to this remarkable woman, who was the object of her husband's idolatrous affection, may not be out of place here.

In the plaster cast in Colonel Morin's collection, taken, Michelet believes, after death, the chief characteristics noticeable in her countenance are goodness, calmness, and strength.

Although not yet attacked by the malady which resulted in her death in 1793, she was already nervous and depressed, as if with the near approach of death had come an intuitive knowledge of the future.

Tradition states that she was naturally pious and timid; but, in spite of this piety and timidity, she certainly spoke her mind most vigorously on one occasion, and that was on the day she announced her intention of marrying Danton, in the face of her parents' violent opposition.

Like Lucile, Madame Danton seemed to see behind the gloomy and perturbed features of this obscure man, destitute alike of fame and fortune, the god of her idolatry; though, as in the case of Jupiter and Semele, this love was to prove her destruction.

One felt that it was a terrible and tempestuous fortune to which this poor creature bound herself; and perhaps there was as much compassion as love in the decision which united her to that god of thunder and of lightning who was to personify the famous year 1792, as Mirabeau had personified 1791, and as Robespierre was to personify 1793.

The families lived only a short distance from each other. As soon as Camille and his wife reached Danton's, one woman went straight to the other woman, and one man went straight to the other man.

Madame Danton was in tears when they entered, and Danton was evidently trying to console her. The two women kissed each other, and the men shook hands.

"Do you think anything will come of it?" asked Camille.

"I hope so, though Santerre is but lukewarm. Fortunately, the affair to-morrow will not be one of personal aggrandisement or individual leadership. The forces we have to rely upon are the general indignation and anger caused by long suffering, the wrath aroused by the interference and near approach of foreign armies, and the growing conviction that France has been basely betrayed. Forty-seven out of forty-eight municipal sections have voted for the king's deposal; and each section has elected three commissioners to unite with the Commune in saving the country."

"Saving the country? Those are rather vague instructions, it seems to me," said Camille, shaking his head.

"How about Marat and Robespierre?"

"Neither of them is visible. One is hiding in his garret, and the other in his cellar. When all the danger is over, you 'll see them peering out, — one like a weasel, the other like an owl."

"And Pétion?"

"It would take a shrewd man to find out where he stands. On the 4th he declared war upon the palace. On the 8th he gave notice that he would no longer be responsible for the king's safety. This morning he proposed to station National Guards in the Carrousel. This evening he asked the department for twenty thousand francs with which to send our Marseillais home."

Just then another couple entered, — Monsieur and Madame Robert. It will be remembered that the year before, Madame Robert — then Mademoiselle de Kéralio — dictated at the patriot altar the famous petition which her husband wrote out.

Unlike the other two couples, — in which the husbands were so greatly superior to the wives, — this woman was greatly superior to her husband intellectually.

Robert was a stout man about forty years of age, a member of the Cordeliers Club, and the possessor of more patriotism than talent. He had very little ability as a

writer, was a bitter enemy of Lafayette's, and exceedingly ambitious, if we can believe Madame Roland's description of him in her Memoirs.

Madame Robert was thirty-four. She was small, clever, witty, and proud, and had been educated by her father, Guinement de Kéralio, who had also numbered among his pupils a young Corsican whose wonderful career he was far from suspecting.

Educated by her father, as we have said, Mademoiselle de Kéralio naturally became an exceedingly learned and accomplished woman. At the age of seventeen she wrote, translated, and compiled. At eighteen she wrote a novel entitled "Adélaïde."

As her father's salary barely sufficed for his own needs, he wrote for several periodicals, and more than once affixed his signature to articles which his daughter prepared, and which were infinitely superior to his own.

The Roberts had just passed through the Saint-Antoine quarter, and they reported that things wore a rather peculiar appearance there. The night was beautiful; but the streets were deserted, though all the windows were brilliantly lighted.

Just as Madame Robert finished her description, the sound of a bell made everybody start. It was the first stroke of the alarm-bell resounding from the Cordeliers Club.

"Good!" cried Danton. "I hear our Marseillais. That is their signal, I 've no doubt."

The two women gazed at each other in terror.

"The signal," exclaimed Madame Danton. "Is the palace to be attacked to-night?"

No one made any reply; but Desmoulins, who had gone into the next room at the first stroke of the bell, returned with his musket in his hand.

Lucile uttered a cry. Then, feeling she had no right to discourage the man she loved at this trying moment, she rushed into the alcove where Madame Danton's bed stood, and, falling on her knees, began to weep bitterly.

Camille followed her. "Don't worry," he whispered tenderly; "I won't leave Danton's side."

The three men departed. Madame Danton seemed almost like a dying woman; Lucile was still kneeling by the bed, with her face buried in her hands, sobbing violently. Madame Robert clung to her husband's neck, and begged to be allowed to accompany him.

When the door had closed upon his retreating form, she exclaimed passionately, — without seeming to realise that every word was a stab to Madame Danton, — "This is all Danton's fault! If my husband is killed, I will not survive him; but I will kill Danton before I die!"

An hour passed. They heard the door open. Madame Robert sprang forward, Lucile raised her head, Madame Danton remained perfectly motionless. It was Danton who entered.

"Alone?" cried Madame Robert, wildly.

"Be calm, madame. Nothing will happen before morning."

"But Camille?" demanded Lucile.

"And Robert?" added Madame Robert.

"They are both at the Cordeliers Club. I came home to report. Nothing will happen to-night, and I 'll convince you of it by going to sleep."

He threw himself on the bed without undressing, and in five minutes was as fast asleep as if no struggle of life and death was pending between king and people.

About one o'clock in the morning Camille, too, returned.

"I bring you news of Robert," he said. "He has gone to the municipal authorities to carry our proclamations. Don't be uneasy. They are for to-morrow; but — "

He shook his head, as if in doubt. Then, laying his head on Lucile's shoulder, he in turn fell asleep.

He had been sleeping about half an hour when somebody rang. Madame Robert flew to open the door. Her husband had come for Danton, in behalf of the municipal officers. He aroused him.

"Go away," cried Danton. "Let me sleep. To-morrow will be time enough."

So Robert and his wife returned to their own home.

Presently the door-bell rang again. Madame Danton went to the door this time, and admitted a big, fair-haired fellow, about twenty years of age, wearing the uniform of a captain in the National Guards, and holding a gun in his hand.

"Is Monsieur Danton in?" he asked.

"Well, what is wanted now?" demanded Danton.

"They are waiting for you down there, Monsieur Danton."

"Where do you mean?"

"At the municipal headquarters."

"Who is waiting for me?"

"The commissioners from the different sections, and Monsieur Billot in particular."

"And who are you, captain?"

"I am Ange Pitou, captain of the Haramont National Guards."

"Ah, ha!"

"And one of the takers of the Bastille."

"Good!"

"I received a letter from Monsieur Billot, telling me there was likely to be trouble down here, and that all good patriots ought to be on hand: so I started off with such of my men as were willing to come; but as they are not so good walkers as I am, they stopped over night at Dammartin. They 'll be on hand early to-morrow morning, I think."

"At Dammartin. Why, that 's twenty miles off!"

"Yes."

"And how many leagues is Haramont from Paris?"

"About sixteen. I left there this morning at five o'clock —"

"And arrived here?"

"About ten this evening. I went to Monsieur Santerre's

in search of Monsieur Billot; but they told me there that they had n't seen him, and that I should be sure to find him at the Jacobin Club. The Jacobins sent me to the Cordeliers Club; and at the Cordeliers Club they told me he had gone to the city-hall."

"And you found him at the city-hall?"

"Yes, monsieur; and he gave me your address, and said, 'Are you tired, Pitou?' — 'No, indeed, Monsieur Billot.' — 'Then go and tell Danton he 's a sluggard, and that we 're waiting for him!'"

"Upon my word, here 's a youth that makes me feel ashamed of myself!" exclaimed Danton, springing out of bed. "Let us start, my friend, let us start at once."

He kissed his wife, and then left the house in company with Pitou.

Madame Danton uttered a moan, and sank back in her arm-chair.

Lucile thought she was weeping, and respected her grief.

But after a few moments, seeing that her hostess did not move, she woke Camille, and then went to Madame Danton. The poor woman had swooned.

The first rays of the morning sun were peering through the shutters. The day promised to be a fine one, but the sky was as red as blood, — a most unfortunate omen.

CHAPTER X.

THE TENTH OF AUGUST.

We have described what was taking place in Republican homes; now let us see what was going on in the royal palace, barely five hundred yards away.

There, too, the women were weeping and praying, weeping even more copiously, perhaps; for Chateaubriand says the eyes of princes are so formed as to contain an immense quantity of tears.

If we do each person justice, however, we must admit that it was only Madame Elizabeth and the Princesse de Lamballe who were weeping as well as praying; for though the queen prayed, she certainly did not weep.

They all supped at the usual hour, for nothing could destroy the king's appetite.

When they left the table, Madame Elizabeth and the princess returned to the room known as the Council Chamber, where it had been arranged for all the members of the royal family to spend the night and listen to the reports; but the queen took the king aside and asked him to accompany her to another apartment.

"Where do you wish me to go?" asked the king.

"To my room. Will you not consent to put on the shirt of mail you wore on the 14th of July?"

"It was quite right and proper to protect myself from an assassin's knife or bullet in a time of conspiracy; but in time of war, when my friends are risking their lives for me, it would be cowardly."

Having said this, the king left the queen, and went into his private room, where he shut himself up with his con-

fessor, and the queen rejoined the ladies in the Council Chamber.

"What is his Majesty doing?" asked Madame de Lamballe.

"He is at confession," responded the queen, with an accent of mingled scorn and contempt.

Just at that moment the door opened, and Monsieur de Charny appeared. He was pale, but perfectly calm.

"Can I speak to the king?" he asked, bowing to the queen.

"Just at present the king is — myself."

Charny was better aware of this fact than any one else; nevertheless, he insisted.

"You can go to the king's room, of course, monsieur," replied the queen; "but you will disturb him very much, I assure you."

"I understand. The king, I suppose, is with Monsieur Pétion, who has just arrived at the palace."

"The king is with his confessor, monsieur."

"Then it is to you I must make my report as major-general of the palace."

"Yes, monsieur, if you will be so kind."

"I have the honour, then, to report to your Majesty the disposal of my forces. The mounted gendarmes, numbering six hundred men, commanded by Messieurs Rulhières and Verdières, are ranged in line of battle on the Place du Louvre. The other Paris gendarmes (foot) I have stationed in the stables. A detachment of one hundred and fifty men has been detailed to guard the registry of accounts and the treasury, if need be. Thirty more Paris gendarmes — those usually on duty outside the city walls — have been stationed on the stairway leading to the Princes' Courtyard. Two hundred officers and men of the old foot-guards and horse-guards, fifty young Royalists, and as many gentlemen — three hundred and fifty or four hundred good fighters in all — are massed in the passage called the Bull's Eye and the adjacent hall-ways. Two or three

hundred National Guardsmen are scattered about through the courtyards and gardens. Finally, fifteen hundred Swiss Guards — who are really our chief dependence — are stationed in the main hall and at the bottom of the staircases."

"Well, monsieur, are not these protective measures perfectly satisfactory to you?"

"Nothing entirely satisfies me, madame, when your safety is involved."

"Then you still advise flight, monsieur?"

"I strongly advise you to place yourself, the king, and your august children in the centre of your forces."

The queen made an impatient movement.

"Yes. Your Majesty dislikes Lafayette, I know; but you have confidence in the Duke of Liancourt, and he is at Rouen, where he has leased the house of an Englishman. The military commander of the province has made his soldiers swear to remain faithful to the king, and the Swiss regiment of Salis Samade — upon which we can depend — is distributed along the route. Everything is quiet as yet. We can leave the palace by the revolving bridge, then hasten to the Barrière de l'Etoile, where three hundred of the Constitutional Guards, mounted, are awaiting you. We can easily secure fifteen hundred more gentlemen at Versailles. With four thousand men, I will guarantee to conduct your Majesty wherever you may wish to go."

"Thanks, Monsieur de Charny," said the queen. "I appreciate the devotion which has led you to leave those who are so dear to you to offer your services to one —"

"The queen is unjust to me," interrupted Charny. "The life of my sovereign will always be the most precious of all lives in my eyes, as duty will always be the chief of all virtues."

"Duty, — yes, monsieur," murmured the queen. "And as every one seems to lay such a stress on doing his duty, I shall strive to do mine, as I understand it, — which is to maintain the dignity and greatness, and to see to it that, if royalty be struck down, it shall at least fall nobly, at

the post of honour, like the ancient gladiators, who studied how to die gracefully."

"And this is your Majesty's final decision?"

"It is my last wish."

Charny bowed and retired; but, meeting Madame Campan at the door, he said to her: —

"Tell their Majesties to secrete any valuables they may have about their persons. We may be obliged to leave the palace at very short notice."

As Madame Campan went to repeat this suggestion to the Princesse Lamballe and Madame Elizabeth, Charny again approached the queen.

"Madame," he said, "it must be that you think we shall receive some assistance from outside sources. If this be so, let me know. Recollect that by this hour to-morrow I shall be obliged to render an account to God or man for what is to take place."

"Well, monsieur," said the queen, "two hundred thousand francs have been paid to Pétion, and fifty thousand to Danton; and in return for these amounts a promise to remain at home has been received from Danton, and a promise to come to the palace from Pétion."

"But, madame, are you sure that the agents you have employed in this transaction are trustworthy?"

"You just told me yourself that Pétion had arrived at the palace."

"Yes, madame."

"That is convincing proof, it seems to me."

"But I am told that he had to be sent for three times before he came."

"If he is on our side, he is to place the forefinger of his right hand on his right eye while he is conversing with the king —"

"But if he is not on our side, madame?"

"If he is not, he will at least be our prisoner; for I have given positive orders that he is not to be allowed to leave the palace."

Just then they heard the peal of a bell.

"What is that?" asked the queen.

"The tocsin," replied Charny.

The princesses started up in evident alarm.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the queen. "The tocsin is only the signal of the insurgents."

"I must ascertain if this sound indicates any movement of importance, madame," said Charny, who seemed to be much more disturbed by this ominous sound than the queen.

"And when shall we see you again?" asked the queen, hurriedly.

"I came to place myself at your Majesty's orders, and I shall not leave my post while there is the slightest suspicion of danger."

Charny bowed and departed. The queen sat lost in thought for a moment; then, —

"Let us see if the king has finished his confession," she said, and, rising, left the room in her turn.

Meanwhile Madame Elizabeth had removed some of her outer garments, so that she could lie on the sofa with greater comfort. As she did so, she took from her fichu a cornelian brooch, which she showed to Madame Campan. A cluster of lilies, with a motto, was cut upon the stone.

"Read it," said Madame Elizabeth.

Madame Campan took it closer to the candles, and read: —

Forget offences! Pardon injuries!

"I greatly fear that this motto carries very little weight with our enemies; but it should be no less dear to us on that account," said the princess.

As she concluded, a shot resounded in the courtyard below.

Both women uttered a scream.

"That is the first shot," exclaimed Madame Elizabeth. "Alas, I greatly fear it will not be the last!"

Pétion's arrival had been announced to the queen by Charny. The circumstances attending it were as follows: He arrived at the palace about half-past ten. This time he was not kept waiting in the antechamber. On the contrary, he was immediately informed that the king was expecting him. In order to reach his Majesty, however, he was obliged to pass through the ranks of the Swiss Guards, then of the National Guards, and finally of those gentlemen known as the Knights of the Poniard.

Nevertheless, as they knew that it was the king who had sent for him, and that he might have remained in his stronghold in the city-hall had he so desired, and not have ventured into that lion's den known as the Tuileries, he was allowed to pass unmolested; though such epithets as "traitor" and "Judas" were hurled in his face as he ascended the stairs.

Louis XVI. was awaiting Pétion in the same room where he had treated the mayor so rudely on the 21st of June. Pétion noted this fact and smiled. Fortune had certainly vouchsafed him a terrible revenge.

Mandat, the commander of the National Guards, stopped the mayor at the door.

"What is your business here?" he asked.

"I can dispense with answering that question, as I do not acknowledge your right to interrogate me; besides, as I 'm in a hurry, I can't stop to bandy words with my inferiors."

"Inferiors?"

"You are detaining me, and I tell you that I am in a hurry, Monsieur Mandat. I came here because the king sent for me three times. I should not have come of my own accord, I assure you."

"Well, as I have the honour to see you, Monsieur Pétion, I should like to ask why the police commissioners have distributed a profusion of cartridges to those Marseillais, while I, Mandat, have received only three apiece for my men."

"In the first place," replied Pétion, with unruffled composure, "no requisition has been made for any additional ammunition for the Tuileries. Three rounds for each National Guardsman, and forty for each Swiss Guardsman, was the king's order, and that was the number furnished."

"But why this great discrepancy in numbers?"

"That is for the king to explain, — not for me. It is quite possible that he distrusted the National Guards."

"But *I* asked you for powder."

"That is true; but unfortunately you are not authorised to receive it."

"That 's a pretty answer!" cried Mandat. "It is your place to make it the proper thing then, as the order must emanate from you."

The discussion had reached a point where it would be difficult for Pétion to defend himself; but, fortunately for him, the door opened just then, and Rœderer, the syndic of the municipality, helped the mayor out of his dilemma by saying: —

"The king is asking for you, Monsieur Pétion."

The king was really awaiting Pétion's coming with great impatience.

"So here you are at last, Monsieur Pétion!" he exclaimed. "What is the condition of affairs in Paris?"

Pétion gave him a pretty correct idea of the condition of things.

"Have you nothing more to say to me, monsieur?" asked the king, anxiously.

"Nothing, Sire."

The king looked at him searchingly.

"Nothing, nothing whatever?"

Pétion opened his eyes in astonishment, as if unable to understand this persistency on the part of the king.

The king, in turn, was waiting for Pétion to raise his hand to his eye, — this, it will be remembered, being the signal by which the mayor of Paris was to indicate that the

king could rely upon him in return for the two hundred thousand francs paid him.

Pétion scratched his ear, but did not evince the slightest inclination to place his finger on his eye. So the king had been duped. Some scoundrel had pocketed the two hundred thousand francs.

The queen entered just as the king was racking his brain to find out what question to put to Pétion next.

"Well, is he a friend to us?" asked the queen, in a whispered aside.

"No," replied the king. "At least he has made no sign to that effect."

"Then he is our prisoner."

"Am I at liberty to retire?" asked Pétion.

"Don't let him go, for God's sake," pleaded Marie Antoinette.

"No, monsieur, not just now," stammered the king. "You will be free to go presently; but there is something more I wish to say to you. Step into my cabinet," he added, raising his voice.

To those in his cabinet these words meant: "I intrust Pétion to your care. Watch him. Don't let him get away."

The men in the cabinet understood this perfectly, and immediately surrounded Pétion, — who felt himself a prisoner.

Fortunately, Mandat was not there. He was busy contesting an order which had just been issued for him to report at the city-hall without delay.

Mandat was wanted at the Hôtel de Ville, exactly as Pétion was wanted at the Tuileries. Mandat objected strongly to obeying this order, however; and as for Pétion, he was the thirtieth person in a room where four persons would have been very much in one another's way.

"Gentlemen," he said at last, "we shall suffocate, if we remain here any longer."

This was the opinion of everybody, so no one opposed

Pétion's exit; but everybody followed him, though no one ventured upon any open attempt to restrain his movements.

He went down the first stairway they came to. It led into a basement room, which opened into the garden. He feared at first that this door was locked, but it proved to be unfastened.

Pétion consequently found himself in a much larger and more airy prison, but one which was no less secure than the cabinet.

Accompanied by Rœderer, he began to walk up and down the terrace. This terrace was lighted by a row of lamps. One of the National Guards stepped up and extinguished those nearest the mayor and his companion. What did this mean? Pétion suspected mischief.

"Monsieur," he said, addressing a Swiss officer named Salis-Lizers, who seemed to be following him, "has any one any evil designs upon me?"

"Have no fears, Monsieur Pétion," replied this officer, with a strong German accent. "The king has ordered me to watch you; but I assure you that if any one kills you, he shall die by my hand an instant afterwards."

It was under very similar circumstances that Triboulet said to Francis I., "If it is all the same to you, let it be an instant before, Sire."

Pétion made no reply, but walked on to the Feuillant Terrace, which was not then enclosed by a grating, but by a wall about eight feet high, with three gates, — one large and two small ones.

These gates were not only closed and securely locked, but barricaded as well. They were likewise guarded by grenadiers from two battalions noted for their devotion to royalty; so there was nothing to be hoped for from these men. As he walked along, Pétion stooped now and then and picked up a pebble, which he tossed over the wall.

While he was thus promenading to and fro, he was twice notified that the king desired to speak with him.

"Are n't you going?" inquired Rœderer.

"No, it 's too hot up there. I have n't the slightest desire to return to that cabinet. I remember the discomfort I experienced too well; besides, I 've made an appointment to meet some one here."

"An appointment with whom?" asked Rœderer.

Just then the door of the Assembly building leading into the Feuillant Terrace opened.

"I think that 's the very person I 've been waiting for," remarked Pétion.

"An order for the attendance of Monsieur Pétion," said a loud voice. "The Assembly summons him to its bar to give an account of the condition of affairs in Paris."

"Precisely," responded Pétion. "And here I am ready to reply to the questions of my enemies."

The National Guards, fancying they were doing Pétion a bad turn, allowed him to pass.

It was now about three o'clock in the morning. Day was breaking, and, strange to say, the sky was the colour of blood.

CHAPTER XI.

BILLOT'S WILL.

When the king sent for him, Pétion shrewdly suspected that he might have some difficulty in getting away from the palace; so, stepping up to a man who had an ugly scar across his forehead, he said: —

"What news have you brought me from the Assembly, Billot?"

"That there will be an all-night session."

"Very well. And did you not tell me that some National Guards and several cannon had been placed on the Pont Neuf by Mandat's orders, as well as a large body of troops at the entrance of the Rue Saint-Antoine?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Well, now listen to me, Monsieur Billot."

"I am listening."

"Very well; here is an order for Manuel and Danton to make these troops return to their homes, and also to remove the artillery from the Pont Neuf. Cost what it may, this order must be carried out. Do you understand?"

"I will carry it to Monsieur Danton myself."

"Very good. You live in the Rue Saint-Honoré, do you not?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then, after delivering the order to Danton, go to your lodgings and get a little sleep. After a couple of hours, though, be sure you get up and take a little walk alongside the wall of the Feuillant Terrace. If you see or hear any pebbles thrown over this wall from some one on the terrace, you may know that I am either kept there against my will, or that my life is in danger."

"I understand."

"In that case, hasten to the Assembly and bid your colleagues send for me without loss of time. You understand, Billot, I intrust my life to your hands."

"And I will be accountable for it. Have no fears."

So Pétion left, depending on Billot's well-known patriotism. Billot had promised all the more confidently because he knew that Pitou had just arrived. He despatched that youth to Danton immediately with the order, telling him not to come back without bringing the great leader with him. In spite of Danton's indolence, Pitou touched his heart, and brought him to the city-hall.

Danton saw the artillery on the Pont Neuf, and the National Guards on the Arcade Saint-Jean, and realised how important it was that such large military forces should not be allowed to remain where they could close in behind the populace. On the strength of Pétion's order, Manuel and Danton dismissed the National Guards, and sent the artillery from the Pont Neuf. This left the road clear for the insurgents.

Meanwhile, Billot and Pitou returned to the Rue Saint-Honoré, where Billot still kept his old quarters. On entering his lodgings, Billot sat down, and motioned Pitou to do the same.

"I sent word for you to join me, Pitou," began the farmer.

"And I have n't kept you waiting, as you see," responded Pitou, with a smile that disclosed to view every tooth in his head.

"No. You can see for yourself, I suppose, that something serious is about to happen."

"I judged as much; but tell me, Monsieur Billot, how is it that I don't see or hear anything of either Monsieur Bailly or Lafayette?"

"Bailly is a traitor who had us slaughtered on the Champ de Mars."

"Yes, I know; for did n't I find you there weltering in your blood?"

"And Lafayette is a traitor who wants to carry off the king."

"I did n't know that! Lafayette a traitor! Why, who would have thought it! And the king?"

"He 's the biggest traitor of all."

"That does n't surprise me."

"The king is in league with foreigners, and wants to deliver France into the hands of her enemies. The Tuileries is a regular hot-bed of conspiracy; so the people have decided to take the Tuileries. Do you understand?"

"As we took the Bastille, Monsieur Billot?"

"Yes."

"But it won't be such a difficult job, I judge."

"You're very much mistaken about that."

"Why, the walls are not nearly so high."

"No, but they 're much better guarded. You see, my dear boy, the Bastille was defended by a garrison of only fifty pensioners; whereas there are three or four thousand able-bodied men in the palace."

"Three or four thousand men! The deuce!"

"Without taking into consideration the fact that the Bastille was taken by surprise, whereas the people at the Tuileries have been anticipating an attack for a long time, and doing everything in their power to strengthen the palace."

"So they mean to defend it!"

"Yes; and they 'll do it all the better from the fact that Monsieur de Charny is intrusted with the defence."

"True, he left Boursonnes yesterday with his wife. But is Monsieur de Charny also a traitor?"

"No, he 's an aristocrat, — that is all. He has always sided with the Court, and consequently he has not betrayed the people, nor has he ever tried to cajole the people into trusting him."

"So we are to fight Monsieur de Charny! Strange, is n't it, neighbours as we are?"

"That is what we call civil war, Pitou; but you 're not obliged to fight if you don't want to."

"Excuse me, monsieur, but what suits you, suits me too, you know."

"But I 'd much rather you would n't fight, Pitou."

"Then why on earth did you send for me?"

"I sent for you to give you this paper," responded the farmer, his face growing graver.

"What is it?"

"A copy of my will."

"A copy of your will, Monsieur Billot," continued Pitou, laughing. "You don't look much like a man who 's about to die."

"No," said Billot, pointing to his musket and powder-flasks, which were hanging on the wall; "but I look like a man who may be killed."

"Yes, we 're all mortal!"

"Well, as I said before, I sent for you to give you this copy of my will, as I have made you my sole legatee."

"Me, Monsieur Billot? No, thank you, Monsieur Billot. You say that just in joke."

"I tell you that it 's so."

"It can't be, Monsieur Billot."

"And why?"

"Because when a man has legal heirs, he can't give his estate away to strangers."

"You 're mistaken, Pitou; he *can*."

"But he ought not to, Monsieur Billot."

Billot's face clouded. "I have no heirs," he said gloomily.

"No heirs? What do you call Mademoiselle Catherine?"

"I know no person of that name."

"Don't talk in that way, monsieur. It makes me mad."

"When a thing belongs to me, Pitou, I can give it to any one I choose. In like manner, if I die, and the property comes to you, *you* can give it to any one you choose."

"Oh, yes, very good," said Pitou, beginning to understand the situation. "Then if any misfortune should happen to you — But nonsense! What a fool I am! You 'll come out all right!"

"But as you said just now, we are all mortal."

"Well, you are right, I suppose. I will take the will, provided that I shall have a right to do what I like with your property, if I have the misfortune to become your heir."

"Of course you will, as it will belong to you. They won't try to play any tricks on you who are a good patriot, as they would on a person who has been truckling to aristocrats. So put the paper in your pocket, and try to get a little sleep, as we are likely to have plenty of work on hand to-morrow, or rather to-day, as it is now two o'clock in the morning."

"You are not going out, Monsieur Billot?"

"Yes, I 've some business on the Feuillant Terrace."

"You are sure you don't need me?"

"On the contrary, you would be very much in my way."

"In that case, I 'll eat a bit of supper, I guess."

"True; I quite forgot to ask if you were hungry."

"That 's because you know I 'm always hungry, I suppose," said Pitou, laughing.

"It 's not necessary for me to tell you where the pantry is, I fancy."

"Oh, no, you need n't bother about that. You 'll be back soon, won't you?"

"Yes, I 'll be back in less than an hour."

"Very well, then; good luck to you!"

So Pitou went in search of refreshment, with an appetite which was no more impaired by untoward events than the king's, while Billot repaired to the Feuillant Terrace.

We know his business there. He had scarcely reached the spot before a pebble falling almost at his very feet, followed by a second and a third, apprised him that what Pétion had apprehended had come to pass, and that the mayor was a prisoner in the Tuileries.

In obedience to the instructions he had received, he hastened to the Assembly, and demanded that Pétion be sent for forthwith.

Pétion, being thus set at liberty, had only to pass through the hall of the Assembly, and then return on foot to the city-hall, leaving his carriage to represent him in the courtyard of the Tuileries.

Billot, too, returned home, where he found Pitou just finishing his supper.

"Well, Monsieur Billot, what's the news?" inquired Pitou.

"Nothing, except that it is daybreak, and that the sky is as red as blood," responded Billot.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM THREE TO SIX IN THE MORNING.

We have already described how the sun rose. It had just become visible above the horizon when two men rode down the deserted quay in front of the Tuileries.

These two men were the commanding general of the National Guards, Mandat, and one of his aides.

Mandat, summoned at about one o'clock in the morning to the Hôtel de Ville, had refused to go, at first. Two hours later the order was repeated in a much more peremptory manner. Mandat was still inclined to refuse; but Rœderer approached him, and said: "General, recollect that, according to law, the commander of the National Guards is at the orders of the municipal authorities."

So Mandat finally concluded to go. He was ignorant of two facts, however: first, that forty-seven of the forty-eight municipal sections had each appointed three commissioners to unite with the city authorities in saving the country.

In short, Mandat expected to find the old city government, and had no suspicion that he was to encounter one hundred and forty-one new faces. He was likewise ignorant of the order which had been issued for the removal of the troops from the Pont Neuf and on the Saint-Jean Arcade, which order, by reason of its importance, had been delivered by Manuel and Danton in person.

On reaching the Pont Neuf, Mandat was consequently astounded to find it completely deserted. He paused, therefore, and sent his aide on ahead to reconnoitre. In a few minutes the aide returned. He had seen nothing

of any artillery, or of any National Guards. The Place Dauphine, the Rue Dauphine, and the Augustin Quay were as deserted as the Pont Neuf.

Mandat kept on. Possibly it would have been better for him if he had returned to the palace; but men go where destiny drives them.

As he approached the Hôtel de Ville, the aspect of things changed entirely. Just as, in certain physical cataclysms, the blood deserts the extremities, which remain pale and cold, and rushes to the heart, so the bustle and excitement — or, in other words, the Revolution — had centred itself along the Quay Pelletier, the Place de Grève, and around the city-hall, — in short, in the heart of that great metropolis we call Paris.

On reaching the corner of the Pelletier Quay, and seeing that the detachment of National Guards had disappeared, Mandat felt strongly inclined to retrace his steps; but the crowd, which had massed itself behind him, forced him along to the steps of the city-hall.

"Remain at the corner of the quay," he said to his aide; "and if any misfortune befalls me, go to the palace at once and inform them."

On entering the building, Mandat found himself confronted by many stern and unknown faces. Here stood the insurrection, ready to call to an account the man who was trying, not to curb it, but to strangle it in its very birth.

At the Tuileries, in his interview with Pétion, it was Mandat who had played the part of inquisitor; here, it was Mandat who was to be questioned.

One of the members of the new Commune — that dread Commune which broke up the Assembly, and afterwards waged such a vigorous warfare upon the Convention — came forward, and, acting as spokesman for all present, demanded: —

"By whose order was the number of guards at the Tuileries doubled?"

"By order of the mayor of Paris."

"Where is that order?"

"At the Tuileries, where I left it, in order that it might be carried into execution in my absence."

"Why was the artillery ordered out?"

"Because I intended to have a battalion drill; and when a battalion drills, the artillery goes with it."

"Where is Pétion?"

"He was at the palace when I left."

"Was he a prisoner?"

"No; he was free, and walking about the garden."

Just then another member of the Council produced an unsealed letter and requested that it might be read aloud.

Mandat needed only to glance at the missive to know that his doom was sealed. He recognised his own handwriting.

This letter was the order sent at one o'clock that morning to the officer in command of the battalion stationed at the Arcade Saint-Jean, ordering an attack upon the rear of any crowd approaching the palace, while the troops on the Pont Neuf would attack them on the flank. This order had fallen into the hands of the Commune after the withdrawal of the troops.

The examination was ended. What more damaging admission could be desired?

The City Council decided that Mandat should be taken to the Abbaye prison. In reading the decision to Mandat, we are told that the President of the Council made a sort of horizontal wave of the hand, — a gesture of which the populace knew the interpretation only too well.

This gesture did indeed become very expressive in 1793, one year later; but it did not signify nearly so much in 1792, when the reign of the guillotine had not yet begun.

As it was not until August 21, eleven days afterwards, that the first Royalist was guillotined, how could this horizontal movement of the hand have meant, "Kill this man!" unless it had been agreed upon in advance?

The events which followed seem to justify this supposition, however.

Mandat had hardly descended three steps of the *perron* in front of the city-hall, when, just as his son rushed forward to meet him, a bullet fired from a pistol pierced his head. The same thing had happened to Flesselles three years before.

Mandat was merely wounded, however, and rose, only to be beaten down again by blows from twenty pikes. His son threw up his arms wildly, shrieking, "My father! Oh, my father!" But no one paid any attention to his cries.

Suddenly, from out of the centre of a circle in which one could see nothing but the flashing of sabres and pikes, an arm was uplifted, holding a bleeding head just severed from the body.

It was Mandat's head. His son fainted, and the aide galloped off to the Tuileries to report what he had witnessed. The crowd of assassins divided. Some started to throw the body into the river; others to march through the streets bearing the head upon a pike.

It was now about four o'clock.

After the king finished his confession, he went to bed; for when his conscience was at rest, he troubled himself very little about other matters. He retired without undressing, however, and when the sound of the tocsin was again heard, and the drums began to beat a general alarm, the king was awakened; for Monsieur de la Chesnaye — to whom Mandat had relegated his authority on leaving the palace — thought it advisable for Louis to show himself to the National Guards, and endeavour to revive their enthusiasm by his presence and a few appropriate words.

The king arose, heavy-eyed, tottering, and only half awake. His hair had been powdered, but the powder was rubbed off on the side of his head next the pillow. The royal barber was sent for, but could not be found; so the king left his room with his hair in disorder.

The queen, warned in the Council Chamber that the king was about to show himself to his defenders, hastened to meet him.

Unlike the poor king, — whose dull eyes seemed to distinguish no one, whose facial muscles, especially those about the mouth, drooped heavily and twitched convulsively, and whose purple coat gave him the appearance of being in mourning for royalty, — the queen, though pale, was feverish and excited; her eyes shone brilliantly, and her eyelids, though red, were dry. She joined this poor phantom of royalty who was about to show himself, winking and blinking, in the cold, searching light of early dawn, hoping to imbue him with some of her own superabundant courage and energy and life.

All went well as long as royalty was exhibited only in the privacy of its own apartments; though the few National Guardsmen who were in company with the noblemen, on seeing the poor heavy, awkward, stupid-looking man who had proved such a failure under similar circumstances at Varennes, began to wonder if this was really the hero of the 20th of June, — the same king whose romantic story priests and admiring women had already begun to embroider on funeral crape.

It must be admitted that this was not the king the National Guardsmen had expected to see.

Just at that moment the venerable Duc de Mailly — with one of those good intentions destined to furnish hell with an additional paving-stone — just at that moment the venerable Duc de Mailly drew his sword and threw himself at the king's feet, swearing in a trembling voice to die — he and the nobility of France which he represented — for the grandson of Henri IV.

Here were two big blunders instead of one. First, the National Guards had no great liking for the nobility of France, which Monsieur de Mailly represented; secondly, it was not the grandson of Henri IV. they were to defend, but a constitutional sovereign; so, in response to a few

shouts of "God save the king!" cheers for the nation resounded on every side.

The king was then urged to go down into the courtyard. Alas! the poor monarch, deprived of his accustomed food, and having slept only one hour instead of seven, being essentially a materialist, seemed to be no longer endowed with any will of his own, but was exactly like an automaton, moved by some outside volition.

Whence came this impetus? From the queen, who possessed a highly nervous and excitable nature, and who had neither eaten nor slept for hours.

Some individuals are so organised that when one thing gets beyond their control, they seem to fail in nearly everything; so in this case, instead of being able to win over the disaffected, it seemed as if Louis XVI. approached them merely to show them how little prestige royalty really bestows upon a man when that man possesses neither genius nor energy.

In the courtyards, as in the interior of the palace, when the few Royalists shouted, "Long live the king!" there were enthusiastic shouts for the nation.

The Royalists were so impolitic as to persist, however.

"No, no, no!" shouted the Patriots; "no king but the nation!" Whereupon the king responded, almost beseechingly, "Yes, yes, my children; but are not your king and the nation one and the same?"

"Bring the dauphin," Marie Antoinette whispered to Madame Elizabeth. "Perhaps the sight of the child will touch them."

Some of the attendants ran for the dauphin. Meanwhile the king continued his sorrowful tour of inspection. He even conceived the unfortunate idea of approaching the artillery, the officers of which were chiefly Republicans.

If the king had known how to talk, if he had been endowed with even mediocre powers of persuasion, this would have been a wise as well as courageous undertaking on his part, and might have proved successful, even at this

late day; but there was nothing seductive either in the speech or the manner of Louis XVI. He stammered badly when he attempted to speak to the men, and the Royalists tried to conceal his discomfiture by again attempting to raise the cry of "Long live the king!" which had twice proved a failure.

This attempt on their part nearly led to a fight. Several cannoneers left their posts, and, rushing towards the king, shook their fists threateningly in his face, calling out, "Do you think we'll fire at our brothers for the sake of defending a traitor like you!"

The queen drew the king back.

"The dauphin! the dauphin! long live the dauphin!" cried several voices; but no one took up the cry. The poor child did not arrive in time, and so missed his cue, as they say at the theatre.

The king's return to the palace was a retreat, — one might almost say a flight; and when he reached his rooms, he sank breathless in an arm-chair.

The queen remained standing in the doorway, glancing around as if searching for some one to lean upon. Seeing Charny, she went to him at once.

"Oh, monsieur, all is lost!"

"I fear so, madame."

"Is there still time for us to flee?"

"It is too late, madame."

"What is there left for us to do, then?"

"Nothing but to die," responded Charny, bowing gravely.

The queen sighed heavily, and re-entered her chamber.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM SIX TO NINE IN THE MORNING.

MANDAT had hardly ceased to breathe before the municipal government appointed Santerre commanding general in his stead. Santerre immediately ordered the drums beat throughout the city and the tocsin sounded; then he sent out patrols with orders to go as far as the Tuileries, and particularly to keep a close watch on the proceedings of the Assembly.

In fact, the National Assembly had been under close surveillance all night. About ten o'clock a party of eleven persons had been arrested on the Champs Élysées. Ten of these men were armed with pistols and daggers, and the eleventh with a blunderbuss; but they offered no resistance, and were conducted to the guardroom at the Feuillant Club for safe-keeping.

During the night eleven other prisoners were arrested and taken to the same place. These twenty-two men were confined in two separate rooms. About daybreak the first eleven made their escape by leaping from the window into the garden, and forcing open the gates. The others were more securely confined.

About seven o'clock a young man about thirty years of age, attired in the uniform of a National Guardsman, was brought into the guardroom. The freshness of his uniform, the brilliancy of his weapons, and the elegance of his whole appearance had excited the suspicion that he was a Royalist, and it was this which had led to his arrest.

A former clerk in the Naval Department, who was in charge that day, questioned the prisoner.

"Where were you arrested?" he asked.

"On the Feuillant Terrace," was the prompt reply.

"What were you doing there?"

"I was on my way to the palace."

"What for?"

"In compliance with an order from the City Council."

"Have you the order in your possession?"

"Here it is," responded the young man, drawing a paper from his pocket as he spoke.

The questioner unfolded the paper and read the following: —

The bearer of this order is to go to the palace to investigate the condition of affairs, and afterwards report to the Procureur-General Syndic of the department.

BOIRIE,
LE ROULX,
Municipal Officers.

The order seemed genuine; but as there was some fear that the signatures might have been forged, a man was sent to the city-hall to have them identified.

The last arrest had drawn quite a crowd, and several persons began to clamour for the death of the prisoners.

A city officer present knew that it would not do to allow these demands to become too vehement; so he mounted a small platform to talk to the crowd and to endeavour to persuade them to disperse. As they were on the point of yielding to his persuasions, the messenger who had been despatched to the city-hall to ascertain if the signatures were genuine, returned, and reported that the order was all right, and that the bearer of it — a man named Suleau — was to be set at liberty.

This was the same man we met at the Princesse de Lamballe's reception, when Gilbert sketched the plan of the guillotine for Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette recognised in it the strange instrument which Cagliostro had shown her in a decanter of water at the Château de Taverney.

On hearing this name, a woman — unnoticed until now in the crowd — raised her head and uttered a cry of rage.

"Suleau!" she exclaimed. "Suleau, editor-in-chief of the 'Acts of the Apostles!' Suleau, one of the assassins of the independence of Liège. He belongs to me; I demand Suleau's death!"

The crowd opened to make way for this woman. She was a small, insignificant-looking creature, clad in a startling Amazonian costume, in the colours of the uniform worn by the National Guards. In her belt she carried a sword. Advancing towards the municipal officer, she forced him to step down, and then took his place. Her head had hardly become visible above the throng, when everybody shouted, "Théroigne! Théroigne!"

In fact, Théroigne was the popular idol of the hour. The part she had played in the disturbances of October, 1789, her arrest at Brussels and subsequent detention in Austrian prisons, as well as her prominence in the demonstration of June 20th, all combined to endow her with such popularity that Suleau, in his sarcastic journal, had begun as far back as 1789 to jest about her conquest of Citizen Populus,—an allusion which had reference, not only to Théroigne's popularity with the people, but to the looseness of her morals.

Suleau had also published a paper in Brussels called "The Royal Tocsin," and had thus assisted in suppressing the revolt in Liège, and in again forcing a noble people under the Austrian yoke and the bishop's power.

At this time Théroigne was preparing an account of her arrest and captivity, and had read a few chapters of it to the Jacobins.

She now demanded, not only the death of Suleau, but of the eleven other prisoners as well. Suleau could hear her voice above the plaudits of the crowd, insisting that he and his companions should be put to death, and through the closed door he appealed to the officer in command to let him out.

"They can kill me, then, and that will end it; and my death will save eleven other lives."

But as the guards very naturally refused to open the door, Suleau attempted to jump out of the window into the midst of the infuriated throng; but his companions seized him and held him back, for they could not believe they were to be delivered up to be butchered in cold blood.

But they were mistaken. The officer in command, intimidated by the threats of the mob, granted Théroigne's request, and forbade the National Guards to offer any resistance to the will of the people. The National Guards obeyed and withdrew, — thus leaving the door unguarded, — and the populace rushed into the prison and seized the first man they came to. This happened to be Abbé Bouyon, a dramatic writer, famous alike for his clever epigrams and the hisses with which three-fourths of his pieces were greeted at the Montansier Theatre. A man of colossal stature, he was snatched from the arms of the superintendent of the post — who tried to save him — and dragged into the courtyard, where he fought desperately with his murderers; and though he had only his arms to defend himself with, he managed to disable two or three of his assailants.

A bayonet-thrust finally pinned him to the wall, and he died without being able to reach his enemies at the last.

During this struggle two other prisoners managed to make their escape.

The mob next attacked a member of the old Royal Guard named Solminiac. His defence was less vigorous than that of his predecessor, and his death was consequently all the more cruel.

Then they killed a third, whose name is unknown. Suleau was the fourth.

"Here 's your Suleau!" a woman cried to Théroigne, who did not know him by sight. As he was commonly called Abbé Suleau, she had supposed him to be a priest. Now she sprang upon him like a wildcat, clutching him savagely by the throat.

Suleau was young, and brave, and vigorous. With one

blow of his fist he dashed Théroigne ten feet from him, shook off three or four men who were trying to seize him, snatched a sabre from the hand of one of the cut-throats, and felled two of the wretches to the ground.

A terrible struggle ensued. Slowly but steadily gaining ground, and nearing the door, Suleau succeeded in freeing himself at least three times, and finally in reaching the door; but he was obliged to turn to open it, and thus exposed himself to the weapons of his assailants for a single instant; and this instant gave twenty sabres a chance to reach him, and he fell at the feet of Théroigne, who had the cruel satisfaction of giving him his final wound.

While Suleau was struggling with his murderers, a third prisoner managed to make his escape.

The fifth prisoner who was dragged out of the guard-house elicited an exclamation of admiration from the crowd. He had belonged to the king's bodyguard, and had been known as handsome Vigier. Being as brave as he was handsome, and as skilled in fighting as he was brave, Vigier fought fifteen minutes. Three times he was felled to the earth, and three times he regained his footing. Every stone in the courtyard was stained, not with his blood only, but with that of his assassins. At last, like Suleau, he was overpowered by numbers.

The others were simply slaughtered in cold blood Their names are unknown. The nine lifeless bodies were then dragged to the Place Vendôme, and there beheaded; after which their heads were stuck on pikes and borne through the streets of Paris in triumph.

That evening one of Suleau's servants secured his master's head by paying a large sum in gold for it, and subsequently succeeded, after an arduous search, in recovering the body as well. Consequently, before the real conflict began, blood had flowed in two places, — on the steps of the city-hall, and in the Feuillant Courtyard. We shall soon see it flowing at the Tuileries! After the drops comes the rivulet, and after the rivulet the river!

About the time these outrages were committed, — that is, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning,— ten thousand National Guards, assembled by Barbaroux' alarm-bell and Santerre's drum-beat, marched down the Rue Saint-Antoine to the Place de Grève. They came to demand permission to march upon the Tuileries. They were obliged to wait an hour for it. Some said that the reason of this delay was that the newly organised Commune hoped for concessions from the palace; others, that the Saint-Marceau division was not quite ready, and that it would not do to march without the Saint-Marceau division.

A thousand or more men, who were armed with pikes, became very impatient. As usual, the worst-equipped men were the most enthusiastic. Finally, they forced their way through the ranks of the National Guard, announcing their determination to go on ahead and attack the palace alone.

Several Marseillais, and a dozen or more guardsmen who had assisted in the taking of the Bastille three years before, placed themselves at the head of this mob, and by common consent were accepted as leaders.

Meanwhile, Mandat's aide had ridden at full speed to the Tuileries; but it was not until after the king and queen had returned to their respective apartments after his Majesty's unfortunate tour of inspection that the aide was able to make his report to them.

The queen felt as one always feels on hearing of the death of a person who has just left one's side. She could not believe it, and made the aide describe the details of the scene over and over again.

Meanwhile, the sound of a brawl below began to make itself heard throughout the palace.

The National Guards and the gunners, who had shouted lustily for the nation in the king's presence, began to exasperate the Royalists by calling them "Royal Grenadiers," and declaring that many of the men in the Filles-Saint-Thomas and Buttes-des-Moulins divisions were in the

pay of the Court. As the men in the courtyards and basement were still ignorant of the death of their commander, — though the fact was now pretty generally known on the main floor of the building, — one grenadier shouted, "That cur Mandat has sent nothing but aristocrats to the palace."

Mandat's eldest son was in the National Guards, and on hearing this insult to his absent father he rushed out from the ranks with sabre drawn. Two or three gunners sprang forward to meet him. Weber, the queen's attendant, was among the Saint Roch grenadiers, and flew to the youth's assistance.

The sabres clashed ominously, and a general fight was imminent. The queen, attracted to the window by the noise, saw Weber, and sent Thierry, the king's valet, to summon him into her presence.

Weber came up and told the queen all about the difficulty, and she in turn informed him of Mandat's death.

The tumult below increased. "See what is going on now," ordered the queen.

"The cannoneers are abandoning their guns, madame," said Weber. "They have rammed a ball into each, and as there is no powder in the guns, they are now useless."

"What do you think of the situation, Weber?"

"I think your Majesty had better consult Monsieur Rœderer, who seems to be one of the most sensible and trustworthy persons in the palace."

"But where can I speak to him without being overheard or interrupted?"

"In my room, if the queen desires it," responded Thierry.

"Very well," said the queen. Then, turning to her foster-brother, she added, "Find Monsieur Rœderer, and bring him to Thierry's room."

As the two men departed on their several missions, the big clock in the palace struck nine.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM NINE TO ELEVEN IN THE FORENOON.

At the very moment Weber was ushering Rœderer into the queen's presence, Captain Durler, the commander of the Swiss Guards, was on his way to the king's apartments to ask for his final orders.

Charny saw the captain looking about for an attendant to usher him into the king's presence, and asked:—

"What do you wish?"

"Are you the Major-General in command of the palace?"

"Yes."

"I have come for your final orders. The head of the attacking column is now visible from the Carrousel."

"You are ordered to stand your ground, monsieur; for the king is resolved to perish in our midst, if need be."

"All right, monsieur," responded Durler, returning to his comrades with this order, which was their death-warrant.

As Captain Durler had reported, the advance guard of the insurgents was already in sight. It consisted, as we have said before, of about one thousand men armed with pikes, and a score of Marseillais, with a dozen or fifteen of the old French Guards, at their head. Among these last was a young captain charged with a special mission, on the recommendation of Billot.

About a quarter of a mile behind this advance guard came a large body of National Guards and confederates, preceded by a dozen pieces of artillery.

When Charny's order was communicated to them, the Swiss Guards quietly but resolutely stationed themselves,

each at his post, in dogged silence. The National Guards took their places in a much more noisy and boisterous manner, but apparently with equal determination. The gentry were poorly organised, being provided only with short-range weapons, like swords and pistols. Feeling sure that the approaching conflict would be a fight to the death, they awaited the arrival of the mob with feverish excitement.

Just then some one knocked loudly at the gate of the main courtyard. "A parley! a parley!" shouted several voices; for above the wall fluttered a white handkerchief, apparently fastened to a pike or spear.

Rœderer was sent for; and, in compliance with his instructions, the gate was opened, and he found himself face to face with a number of pikemen.

"You asked to have the gate opened for a parley, not for an army, my friends," he said pleasantly. "Who is your spokesman?"

"I am, monsieur," responded Pitou, with his gentle voice and kindly smile.

"Who are you?"

"Ange Pitou, captain of the Haramont National Guards."

Rœderer was not aware that there was any such organisation as the Haramont Guards in existence; but as time was precious, he did not deem it advisable to waste it in unnecessary questions, so he merely said: —

"What do you want?"

"I want a free passage for myself and my friends."

"A free passage, and why?"

"So that we can get into the Assembly. We have a dozen cannon, but not a single one will be fired if we get what we want."

"And what is that?"

"That the king should be deposed."

"But that is a very serious matter."

"Very serious, monsieur," responded Pitou, with his accustomed courtesy.

"And requires careful consideration," added Rœderer.

"That is only fair," replied Pitou. Then glancing up at the big clock, he added: "It lacks fifteen minutes to ten. If we do not receive a favourable answer by ten o'clock, we shall begin the attack."

"Meanwhile you will permit us to close the gate, will you not?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," answered Pitou. Then, turning to his companions, "Let them close the gate," he said, motioning the foremost men back.

They obeyed, and the gate was closed; but during the brief time it had stood open, the besiegers had had an opportunity to note the formidable preparations made for their reception.

The quarter of an hour had hardly elapsed before a man emerged from the palace and gave orders to open the gate. This time the porter kept out of sight in his lodge, and it was the National Guards who raised the bars.

The besieging party fancied their request had been granted; and as soon as the gate was opened, they crowded in, pushed forward by an irresistible power in their rear, — the rabble, — waving their hats on the ends of their pikes and spears, and shouting vociferously: "Hurrah for the Nation! Hurrah for the National Guards! Hurrah for the Swiss!"

The National Guards responded with cheers for the nation, but the Swiss maintained a gloomy silence. On reaching the line of cannon, the intruders paused to look about them.

The great vestibule was full of Swiss, arranged three rows deep, according to height. There was also a row of Swiss on each step of the portico, — which made six rows of men, all ready to fire at the same time.

Some of the intruders, Pitou among the number, began to reflect; but it was rather late for reflection. But though they realised their danger, they did not think of running

away. On the contrary, they strolled about, laughing and jesting with the National Guards and the Swiss.

Now the National Guardsmen were not disinclined to joke; but the Swiss were much more serious. In consequence of the quarrel started by Mandat's son, the Patriot National Guards had been separated from the Royalist National Guards, and dismissed.

On parting with their fellow-citizens, the Patriots also exchanged leave-takings with the Swiss, whose courage they greatly admired. They added, that if any of the Swiss chose to accompany them, they would be received into their homes like brothers. Two Vaudois, in response to this invitation uttered in their native tongue, immediately threw themselves into the arms of the Frenchmen, — their natural comrades.

At that very same instant two bullets fired from loop-holes in the palace struck down the deserters almost in the very arms of their new friends. The Swiss officers, excellent shots, and hunters of the chamois and the ibex upon their native hills, had devised this effectual means of putting an immediate end to desertions; but it is needless to say that such an episode made the Swiss grave, even to sullenness.

As for the men armed with a few old pistols and guns and pikes, — in short, so poorly armed that they might as well have had no weapons at all, — they were the same strange precursors of revolution seen on the eve of all great outbreaks. The cannoneers were on their side. The National Guards seemed strongly inclined to join them. Now if they could only persuade the Swiss to do the same! They did not notice how rapidly time was passing, — that their leader had given Monsieur Rœderer until ten o'clock to decide, and that it was now quarter-past. In short, they were enjoying themselves very much: so why should they count the minutes?

One of the men had not even a pike or a sabre, but only a pruning-hook, such as is used to pull down the branches

of trees that are to be cut back. This man said to his neighbour, "Suppose I try to hook a Swiss!" and suiting the action to the word, he caught a Swiss Guard by his cross-belt and pulled him towards him, — the Swiss only resisting just enough to make it appear that he was resisting.

"I 've got a bite!" cried the fisherman.

"Pull him in gently," responded another.

The fisherman obeyed, and the Swiss was drawn from the vestibule into the courtyard exactly as a fish is drawn from the river and gently landed on the grass.

This feat was greeted with loud cheers and peals of laughter.

"Another! another! catch another!" everybody shouted.

The fisherman hooked a second, a third, a fourth, and even a fifth. In short, the entire regiment would probably have been landed, had they not heard the order, "Take aim!"

Seeing the muskets levelled at them with a loud clang and that mechanical precision which characterises the movements of regular troops, one of the rabble — for there is always some crazy fellow who gives the signal for a general massacre — fired a pistol at one of the palace windows.

In the brief space of time between the order to "take aim" and the word "Fire!" Pitou took in the situation.

"Down with you! down with you!" he shouted, "or you 're all dead men."

And suiting example to precept, he flung himself flat on the ground.

This dense mass of human beings — for at least half of the advance column had crowded into the courtyard — bent like a field of grain swayed by the wind, then staggered and collapsed.

Barely one third of them escaped death. These tried to flee; but the soldiers in the sheds, as well as those drawn up in line, opened a cross fire upon them. The soldiers

would have shot one another but for the thick screen of human beings between them.

There were huge rents in this screen, however. Four hundred men were lying prostrate on the pavement, three hundred of whom had been killed outright. The remaining hundred — more or less dangerously wounded — groaned and tried to raise themselves, only to fall back again, imparting to the corpse-strewn courtyard a motion like that of receding waves, — a sight terrible to look upon.

Gradually everything became quiet. But for a few obstinate fellows who would persist in living, the sea became motionless.

A few fugitives rushed out into the Carrousel and into the Rue Saint-Honoré, shrieking for help.

On the Pont Neuf these fugitives met the main body of insurgents. Two men on horseback rode at the head of this column; but they were closely followed by a man who also wore an air of authority, though afoot.

"Help, Monsieur Santerre, help!" cried the fugitives, recognising in one of the leaders the famous brewer of the Saint-Antoine district, remarkable everywhere for his colossal stature. "Help! they are slaughtering our brothers!"

"Who are?" inquired Santerre.

"The Swiss. They fired on us while we were laughing and talking with them!"

Santerre turned to the other horseman.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

The person he addressed was a small, light-complexioned man, with closely clipped hair.

"Faith!" he responded, "there's a military proverb that says: 'A soldier should betake himself wherever he hears the sound of musketry or cannon.' Let us hasten to the place at once!"

"You had a young officer with you," said the man afoot to one of the fugitives. "I see nothing of him."

"He was one of the first to fall, Monsieur Deputy. It's a pity, too; for he was a brave young man."

"Yes, he was a brave youth," responded the questioner, paling slightly; "a brave youth, and he shall be fitly avenged. Forward, Monsieur Santerre!"

"I think that in such a serious matter as this seems likely to prove, we ought to call experience, as well as courage, to our aid, my dear Billot."

"Very well."

"Consequently, I propose to relinquish the command to Citizen Westermann, who is a skilled soldier, as well as a friend of Citizen Danton, and pledge myself to obey him like a common soldier."

"As you please," responded Billot, "provided you advance without losing a second of time."

"Will you accept the command, Citizen Westermann?" asked Santerre.

"I accept," answered the Prussian, laconically.

"Then give your orders."

"Forward!" cried Westermann.

And the long column moved on again.

As the leader entered the Carrousel, the Tuileries clock struck eleven.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM ELEVEN O'CLOCK UNTIL NOON.

On re-entering the palace, Rœderer met a valet who had been sent in search of him by Marie Antoinette; and Rœderer, being equally anxious to see the queen, as he knew that she was the chief dependence of the palace in this hour of peril, was greatly pleased to learn that she was waiting to see him in a quiet place where they might consult together without any danger of interruption. Consequently he followed Weber upstairs without delay.

The queen was sitting by the fireplace, with her back to the window. On hearing the door open, she turned quickly, exclaiming, "Well, monsieur?" yet without putting any direct question.

"The queen has done me the honour to send for me, I believe," remarked Rœderer.

"Yes, monsieur; you are one of the chief magistrates in the city, and your presence here is of incalculable benefit to us. I ask you, therefore, what we have to hope, as well as what we have to fear."

"In my opinion you have very little to hope, and everything to fear, madame."

"You mean that the populace are really marching upon the Tuileries?"

"The advance guard is already in the Carrousel, talking with the Swiss Guards."

"Talking with the Swiss Guards? I gave orders that the Swiss were to repel the insurgents. Are they inclined to disobey?"

"No, by no means, madame; the Swiss will die at their post."

"And we at ours, monsieur. Even as the Swiss are soldiers in the king's service, sovereigns themselves are soldiers in the service of the monarchy."

Rœderer was silent.

"Am I so unfortunate as to have an opinion which does not accord with yours on this subject?" asked the queen.

"I have no opinion whatever to express, unless your Majesty does me the honour to ask for it."

"I do ask for it."

"Then I will reply with perfect frankness, madame. It is my opinion that the king is lost if he remains in the Tuileries."

"But if we do not remain in the Tuileries, where are we to go?" exclaimed the queen, rising to her feet in evident trepidation.

"In the present condition of affairs there is only one safe asylum for the royal family."

"And that, monsieur — ?"

"Is the National Assembly."

"What, monsieur?" exclaimed the queen, as if she fancied that she could not have heard him aright.

"The National Assembly," repeated Rœderer.

"And can you believe that I would consent to ask the protection of those men?"

Again Rœderer made no reply.

"So far as I am concerned," continued the queen, "I prefer enemies who attack us openly, in broad daylight, to those who are continually trying to stab us behind our backs, and in the dark."

"But, madame, I am convinced that you will have to decide between yielding to the populace and beating a retreat to the Assembly."

"Retreat? Are we so poor in defenders that we must surrender without firing a shot?"

"Before making up your mind fully, madame, will you not send for some competent man, and learn what forces are at your disposal?"

"Weber, go and summon either Monsieur Maillardot, Monsieur de la Chesnaye, or—" She was about to say Monsieur de Charny, but she checked herself suddenly; and Weber, after waiting a moment in vain for her to complete the sentence, left the room.

"If your Majesty will but step to the window, you can judge for yourself," said Rœderer.

With evident reluctance the queen walked to the window, drew aside the curtain, and looked out. The Carrousel, and even the royal courtyard, were filled with pikemen.

"Good heavens!" she cried. "What are those men doing here?"

"As I told your Majesty, they are talking with the Swiss Guard."

"But they have been admitted into the very precincts of the palace."

"I did that in order to gain time, so your Majesty could decide what course to pursue."

At that very instant the door opened.

"Come in!" cried the queen, without knowing to whom she was speaking.

Charny entered.

"Ah! it is you," exclaimed the queen. "Then it is useless to ask any further questions; for only a little while ago you told me all there was left for us to do."

"And that?" asked Rœderer.

"Is to die," responded the queen.

"You see that what I propose is preferable, madame."

"I hardly know which I would prefer," said the queen, gloomily.

"What does monsieur suggest?" inquired Charny.

"To take the king to the Assembly," said Rœderer.

"That is not death, but disgrace," answered Charny.

"Do you hear that, monsieur?" demanded the queen, turning to Rœderer.

"Let us see if there is no middle course, then," replied Rœderer.

Just then Weber stepped forward and said: "I know I am a very insignificant person, and that it is the height of presumption for me to express my opinion in such company; but it is my devotion that emboldens me. How would it do to ask the Assembly to send a delegation to watch over the king's safety?"

"So be it. I consent to that," answered the queen. "Monsieur de Charny, if you approve of this plan, will you go and submit it to the king?"

Charny bowed and departed.

"Follow the count, and bring me the king's answer," the queen said to her foster brother.

In a few moments Weber returned, and said: "The king approves the suggestion, madame, and Messieurs Champion and Dejoly are going to the Assembly at once with the king's message."

"Look!" cried the queen, suddenly. "What are they doing?"

The intruders were just then amusing themselves by hooking the Swiss Guards.

Rœderer stepped to the window; but before he had time to see what was going on, a pistol shot suddenly rang out upon the air. This was followed by a terrific discharge of musketry, that shook the palace to its very foundations. The queen uttered a scream, and recoiled in terror; then curiosity drove her back to the window.

"See! see!" she cried, her eyes flashing. "They are fleeing! they have been put to rout. What do you think now, Monsieur Rœderer? have we no resource save the Assembly?"

"Will your Majesty do me the favour to follow me?" pleaded Rœderer.

"See, see!" she continued. "The Swiss are making a sortie and pursuing them. The Carrousel is free of them. Victory! victory!"

"Have mercy on yourself, madame, and follow me," implored Rœderer.

The queen yielded, half wonderingly, half petulantly.

"Where is the king?" Rœderer asked of the first valet they met.

"In the gallery leading into the Louvre," was the response.

"That is the very place to which I wished to conduct your Majesty," remarked Rœderer.

The king was standing at a window with Chesnaye, Maillardot, and five or six other noblemen. He had a field-glass in his hand. The queen flew to the window; but she required no field-glass to enable her to see what was going on.

The huge army of insurgents was approaching. It was so wide and so long that it covered the entire quay as far as the eye could reach. Every bell in the city was ringing madly, — the big bell of Notre Dame resounding high above all the others; while the heavy roll of artillery could be heard in the distance like the angry muttering of an approaching storm.

"Well, madame?" said Rœderer.

There were about fifty persons assembled around the king. The queen looked long and searchingly at their friends and supporters, as if asking how much devotion she could really count upon. Then, not knowing whom to address, or what petition to utter, she took her boy and showed him to the officers of the National and the Swiss Guards, and to the noblemen present. It was no longer a queen demanding a throne for her son, but a distressed mother, crying out in the hour of peril, "My child! Who will save my child?"

Meanwhile the king was conversing in a low tone with Rœderer; or, rather, the syndic was repeating to the monarch what he had already said to the queen.

Two entirely distinct groups had gathered around their Majesties. The king was surrounded by a number of grave and thoughtful advisers, who seemed strongly to approve the suggestion made by Rœderer. The other and larger

group was that assembled around the queen. This consisted chiefly of ardent and enthusiastic young officers, who waved their hats and brandished their swords and kissed the hem of the queen's robe, swearing all the while to die, if need be, in defence of her and her son.

Suddenly the queen snatched two pistols from the belt of Maillardot, the commander of the Swiss Guard, and presented them to the king.

"Come, Sire!" she cried. "Now is the time to show yourself a man, or perish in the midst of your friends!"

The queen's act excited the utmost enthusiasm, and everybody awaited the king's reply with breathless anxiety.

A young, brave, and handsome king, with flashing eyes and quivering lips, might have rushed, pistol in hand, into the fray, and turned the tide of fortune in his favour, even then. The king took the pistols from the queen's hands, but only to return them to Maillardot. Then, turning to Rœderer, he said:—

"You think, then, it would be advisable for me to take refuge in the Assembly, monsieur?"

"Yes, Sire, that is my opinion."

"Let us go, then, gentlemen; for there is evidently nothing we can do here," said the king.

The queen sighed heavily, and, taking the dauphin in her arms and turning to Madame de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel, said, "Come, ladies, as the king will have it so."

This seemed equivalent to saying to all the others, "I abandon you to your fate."

Madame Campan was waiting for the queen in the corridor through which she would be obliged to pass. The queen saw her.

"Go and wait for me in my room," she whispered. "I will either rejoin you there presently, or send for you,—from where Heaven only knows!" Then, leaning towards her, she murmured even more guardedly, "Oh for a chance to plunge into the sea!"

The gentlemen the king had left behind him looked at

each other as if thinking, "Is it for a monarch like this that we have got to die?"

Chesnaye seemed to understand the mute query, for he replied: "No, gentlemen, it is for royalty. Man is mortal, but the principle of right is immortal."

As for the unfortunate women, they were overwhelmed with terror. One might have supposed them so many marble statues standing upon the staircases and corridors.

At last the king condescended to think of those he had deserted; for on reaching the foot of the staircase, he paused, and asked: —

"What will become of those we leave behind us?"

"It will be easy enough for them to follow us," responded Rœderer. "They are in citizen's dress, and can make their way out through the garden without any difficulty."

"Ah, Monsieur de Charny!" exclaimed the queen, on seeing the count, who was waiting for them, sword in hand, at the gate, "why did we not listen to you day before yesterday, when you advised flight?"

The count made no reply, but, approaching the king, said: "Sire, you had better take my hat and give me yours; for yours may lead to your being recognised."

"On account of the white plume? You are right," responded the king. "Thank you, monsieur."

And he took Charny's hat and gave the count his.

"Will the king be exposed to any danger during this short walk?" asked the queen.

"You see that even if he is, I am doing my best to avert it, madame," replied Charny, respectfully, but coldly.

"Is your Majesty ready?" asked the Swiss captain to whom the duty of protecting the king in his walk across the garden had been intrusted.

"Yes," answered the king, pulling Charny's hat down over his face.

"Then let us start."

The king walked between a double line of Swiss Guards, who kept step with the monarch.

Suddenly loud outcries were heard to their right. The gate leading into the palace garden near the Floral Pavilion had been forced open, and a crowd of people who had heard that the king was on his way to the Assembly rushed in. A man who seemed to be the leader of the mob carried a banner in the shape of a head on the end of a pike.

The captain of the Swiss Guard ordered a halt, and prepared to fire upon the insurgents.

"Monsieur de Charny," exclaimed the queen, "if you see that I am likely to fall into the hands of these wretches, you will kill me, will you not?"

"I cannot promise you that, madame, but I swear that before a single hand touches you, I shall be a dead man."

"Hold!" cried the king; "that is poor Mandat's head: I recognise it."

The band of murderers dared not approach too near, but they heaped all sorts of insults upon the king and queen. Five or six shots were fired. One Swiss was wounded, another killed. The captain ordered his men to take aim, and they obeyed.

"Don't fire, I beseech you, monsieur," cried Charny; "if you do, not one of us will reach the Assembly alive."

"You are right, monsieur," answered the captain. "Shoulder arms!"

The soldiers obeyed, and the party continued its course diagonally across the garden.

Although it was only midsummer, the heat had shrivelled the leaves of the chestnut-trees, and turned them yellow. The ground, too, was strewn with dead leaves.

"The leaves fall early this year," remarked the king.

"Did not some rabid fellow predict that our monarchy would last only until the fall of the leaf?" asked the queen.

"Yes, madame," replied Charny.

"And what was this clever prophet's name?"

"Manuel."

Above the party, on the terrace, which they were obliged to cross to reach the Riding School, where the Assembly still held its sessions, was a large crowd of angry men and women, yelling and brandishing their weapons threateningly. The danger was all the greater because the Swiss could no longer keep in line. The captain endeavoured to force his way through the throng, however; but this so infuriated the rabble that Rœderer called out to him, "Take care, or the king will certainly be killed."

A halt was ordered, and a messenger despatched to the Assembly to notify that legislative body that the king asked an asylum within its walls. The Assembly immediately sent out a delegation; but the sight of this delegation only increased the wrath of the mob.

"Down with Veto! Down with the Austrian! They 've got to abdicate or die!" the mob shouted angrily.

The two children, seeing that their mother was specially in danger, pressed close to her side.

"Why do all these people want to kill my dear mamma, Monsieur de Charny?" asked the dauphin.

The Swiss escort had been driven back one by one, and the royal family was now protected only by the half-dozen gentlemen who had left the Tuileries with them, and the deputation sent by the Assembly. It was evident, too, that there would be great difficulty in getting the king into the hall through the hostile throng which blocked the entrance. At the foot of the steps the struggle began.

"Put up your sword, or I will not answer for the consequences," said Rœderer to Charny; and Charny obeyed without a word.

The king was obliged to push back a man who shook his fist in his face; and the little dauphin, almost suffocated, screamed, and held up his hands as if for help.

A man sprang forward, seized him, and tore him from his mother's grasp.

"Monsieur de Charny! my child! In Heaven's name, save my child!" the queen cried wildly.

Charny started towards the man; but this left the queen so unprotected that two or three arms were outstretched towards her, and one hand seized her by the fichu that covered her breast.

The queen uttered a cry; and, forgetting Rœderer's counsel, Charny plunged his sword in the body of the man who had dared to lay violent hands upon the queen.

The crowd yelled with rage on seeing one of their number fall. The women shouted: —

"Kill the Austrian. Give her to us, so we can strangle her! Death to the Austrian!"

But the queen, half crazed with anxiety and grief, forgot her own danger, and cried again and again, "My son, oh, my son!"

Just as the little party reached the doorway, the mob, as if feeling that their prey was about to escape them, made one even more desperate effort.

Among the clenched fists so threateningly upraised, Charny saw one holding a pistol pointed straight at the queen. The crowd was so dense that he could use only the pommel of his sword; so, dropping that, he grasped the pistol with both hands, tore it from the miscreant's grasp, and discharged it full at the breast of the nearest assailant. The man was stunned as well as wounded, and fell to the ground. The sword was already in the possession of a vagabond, who was endeavouring to kill the queen with it; Charny threw himself upon the assassin, and in the brief interval thus afforded the queen was half carried, half dragged after the king into the hall of the Assembly building.

She was saved; but as the door was hastily closed behind her, Charny sank on the doorstep, felled by a blow upon the head from an iron bar, and stabbed in the breast with a pike.

"Like my dear brothers!" he murmured, as he fell. "Poor Andreé!"

Like his brothers George and Isidore, Olivier de Charny's

destiny was fulfilled. That of the queen was about to overtake her.

Just then a deafening discharge of artillery announced that the insurgents were making a formidable attack upon the palace.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM NOON UNTIL THREE O'CLOCK.

For a moment, like the queen herself when she saw the advance guard take flight, the Swiss probably believed they had encountered and defeated the main body of insurgents. They had killed about four hundred men in the palace courtyard, and one hundred and fifty or two hundred more in the Carrousel. They had also captured seven pieces of artillery. They had not been able to silence one small battery, however, placed on the terrace of a house facing the Swiss Guard-house; and, thinking they had put down the insurrection, they were about taking measures to put an end to the battery, cost what it might, when the roll of drums and the rumbling of heavy artillery reached their ears from the direction of the river-side.

These sounds proceeded from the main army of insurgents, which the king had seen with the aid of his field-glass from the window in the Louvre.

At the same time it began to be rumoured among the guards that the king had left the palace to seek a shelter in the Assembly.

It is difficult to describe the effect of this announcement even upon the most devoted Royalists. The king, who had solemnly sworn to die at his post, had deserted it, and gone over to the enemy, or given himself up as a prisoner without even striking a blow.

The National Guards considered themselves relieved from all obligations, and all, or nearly all, of them left the palace. Several noblemen followed their example, deeming it useless to remain and be slain for a cause that acknowledged itself lost.

Only the Swiss remained, silent and morose, the slaves of discipline. From the upper part of the terrace, near the Floral Pavilion, they could see approaching nearer and nearer those determined denizens of the faubourgs whom no army had ever successfully resisted.

The insurgents had their plan. They supposed the king was still in the palace, and intended to surround it on every side, so as to capture the monarch.

The column advancing up the left bank of the river had received orders to force the gateway on the river-side. Those approaching by way of the Saint-Honoré were to force open the Feuillant gate. The column on the right bank of the river, under command of Westermann, was to attack the front of the palace.

This last body of men burst into the Carrousel, singing the *Ça ira*. The Marseillais headed this column, dragging two small four-pounders loaded with grape.

Nearly two hundred Swiss were in the square, drawn up in battle array. The insurgents marched straight towards them, and the minute the Swiss raised their muskets to fire, the insurgents unmasked their battery, and opened fire themselves.

The Swiss discharged their muskets once, then hastily retired into the palace, leaving thirty dead and wounded lying on the pavement of the courtyard; whereupon the insurgents, with the Marseillais still at their head, rushed upon the Tuileries.

Billot was anxious to fight in the same place where Pitou had been slain; for he was strongly in hopes that the poor boy was only wounded, and that he might return the service Pitou had rendered him — Billot — on the Champ de Mars.

Billot was, consequently, one of the first to enter the central courtyard. There was such a smell of freshly spilled blood there that it seemed as if one must be in a slaughter-house; while in the glare of the midday sun a gas which looked like smoke rose from the heap of bodies.

The sight and the odor alike infuriated the assailants, and they rushed madly upon the palace; besides, retreat now would have been impossible, however much they might have desired it, on account of the immense crowd which was continually pouring into the square behind them, thus forcing them on into the fray.

Once in the central courtyard, these insurgents, like their predecessors in whose blood they were wading ankle deep, found themselves between two fires, — from the clock tower on one side, and a double row of barrack sheds on the other.

It was necessary to silence these barracks first of all, and the Marseillais rushed upon them; but as they could not demolish them with their hands, they shouted for crowbars and pickaxes. But Billot promptly demanded mammoth cartridges, and Westermann, understanding and approving his subordinate's plan, ordered them brought, together with tinder, sulphur, and matches.

As soon as these came, the Marseillais set fire to the fuses, at the risk of having the powder explode in their hands, and hurled the burning cartridges into the sheds. The barracks, of course, took fire, and their defenders were obliged to leave them and take refuge in the hall of the palace. Suddenly Billot, feeling himself pulled backward, turned, expecting to find himself confronted by an enemy; but when he saw who had seized him, he uttered an exclamation of joy; for it was Pitou, — Pitou, almost unrecognisable, and covered with blood from head to foot, but Pitou, safe and sound, without a single wound.

When Pitou saw the Swiss taking aim at his comrades and himself, he had shouted to them to throw themselves flat on the ground, suiting the action to the word himself. But they had not time to follow his example, and in another moment Pitou found himself buried under a huge pile of corpses.

In spite of his very disagreeable situation, thus weighed down by dead bodies and soaked in their blood, Pitou re-

solved not to utter a sound, but wait until a more opportune moment came for revealing himself. He had to wait a whole hour for this, however, and every minute of that hour seemed itself an hour.

At last, hearing the victorious shouts of the Marseillais, and Billot's voice calling his name in the midst of them, he judged that the propitious moment had at last come, and, like Enceladus buried under Mount Etna, he shook off the pile of corpses that covered him, and managed to regain his feet. Then, seeing Billot in the foremost rank of insurgents, he hastened to his side.

A brisk fusilade from the Swiss reminded Pitou and Billot of the gravity of their situation.

Nine hundred feet of shed on the right and left side of the central courtyard were on fire. The heat was intense, and there was not a particle of air stirring. The entire front of the palace was hidden by a thick veil of smoke. It was impossible to see which were the slayers or the slain, as Billot, Pitou, and the Marseillais forced their way through the smoke into the vestibule.

There they found themselves confronted by a bristling wall of bayonets, — the bayonets of the Swiss Guard.

Then began that heroic retreat, in which, leaving one of their number at each step and upon each stair, the battalion moved slowly backward. That night forty-eight dead bodies were found on the staircase alone.

Suddenly through the halls and corridors of the palace resounded the cry, "The king orders the Swiss to stop firing!" It was then two o'clock in the afternoon.

This is what had occurred at the Assembly in the mean time, and brought about the order, which had the twofold advantage of lessening the fury of the victors, and saving the honour of the vanquished.

As the door closed between the queen and Charny, who she saw was fighting desperately for his life, Marie Antoinette screamed, and extended her arms towards the door; but, drawn along by her companions at a moment

when motherly instinct prompted her to follow her child first of all, she almost involuntarily moved on beside the king into the hall of Assembly.

There a great relief awaited her, for she beheld her boy sitting, safe and sound, upon the president's desk.

Seeing her son safe, a terrible pang reminded her of Charny, and the mortal danger that threatened him.

"Gentlemen," she cried, "one of my bravest officers and most devoted friends has been left outside your door, in danger of death. I ask succour for him."

On hearing her words, five or six deputies hastened out, and the royal family and their attendants were ushered to the seats reserved for the cabinet ministers.

The Assembly had received them standing, not on account of the deference due to crowned heads, but with the respect due misfortune.

Before seating himself, the king made a sign to indicate that he wished to speak; and there was a breathless silence as he said: "I have come here to prevent a great crime, and I feel that I can be nowhere safer than in your midst, gentlemen."

"Sire," responded Vergniaud, who was presiding, "you can rely upon the firmness of the National Assembly. Its members have sworn to die, if need be, in defence of the rights of the people and of the legally constituted authorities."

The king seated himself. At that moment a frightful fusilade resounded almost at the very doors of the Riding School. The National Guards had united with the insurgents on the Feuillant Terrace, and were now firing at the Swiss who had acted as an escort for the royal family.

An officer of the National Guard, who seemed to have lost his head completely, rushed into the Assembly Chamber, shouting:—

"The Swiss! the Swiss! We are driven back!"

For one instant the Assembly inclined to the belief that

the Swiss Guards had repulsed the insurgents, and were now coming to reclaim their king; for at that time Louis XVI., it must be admitted, was rather the king of the Swiss than of the French. All the deputies sprang to their feet as if with one accord, and members, spectators, secretaries, all raised their hands and cried, "Come what may, we swear to live and die freemen!"

The king and his family took no part in this demonstration; but this cry, uttered by three thousand mouths, swept over their heads like a hurricane.

This mistake in relation to the Swiss was of short duration, however; for fifteen minutes later a cry of, "The palace is taken!" was heard; "the insurgents are marching upon the Assembly with the intention of slaying the king!"

Then the same men who, in their hatred of despotism, had just sworn to live and die freemen, raised their hands with the same enthusiasm, and solemnly swore to defend the king to the death.

At that very moment Captain Durler was being ordered in the name of the Assembly to lay down his arms.

"I serve the king, and not the Assembly," he said coolly. "Where is the king's order?"

The messenger sent by the Assembly had brought no written order.

"I received my commission from the king," added Durler, "and I obey only the king's orders."

So they dragged him almost by main force into the Assembly. His face was blackened with powder and stained with blood.

"Sire, they tell me to lay down my arms," he said. "Is this the king's order?"

"Yes," answered Louis; "surrender your arms to the National Guards. I do not want another one of you brave fellows to perish!"

Durler sighed, bowed his head, and went out; but at the door he paused and declared he would not obey any save a

written order: so the king took a sheet of paper and wrote: —

"The King orders the Swiss Guard to lay down their arms and retire to their quarters."

And this was the order that was subsequently repeated in all the rooms, corridors, and halls of the palace.

This order having restored some slight semblance of tranquillity, the president proposed that the Assembly resume business; but a member rose and said that the Constitution forbade the Assembly to transact any business in the king's presence.

"That is true," remarked Louis XVI. "But where will you put us?"

"We can offer you, Sire, the box reserved for the Logographe. It is empty now, that journal having ceased to appear."

"Very well," replied the king, "we are ready to go there at any time."

"Ushers!" cried Vergniaud, "conduct the king to the box reserved for the Logographe."

The ushers hastened to obey. The king and queen and royal family left the hall by the same door by which they had entered it, and again found themselves in the corridor.

"What is this on the floor?" asked the queen. "It looks like blood."

The ushers made no reply. If these stains were really blood, it is quite probable that the ushers had no idea how they came there. To spare the queen the ominous sight the king quickened his pace, and, opening the door of the box himself, bade the queen enter.

But as Marie Antoinette set foot on the threshold, she uttered a cry of horror, covered her face with her hands, and drew back. The presence of those blood stains was explained. A dead body had been placed in the box, and

it was this body, which the queen had nearly stepped upon in her haste, that had made her recoil in horror.

"Ah!" said the king — in the same tone in which he had exclaimed, "That is poor Mandat's head" — "Ah! this is the body of our poor Comte de Charny!"

It was indeed the count's body, which a few deputies had succeeded in rescuing from the clutches of his murderers, and placed in this box, not foreseeing that the royal family would also be installed there a few minutes afterwards.

The body was immediately removed, and the royal family entered the box. Some one suggested that an attempt be made to clean the floor, for it was covered with blood; but the queen shook her head, and was the first to take her seat. No one noticed that she loosened the strings of her shoes and placed her trembling feet in the still warm blood.

"Oh, Charny, Charny!" she murmured, "why is not my blood flowing too, so it might mingle eternally with thine?"

Just then the clock struck three.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM THREE TO SIX IN THE AFTERNOON.

We left the palace just as the Swiss Guards were being driven back step by step to the very door of the royal apartments, and just as a voice was proclaiming through the corridors an order for these same heroic defenders to lay down their arms.

So the palace was taken at last! What grim genius presided over this victory of the people? "Popular Wrath," the reader may reply. But who directed this wrath?

A man we have scarcely mentioned, a Prussian officer, mounted on a small black horse, and riding beside the gigantic Santerre on his colossal Flemish steed, — in short, Westermann, the Alsatian.

Who was this man that thus appeared first like the lightning in the midst of the tempest? He was one of those men whom God brings forth from his arsenal only when a terrible blow of retribution is to be struck.

Such was Westermann, the Man of the Setting Sun, as he was called; and, in fact, he did appear only when royalty was sinking below the horizon, never to rise again!

Who discovered him? Who divined that to the brewer Santerre — a giant hewn out of a block of flesh — would be given the soul for this struggle in which the Titans of earth were to overthrow the gods of royalty? And who complemented Geryon with Prometheus, or Santerre with Westermann? Danton!

And where did this influential revolutionist find this conqueror? In a cesspool of crime, — at Saint Lazare.

Westermann was accused — accused, understand, not convicted — of manufacturing counterfeit money. For the work of the 10th of August, Danton needed just such a man, — one who would not draw back, because in retreating he would only be mounting the pillory.

The mysterious prisoner had attracted Danton's attention, and when the day and hour came that Danton needed him, his powerful hand broke the captive's chains, and he was bidden to come forth.

The Revolution, as we have previously remarked, effected the abasement of the mighty of earth and the exaltation of the lowly. It set captives free, and cast into prison those who had been, up to that time, the powerful of the earth.

On that memorable 10th of August, Santerre was scarcely seen. It was Westermann who was everywhere and did everything.

It was Westermann who ordered the union of the Saint Marceau and Saint Antoine sections. It was Westermann, on his little black horse, who led the revolutionist army into the Carrousel, and rapped on the door of the Tuileries with the hilt of his sword, as if ordering the door opened for a regiment which had completed its march and was about to make the palace its headquarters.

We saw this door open; but we also saw how heroically the Swiss did their duty, — how they were destroyed rather than conquered, — and followed them, step by step, up the staircase and through the palace, which was thickly strewn with their dead.

When they learned that the king was about to leave the palace, two or three hundred gentlemen, who had hastened there to die with the king, held a meeting in the queen's guardroom to decide whether it was their duty to die without the king, since he was no longer ready to die with them, as he had solemnly promised; and they finally decided that as the king had gone to the National Assembly, they would rejoin him there.

They collected together all the Swiss they met, as well

as a score of National Guardsmen, and descended about five hundred strong into the garden.

Their passage was barred by a grating called the Queen's Grille. They tried to force the bolt, but the bolt would not yield; but they finally succeeded in prying the gate part way open with a crowbar, though they had to push through one by one. It was only about thirty yards from here to the Pont Royal, at the entrance to which a company of insurgents was stationed. Two Swiss guards were the first to undertake to cross this narrow space, and they were killed before they had taken four steps. The others passed over their dead bodies. The bullets fell around them like hail; but the brilliant uniforms of the Swiss made such capital targets that sixty or seventy Swiss were killed, while only two noblemen were killed and one — Monsieur de Viomesnil — wounded.

On their way to the Assembly they also had to pass a guard-house erected under the trees between the terrace and the bank of the river, and eight or ten more Swiss were slain there.

The party, which had lost about eighty men in advancing as many yards, continued their course towards the steps leading to the Feuillant Terrace. Monsieur de Choiseul saw them coming, and, sword in hand, he ran to meet them under the fire of the guns both on the Royal and the Swinging Bridge, and endeavoured to encourage the fugitives by shouting to them to come on to the Assembly.

Supposing himself followed by about four hundred men, he rushed into the hall, and up the stairway leading to the Assembly Chamber.

On the topmost step he met Deputy Merlin, who called out to him, "What are you doing here with your sword drawn, you rascal!"

Monsieur de Choiseul glanced behind him. He was alone.

"Put up your sword," continued Merlin, "and go and join the king. I alone saw you; that is to say, no one."

What had become of the little band that Choiseul believed was following him? The thick shower of grape and canister had scattered them like dry autumn leaves. Monsieur de Viomesnil and eight or ten other gentlemen, together with five Swiss, took refuge in the Venetian Embassy on the Rue Saint Florentin, the door of which chanced to be standing hospitably open. They were saved.

The others tried to reach the Champs Elysées; but two volleys of grape from guns planted at the base of the statue of Louis XV. broke the line of fugitives into three fragments.

One fled up the boulevard, and there met some mounted gendarmes, who were approaching in company with a battalion of insurgents. The fugitives believed themselves saved. Monsieur de Villiers, himself a former major of gendarmes, ran to one of the horsemen, shouting, "Help, my friend, help!" But the horseman drew a pistol and blew the old nobleman's brains out.

Seeing this, thirty Swiss, and a gentleman who had once been one of the king's pages, ran into a building connected with the Naval Department. The thirty Swiss were disposed to surrender; and seeing eight or ten ragamuffins advancing towards them, they laid down their arms and shouted, "Hurrah for the Nation!"

"Ah, you traitors!" cried the rioters, "you surrender because you see that you can't help yourselves. Do you think you'll save yourselves by shouting for the nation? No!"

Two Swiss dropped simultaneously, one felled by a blow from a pike, the other by a bullet. In another instant their heads were severed from their bodies and placed upon pikes.

The other Swiss, enraged at the death of their comrades, picked up their muskets again and began firing. Seven out of the eight ragamuffins fell dead or wounded.

The Swiss then made a rush for the main gateway, only

to find themselves face to face with a cannon. They retreated; the cannon advanced. The fugitives huddled in a corner of the courtyard. The cannon was turned upon its pivot, and then the flame and smoke belched forth. Twenty-three of the twenty-eight Swiss were killed. Fortunately, almost at the same instant, while the smoke still blinded the gunners, a door opened behind the five remaining Swiss, and they and the former page darted in, hastily closing it behind them; and the rioters, believing none of the Royalists had escaped them, hastened off with yells of triumph, dragging their cannon after them.

The second party of fugitives consisted of about thirty soldiers and gentlemen under command of Monsieur Forestier de Saint-Venant. Hemmed in on all sides at the entrance to the Champs Elysées, their leader resolved they should sell their lives as dearly as possible. Sword in hand, he, with his thirty followers armed with bayonets, charged three successive times upon the battalion stationed at the foot of the statue. In these three assaults he lost fifteen men. With the remaining fifteen he endeavoured to fight his way through the enemy's ranks, and so reach the Champs Elysées; but a volley of musketry killed eight men; the remaining seven scattered, but were pursued and cut down by the gendarmes. Saint-Venant was taking refuge in the Ambassadors' Café, when a gendarme galloped up and wounded the unfortunate leader in the loins with a pistol-shot.

The third division, consisting of about sixty men, reached the Champs Elysées, and tried to make its way towards Courbevoie, with the same instinct which leads pigeons back to the dovecot, or sheep back to the sheepfold. Their regular barracks were at Courbevoie, and it was from there that they had been summoned to the palace; they were speedily surrounded by the mounted gendarmes and the populace, and taken to the city hall, where they hoped to find protection; but two or three thousand infuriated rioters assembled on the Place de Grève,

tore them from their escort, and slaughtered them in cold blood.

One young nobleman, the Chevalier Charles d'Autichamp, rushed from the palace, and down the Rue de l'Echelle, with a pistol in each hand. Two men tried to stop him, but he killed both of them. The mob rushed upon him, and dragged him to the Place de Grève in order to put him to death in a more deliberate and brutal manner.

Fortunately, they forgot to search him. He had a knife, and he opened it in his pocket so as to have it in readiness at any moment. Just as he and his captors reached the square in front of the city-hall, the slaughter of the sixty Swiss began; and, this diverting the attention of his guards, he slew those nearest him with two blows of his knife, and made his escape through the crowd.

The hundred Swiss who conducted the king to the Assembly, and then took refuge at the Feuillant Club, were afterwards disarmed. These, with the five hundred whose fate we have described, and a few fugitives like Charles d'Autichamp, were the only men who escaped from the palace alive.

The rest were killed in the vestibule, on the stairway, or in the various apartments, and even in the chapel.

Nine hundred dead bodies of Swiss Guards and noblemen strewed the floor of the Tuileries.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM SIX TO NINE IN THE EVENING.

THE mob entered the palace with very much the same feeling that a hunter enters the den of a wild beast, as was evident from the cries of: "Death to the wolf! Death to the wolf! Death to their cubs!" which resounded on every side.

Had they met the king, or the queen, or the dauphin, they would have slain all three of them, if possible, at a single blow, and honestly believed, probably, that they were only administering justice.

In the absence of those whom they were pursuing,—and for whom they vainly searched in cupboards, behind tapestries, and under beds,—they vented their fury upon inanimate as well as animate things, killing and destroying with the same ferocity.

It will be seen that we do not exonerate the people. On the contrary, we show them to the reader besmirched and bloody as they were. We must, however, do them the justice to say that they left the palace with hands bloody, it is true, but empty.

Peltier, who certainly cannot be accused of undue partiality towards the patriots, tells us that a wine-merchant, named Mallet, brought to the Assembly one hundred and seventy-three louis found on a priest slain in the palace; that twenty-five of the insurgents brought in a trunk filled with the king's plate; that one *sans culotte* threw a cross of the Order of St. Louis on the presiding officer's desk, and another deposited a watch belonging to a Swiss in the same place. Another brought in a big roll of assignats; another, a bag of coin; while others brought in jewels and

diamonds, and finally a casket belonging to the queen, and containing fifteen hundred louis.

This same historian adds ironically, — not in the least suspecting that he is paying these men a magnificent compliment, —

"*And the Assembly expressed its regret at not knowing the names of the modest citizens who thus came and intrusted to its care these valuables stolen from the king.*"

We are not disposed to flatter the populace. We know that they are the most ungrateful, capricious, and inconstant of masters; and, consequently, we relate their crimes as well as their virtuous deeds.

That day they were monsters. They slaughtered their fellowmen with delight. Persons were thrown alive out of windows; the dead and dying were disembowelled; hearts were torn out, and squeezed between both hands like sponges; and on that day, persons who would have considered themselves disgraced by stealing a watch, abandoned themselves to the terrible delights of vengeance and cruelty.

Nevertheless, in the midst of this torture of the living and desecration of the dead, they sometimes showed compassion like the sated lion.

Madame de Tarente, Madame de la Roche-Amyon, Madame de Ginestous, and Mademoiselle Pauline de Tourzel remained at the Tuileries, abandoned by the queen. When the palace was taken, they could hear the shrieks of the dying and the threats of the victors. Soon they heard footsteps approaching. Madame de Tarente went and opened the door.

"Come in," said she; "we are only women."

The victors entered with smoking guns and bloody sabres. The women fell on their knees.

The murderous blades were already circling above their heads, when a man with a long beard, sent by Pétion, shouted from the doorway, "Spare the women! Don't disgrace the nation!" And the command was obeyed.

The queen had said to Madame Campan, "Wait for me. I shall return or send for you to rejoin me. Heaven only knows where!"

So Madame Campan waited. She admits herself that she completely lost her wits from fright, and that, missing her sister, — who had hidden behind a curtain or some article of furniture, — she went downstairs in the hope of finding her there, but found only two of the chambermaids and a huge Hungarian, one of the queen's footmen.

On seeing this man, Madame Campan, excited as she was, realised that his peril was far greater than her own.

"Flee, flee, unfortunate man, flee!" she cried. "The other lackeys went long ago! Flee before it is too late!"

He attempted to rise, but falling back again, exclaimed plaintively, "Alas! alas! I cannot! I cannot! I am half dead with fright!"

Even as he spoke, a crowd of intoxicated and blood-stained men burst into the room, and, falling upon the Hungarian, tore him in pieces then and there.

Madame Campan and the two maids fled by a private stairway; but several of the men pursued, and soon overtook them.

The two maids, who had fallen upon their knees, begged for mercy, grasping the blades of the sabres all the while.

Madame Campan, overtaken at the head of the stairs, felt herself seized in a powerful grasp, and saw the blade of a sabre glittering above her head. She even calculated the brief interval which was likely to separate life from eternity, — an interval which, however short it may be, always contains a host of recollections, — when, from the foot of the stairs, a stern voice demanded, "What are you doing up there? The women are not to be killed! Do you understand that?"

Madame Campan was on her knees, and the sabre was already circling around her head.

"Get up, you hussy! The nation spares you!" cried her executioner.

Meanwhile, what was the king doing in the Logographe box?

He became hungry, and called for his dinner. They accordingly brought him bread, wine, a chicken, some cold veal, and fruit.

Like all the Bourbons, as well as Henry IV. and Louis XIV., this monarch was a great eater. Behind the emotions of the soul, the two great exigencies of the body, sleep and hunger, were continually clamouring. We have seen him sleeping in the palace; now we see him eating in the Assembly.

The king broke his bread and carved his chicken without paying the slightest attention to the curious eyes riveted upon him.

Among these eyes there were two that burned intolerably; for the relief of tears was denied them. These eyes were the queen's. She declined all food. It seemed to her that with her feet in Charny's precious blood she could remain there forever, and live like a graveyard flower, with no nourishment save that she received from death.

She had suffered terribly on the return trip from Varennes, and during her captivity in the Tuileries. She had suffered much during the previous day and night; but never had she suffered as she was suffering now.

The situation was certainly desperate enough to deprive any man except the king of all desire for food. The deputies, to whom the monarch had come for protection, felt that they themselves needed protection, and did not conceal their alarm.

That morning the Assembly had endeavoured to prevent the murder of Suleau, but in vain. At two o'clock the Assembly attempted to prevent the massacre of the Swiss Guards, and failed in that attempt also.

Now they themselves were threatened with death at the hands of an infuriated mob shouting, "Abdication! abdication!" or, "Depose him! depose him!"

A committee, of which Vergniaud was made a member,

was appointed. He resigned the presidency to Guadet, in order not to allow the power to escape from the hands of the Girondists even for an hour. The deliberations of this committee were, however, of short duration, conducted as they were amid the roar of cannon and sharp rattle of musketry.

It was Vergniaud who indited an act for the temporary suspension of royalty.

He re-entered the Assembly visibly depressed and disheartened; for this was the last pledge of respect for royalty he could give as a subject, or of hospitality as a host.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in behalf of the committee, I offer for your consideration a very rigorous measure; but your alarm and intense regret at the present unfortunate condition of affairs will tell you how important it is to the welfare of the country that it should be promptly adopted.

"The National Assembly considers the danger of the country at its height, and believes that the evils from which our land is now suffering arise mainly from a deeply rooted distrust of our chief executive by reason of the war recently undertaken in his name against the Constitution and French independence, and that said distrust has aroused a very general desire for the revocation of the authority delegated to Louis XVI.

"And, furthermore, believing that the National Assembly can reconcile its fidelity to the Constitution with its resolve to be buried under the ruins of the Temple of Liberty, rather than allow it to perish, only by appealing to the sovereignty of the people, and by taking effectual measures to prevent any possibility of further treachery, the committee recommends: —

"That the French people be invited to elect a National Convention;

"That the Chief Executive be suspended from the functions of his office until the National Convention has made its will known;

"That the payment of the King's civil list also be suspended;

"That the King and royal family remain within the precincts of the Assembly until tranquillity has been restored in the city of Paris;

"That the Luxembourg Palace be prepared for the occupancy of the royal family;

"And that every public official and soldier who abandons his post in this hour of danger be declared a traitor to his country."

The king listened to this decree with his usual immobility; then, leaning over the railing of the box and addressing Vergniaud, who had resumed his seat in the presiding officer's chair, he said: —

"Do you know that what you are doing is unconstitutional?"

"Very possibly, Sire; but it is the only means left for saving your life. If we do not grant the people's demand for your deposal, they will certainly kill you."

The king made a movement of the head and shoulders which signified, "That is quite possible," and sank back in his seat.

At that very instant the clock above his head struck the hour. The king counted every vibration, and when the last one died away, he remarked, "Nine o'clock!"

Several officials entered to conduct the king and queen to the temporary lodgings which had been prepared for them near by. The king made a gesture signifying that he wished to remain a while longer; for the business on hand was of considerable interest to him, it being the selection of a new ministry.

The Minister of War, the Minister of the Interior, and the Minister of Finance were soon nominated. They were the same men recently dismissed by the king, — Roland, Clavières, and Servan.

Danton received the portfolio of Justice, Monge that of the Navy, and Lebrun that of Foreign Affairs.

When the nomination of the last minister was made, the king remarked, "Now, let us go;" and he arose and passed out first.

The queen followed him. She had not taken any nourishment since she left the Tuileries, — not even so much as a glass of water.

The apartments which had been prepared for the royal

family were in the upper story of the old monastery adjoining the Riding School, and occupied by the Feuillants. They had been occupied by Recorder Camus, and consisted of four rooms.

In the first, which was really only an ante-room, were quartered the king's attendants who had remained faithful to him in his adversity. These were the Prince de Poix, Baron d'Aubier, Monsieur de Saint-Pardon, Monsieur de Goguelat, Monsieur de Chamillé, and Monsieur Hue.

The king reserved the second room for his own use. The third was assigned to the queen. It was the only room with papered walls. On entering it, Marie Antoinette threw herself on the bed, and actually gnawed the bolster in her agony, — a prey to such anguish of mind as would make the tortures of the rack seem slight in comparison.

The two children remained with their mother.

The fourth room, though small, was allotted to Madame Elizabeth, Madame de Lamballe, and Madame de Tourzel, who established themselves in it as best they could.

The queen lacked everything, even money. Her watch had been torn from her in the mob at the door of the Assembly. She had not even a change of underclothing, — having, of course, brought nothing with her from the palace. She borrowed twenty-five louis of Madame Campan's sister, however, and sent to the British Embassy for some linen.

In the evening the Assembly caused the decree of the day to be proclaimed by torch-light throughout the city.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM NINE O'CLOCK UNTIL MIDNIGHT.

As these torches were carried past the Carrousel, down the Rue Saint-Honoré, and along the quays, they shone upon a lugubrious scene indeed.

History and legend enlarge upon the sufferings of the royal personages from whose brows the crown of empire was torn that day. They expatiate, too, upon the courage and devotion of the Swiss Guards and of the nobility. They have counted the drops of blood shed by those brave defenders of the monarchy, but they have not counted the corpses of the populace and the tears of the mothers, sisters, and wives among the common people; yet, in the eyes of God, the supreme Ruler of the universe, blood is blood, and tears are tears.

There were many more deaths among the common people than among the nobility and Swiss Guards. Even Peltier, ardent Royalist as he was, says in his history of the time: —

"The tenth of August cost humanity about seven hundred regular soldiers and twenty-two officers, twenty Royalist National Guards, five hundred Federals, three commanders of National Guards, forty gendarmes, more than a hundred persons employed in the royal household, two hundred men killed for stealing, nine citizens slain on the Feuillant Terrace, Monsieur de Clermont d'Amboise, and nearly three thousand common people killed in Carrousel Square, in the Tuileries garden, and in Louis-Quinze Square, — a total of about four thousand six hundred men in all."

Nor is this loss of life remarkable under the circumstances, for we have mentioned the precautions taken to

fortify the Tuileries; and the Swiss, as a general thing, fired from behind substantial walls, while their assailants had little or no protection. So about three thousand five hundred insurgents perished, to say nothing of the two hundred thieves who were shot. There was probably at least an equal number of wounded. The historian quoted above mentions only the dead.

Many, suppose we say half, of these three thousand five hundred men, were fathers of families, forced into the conflict by intolerable misery. Many of them even entered the fray unarmed, and so went straight to their deaths, leaving their wives in despair and their children starving.

Between three o'clock in the afternoon and nine in the evening every corpse clad in a uniform was picked up and hastily thrown into the Madeleine Cemetery.

As to the plebeian bodies, that was an entirely different matter. They were gathered up in waggons and carted off to their respective sections, — nearly all being from the Faubourg Saint Marceau or the Faubourg Saint Antoine.

There they were ranged side by side near the Arsenal and Pantheon, and in Maubert and Bastille squares. As one of these vehicles rolled heavily along, it left a track of blood behind; and when it entered one or the other faubourg, it was immediately surrounded by a crowd of frantic mothers and wives and children; and as the living recognised the dead, despairing sobs and moans and frightful maledictions burst forth. Curses long and deep were heaped upon the king and queen, the court, and the clique of Austrians that surrounded the queen. Many promised themselves an even more terrible revenge, and they had it on September 2d and January 21st. Others seemed to be intoxicated by the sight of blood, and again grasping their sabres, their muskets or their pikes, rushed back to Paris to slay. To slay whom? Any Swiss or nobleman or courtier they chanced to meet, or the king and queen if they could but find them.

The blood-stained, smoky Tuileries presented a terrible

appearance, deserted by all save the dead and three or four detachments of soldiers stationed there for fear nocturnal visitors, under pretence of searching for missing friends, should pillage the palace.

The detachment in the clock tower — that is to say, by the main stairway — was commanded by a young captain in the National Guards, whose heart was filled with the most profound sympathy and compassion, judging from the expression of his face as he watched waggon-load after waggon-load of dead bodies driven away: but his appetite seemed to be as little affected by his awful surroundings as the king's; for about eleven o'clock in the evening he set about satisfying the demands of hunger with a big four-pound loaf of bread, which he held under his left arm, while he cut off one big slice after another with his right hand.

Leaning against one of the pillars in the vestibule, he watched the long procession of mothers, wives, and daughters, who had come to search for their fathers, husbands, and sons.

Suddenly, at the sight of a slender form clad in black, the young captain started violently.

"Madame de Charny!" he murmured. But the shadowy form passed on.

The young captain beckoned to one of his lieutenants.

"Désiré," said he, "there is a poor woman, a friend of Monsieur Gilbert's, who has come to look for her husband, probably, among the dead. I must follow her, so as to be able to give her any information and help she may need. I leave you in command. Watch for both of us."

The countess had already passed the first landing when the young captain began to follow her at a respectful distance.

Pitou was not mistaken. It was indeed for her husband that poor Andrée was searching, — not with any vestige of hope, but with a certainty of despair.

When in the midst of his joy and happiness Charny

heard of the events that were transpiring in Paris, he said to his wife: —

"My dearest Andrée, the king's life is in danger, and he has need of all his defenders. What ought I to do?"

"Go where duty calls thee, my own Oliver," Andrée replied, "and die for the king, if need be."

"But thou —"

"Do not think of me," replied Andrée. "As I have never really lived except in thee, God will perhaps permit me to die with thee."

These two noble hearts now understood each other perfectly, and not another word was ever interchanged between them on the subject.

Post-horses were immediately ordered; and at five o'clock on the afternoon of that same day they reached the little house in the Rue Coq-Héron.

That very evening, as we have seen, Charny went to the palace, and from that moment was in constant attendance upon their Majesties.

Andrée thought for a moment of following her husband's example, and of asking for her former place near the queen, but lacked the courage, and shut herself up in her room to pray.

The ninth of August was a day of terrible anguish and suspense, but it brought no decisive news.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the tenth, she heard the first sound of cannon. It is needless to say that each reverberation carried terror to the innermost depths of her heart.

About two o'clock the firing ceased. "Were the people conquered, or conquering?" she asked.

The people were victorious!

What had befallen Charny in the terrible struggle. She knew him so well, she was certain he had taken a prominent part in it.

She made further inquiries, and was told that nearly all the Swiss Guards had been slain, but that nearly all the nobility had escaped.

So she waited.

Charny might return home in disguise, but be compelled to flee without delay; so she had horses put to the travelling carriage at once.

Horses and carriage waited in vain for the master; but Andrée knew that whatever danger he might incur, the master would not go without her. She even had the gates opened, so, if Charny was obliged to flee, there would be nothing to hinder his flight; and then she waited on and on, in an agony of suspense.

"If he is hiding anywhere, he cannot venture out until night," she said to herself; "so I will wait until dark."

In August the night comes on slowly; and not until ten o'clock did Andrée give up all hope. Then she threw a large veil over her head, and went out into the street.

All along her route she encountered groups of women sobbing and wringing their hands, and bands of men yelling for vengeance. She passed them all unchallenged. The wrath of the men and the grief of the women protected her; besides, they were looking for men, not women, that night. There were women, weeping women, everywhere!

Andrée reached the Carrousel just in time to hear the new decrees of the Assembly proclaimed. The king and queen were under the protection of the Assembly. She understood that, and that was all.

She saw two or three waggons driven away; and on inquiring what they contained, was told that they were laden with bodies which had been gathered up in the royal courtyard and the Carrousel; for, as yet, it was only in those places that any collection of the dead had been made.

Andrée said to herself that it was not at all likely that Charny had fought in either of these places, or, indeed, anywhere except at the entrance to the king's and queen's apartments; so she crossed the courtyard and the grand vestibule, and ascended the main stairway.

It was there that Pitou saw and recognised Madame de Charny.

CHAPTER XX.

A WIDOW.

It is impossible to give any adequate description of the scene of devastation which the Tuileries presented. Blood flowed from the chambers and poured down the staircases. There were piles of dead bodies in every room.

Andrée followed the example of those she saw around her, and, taking a torch, went from one body to another. As she continued her search, she approached nearer and nearer to the apartments occupied by the king and queen.

Pitou followed her as she pursued her futile search there, as in the other rooms; but at last she paused, and stood for a moment undecided, as if utterly at a loss which way to go.

Pitou noted her embarrassment, and, approaching her, said: "Alas! madame, I can guess only too well for whom you are looking. Perhaps I can be of some assistance to you."

"Monsieur Pitou!" exclaimed Andrée.

"At your service, madame."

"Yes, yes, I need your help sorely," faltered Andrée. And stepping up to him, and grasping both his hands, she asked eagerly, "Do you know what has become of Count Oliver?"

"No, madame; but I will help you look for him."

"There is one person who can tell us whether he is dead or alive, and where he is, whether he be living or dead."

"And who is that, madame?"

"The queen."

"Do you know where the queen is?"

"At the Assembly, I believe; and I feel a faint hope that the count is with her."

"Yes, yes," said Pitou, encouragingly.

"Will you come with me to the Assembly?"

"What if they refuse us admission?"

"You need have no fear of that."

"Come, then!"

Andrée threw away her torch, and, being familiar with the interior of the palace, led the way to the basement by a narrow stairway constructed for the servants' use; so Pitou soon found himself again at his post in the clock tower.

"She hopes to find her husband at the Assembly," he whispered to Maniquet, "so we are going there; but as it is more than likely that we shall only find his dead body, you had better send four good trustworthy fellows to wait for me at the Feuillant gateway."

"All right! the men will be there!"

Andrée was waiting at the gate, where a sentinel had been stationed; and as it was Pitou who had placed him there, the sentinel very naturally allowed Pitou to pass unchallenged.

When they reached the Assembly they learned that the royal family had left the hall about an hour before to take possession of the lodgings prepared for them.

There were two obstacles that must be surmounted in order to reach these apartments: first the sentinels on guard outside, and secondly the noblemen on guard inside.

As a captain in the National Guards in command of a detachment stationed at the Tuileries, Pitou knew the password, and consequently could easily conduct Andrée as far as the antechamber where the noblemen were assembled. After that, Andrée must gain admission to the queen's private apartment as best she could.

We have already described the suite of apartments provided for the royal family and the queen's despair. We know how, on entering that dingy little room, she had

thrown herself on the bed, biting and tearing the bolster in an agony of grief. One who had lost throne and liberty, and perhaps even life itself, had abundant cause for despair; so, out of respect for her grief, her friends withdrew for a while, leaving her alone with her sorrow.

Presently she heard the door leading into the king's room open and shut; but she did not even glance in that direction, and though she heard footsteps approaching her bed, only buried her head still deeper in the pillow. But suddenly she started up as if a serpent's fangs had penetrated her heart, as a well-known voice uttered the single word, "Madame."

"Andrée," cried the queen, raising herself on her elbow, "what do you desire of me?"

"I desire of you, madame, what God desired of Cain when he said to him, 'Cain, where is thy brother?'"

"Only with this difference," said the queen: "Cain had slain his brother; while I — oh, I would have given not only my life, but ten lives, if I had them, to save his."

Andrée tottered as if she were about to fall. A cold sweat broke out upon her forehead, and her teeth chattered violently.

"Then he is dead?" she managed to falter, though not without a terrible effort.

The queen looked wonderingly at Andrée. "Do you suppose it is for my crown that I am mourning?" she asked.

Then, pointing to her blood-stained feet, she added, "If this blood were mine, do you not suppose I would have washed it off?"

Andrée's pallor was so great that she was fairly livid.

"Do you know where his body is?" she asked, after a little.

"If they will allow me to go out, I will show you," replied the queen.

"I will wait for you on the stairs," said Andrée.

Pitou was waiting for her at the door.

"Monsieur Pitou," said Andrée, "one of my friends is going to take me to a place where I can find Monsieur de Charny's body. She is one of the queen's attendants. Can she accompany me?"

"If she goes with us, madame, it must be on condition that I bring her back to this same place."

"You can do so."

"Very well, then," responded Pitou; and turning to the sentinel, he added, "Comrade, one of the king's household wishes to go out to help us in searching for the body of a brave officer, — the husband of the lady who is with me. I will be responsible for the woman's return; of course you understand that."

"That 's all right, captain," replied the sentinel.

At that same instant the door of the antechamber opened, and the queen appeared, her face covered with a thick veil. They descended the stairs, the queen walking ahead, Andrée and Pitou following.

The Assembly had just adjourned, after a session of twenty-seven consecutive hours, and the immense hall looked as desolate and gloomy as a sepulchre.

"A light!" ordered the queen.

Pitou picked up an extinguished torch, relighted it, and handed it to the queen. As they passed the main entrance, she pointed to it with her torch, and said, "There is the door where he was killed."

Andrée did not utter a word, but moved on like a spectre obeying the will of some dread enchantress.

In the corridor the queen lowered her torch nearly to the floor. "That is his blood!" she whispered.

Still Andrée uttered never a sound.

The queen walked straight to a sort of closet opposite the box reserved for the Logographe, and threw open the door. "Here is his body," she said.

Still silent, Andrée entered the closet, and seating herself on the floor, lifted Oliver's head and laid it tenderly on her lap.

"I thank you, madame," she said. "That is all I ask of you."

"But I have something to ask of you," said the queen.

"Speak."

"Will you forgive me?"

There was a moment of silence. Andrée seemed to be hesitating; but at last she replied, "Yes, for to-morrow I shall be with him."

The queen drew from her bosom a pair of gold scissors which she kept concealed as one conceals a poniard in order to have some weapon at hand in a moment of extreme peril.

"Then — then — " she faltered beseechingly, handing the scissors to Andrée.

Andrée took the scissors, cut a lock of hair from the head of the dead man, and handed it, with the scissors, to the queen. The queen seized Andrée's hand and kissed it; but Andrée drew back with a faint cry, and snatched away her hand as if Marie Antoinette's lips had seared it like red-hot iron.

"Ah!" murmured the queen, casting a last look at the body, "who can say which of us two loved him best?"

"Oh, my darling, my dearly beloved Oliver," murmured Andrée in her turn, "I hope *thou*, at least, knowest that *I* loved thee best."

Pitou conducted Marie Antoinette back to her room without suspecting in the least who she really was; and after he had relieved himself of this responsibility in the presence of the sentinel, he went out upon the terrace to see if Désiré Maniquet had sent the men according to promise. The four men were there.

"Step inside," said Pitou, and they obeyed. Leading the way with the torch he had taken from the queen, they soon reached the little room, where Andrée was still crouching, with her eyes riveted on the pale but beautiful face of her husband, upon which the soft moonlight seemed to linger lovingly.

"What do you desire?" she asked, as if fearing that

these unknown men had come to take her dearly beloved dead from her.

"Madame, we have come to carry Monsieur de Charny's body to the Rue Coq-Héron," answered Pitou.

"Will you swear to me that that is your intention?"

Pitou extended his hand over the body, and with a dignity of which one would hardly have supposed him capable, responded, "I swear it, madame."

"Then I thank you with all my heart, and I will pray God with my latest breath to spare you and yours such sorrow as is now overwhelming me."

The four men took up the body and placed it upon their muskets; Pitou, with sword drawn, took his place at the head of the *cortège;* Andrée walked beside the body, holding the count's cold hand.

When they reached the Rue Coq-Héron they laid the body carefully on the bed.

"Accept the blessing of a woman who, ere to-morrow's sun has set, will be on high, there to renew her entreaties to God in your behalf," Andrée said solemnly. Then, turning to Pitou, she added:—

"Monsieur, I owe you more than I can ever repay; but may I ask one more favour of you?"

"Speak, madame."

"Will you see to it that Dr. Gilbert comes here to-morrow morning at eight o'clock?"

Pitou bowed and withdrew.

As he reached the door, he turned, and saw that Andrée was kneeling before the bed as before an altar.

As he passed through the gateway into the street, the clock in the tower of the church of Saint Eustache struck three.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANDRÉE'S REQUEST.

THE following morning, at eight o'clock precisely, Gilbert rapped at the door of the house on the Rue Coq-Héron.

The old porter must have been notified, for as soon as he heard the visitor's name he ushered him into Andrée's presence.

She was dressed from head to foot in black, and it was evident that she had neither eaten nor slept since the day before. Her face was deathly pale, and her eyes dry.

Never before had the lines in her face been so firmly set, — lines which indicated an obduracy of purpose amounting almost to insanity. Gilbert, being something of a philosopher, as well as a keen observer, noted all this at a glance, so he merely bowed in silence, and waited.

"I sent for you, Monsieur Gilbert," Andrée began, "because I desired that the person of whom I asked a certain favour should be one who could hardly refuse any request I chose to make."

"You are justified, madame, not in what you are going to ask, perhaps, but in what you say. You have an undoubted right to demand anything of me, even my life."

Andrée smiled bitterly.

"Your life, monsieur," she replied, "is one of the few which are so valuable to humanity that I should pray God to make it long and happy instead of seeking to shorten it; but you must agree with me in thinking that though your existence may be blessed with propitious influences, there are other persons who seem to be born under an unlucky star."

As Gilbert made no reply, Andrée resumed, after a moment's silence, "Mine, for example. What do you think of my existence, monsieur? Let me briefly review my life history. Have no fears, I shall utter no reproaches."

Gilbert, with a gesture, bade her continue.

"I was born poor. My father was bankrupt before I was born, and my childhood was sad and unspeakably lonely. Two men, — one of whom it would have been better for me if I had never known, the other a stranger — exerted a fatal and mysterious influence over my life, entirely independent of my own will. One of these men made use of my soul; the other forcibly appropriated my body. Without even suspecting that I had ceased to be a maiden, I became a mother. Under these terrible circumstances, I feared to lose the affection of the only human being who had ever really loved me, — my brother. I hoped to find some consolation for this loss in my child's love; but my child was stolen from me an hour after its birth, and I found myself a wife without a husband, a mother without a child.

"The queen's friendship partially consoled me; but one day chance placed a brave and handsome young man in the same carriage with me, and fate decreed that I, who had never before known love, should love him. *He* loved the queen. The secret of their mutual passion was confided to me. I believe you, too, have known the pangs of unrequited love, Monsieur Gilbert, so you can realise what I suffered. But even this was not enough. A day came when the queen implored me to save her, and what was far more precious to her than life, — her honour. It seemed to be my duty to become his wife — the wife of a man I had loved for three years — and yet, to live apart from him. We were united in wedlock. For five years I lived near him, on fire within, though outwardly ice, — a statue with a burning heart. Tell me, do you realise what one must needs suffer under such conditions?"

Still Gilbert uttered never a word.

"Finally, on one supremely happy, blissful day, my silent devotion and self-abnegation touched his heart," continued Andrée. "For seven long years I had loved him without allowing him to suspect it, even by a look. Now he came to throw himself at my feet, and to tell me he knew all, and yet loved me. As if to reward my patience, at the very time I won my husband, God ordained that I should regain my child, also. A year flew by like a single day, — a single hour, a single moment. But four days ago the thunderbolt fell. My husband felt that his honour demanded he should come to Paris to die. I made no attempt to dissuade him. I did not even shed a tear, but I came with him. As soon as we reached the city he left me. Last night I found him again — dead! He is lying there in yonder room. Do you think it strange that, after such a life, I long to rest beside him? Is the favour I am about to ask one that you have any right to refuse? Monsieur Gilbert, you are a skilful physician and chemist. You have done me a great wrong, and have much to atone for; so give me a quick and deadly poison, and I will not only forgive you, but die with a heart overflowing with gratitude."

"Madame," replied Gilbert, "I admit that your life has been one long trial which you have endured most nobly. You have borne your sorrows like a true martyr, heroically and uncomplainingly. Now you say to the man who caused you all this suffering: "You gave me a cruel life; now give me an easy death. You have the right to ask this. You have the right, too, to add: 'You will grant my request because you have no right to refuse me anything.'"

"Then — ?"

"Do you still ask for poison?"

"I beseech you to give it to me."

"Life, then, is so intolerable that you find it utterly impossible to endure it any longer?"

"I feel that death is the greatest boon God or man can vouchsafe me."

"In ten minutes you shall have what you desire, madame."

He bowed, and stepped back, but Andrée offered him her hand.

"Ah, in a single instant you have more than atoned for all the evil you have done me during your whole life!" she exclaimed. "God bless you!"

Gilbert left the house. At the gate he found Sebastian and Pitou waiting for him, in a cab.

"Sebastian," he said, drawing from his bosom a tiny flask suspended around his neck by a gold chain, and containing an opal-hued liquid, — "Sebastian, you must take this vial to the countess, from me."

"How long am I to remain with her, father?"

"As long as you please; I will wait for you here."

The lad took the vial and went into the house.

About a quarter of an hour elapsed before he came back, and Gilbert saw that Andrée had returned the vial unopened.

"What did the countess say?" he asked.

She cried out, "Not by thy hand, my child! not by thy hand!"

"What did she do then?"

"She burst into tears."

"Then she is saved," said Gilbert. "Come, my child!" and he kissed Sebastian more tenderly than he had ever kissed him before.

But Gilbert did not take Marat into consideration when he made this assertion.

One week afterwards he learned that the countess had been arrested and taken to the Abbaye prison.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TEMPLE.

We have already alluded to the antagonism existing between the Assembly and the Commune. The Assembly, like most legislative bodies, had not kept pace with the people of the nation.

The sections had improvised the famous Council of the Commune, and it was this Council that had really brought about the tenth of August; for, though the Assembly had given the first impetus in that direction, it soon afterwards began to lag behind.

Sufficient proof of this may be found in the fact that the king sought a refuge from the Commune in the Assembly; and as the Assembly protected the king and queen, and even the court itself, the Commune and the people began to call the deputies Royalists; so as the Assembly decreed that the king and his family should reside in the Luxembourg, that is to say, in a palace, the Assembly was accused of being in sympathy with the aristocrats, and maligned accordingly.

There are degrees in royalism, as in everything else; and what was royalistic in the eyes of the Commune, or even the Assembly, seemed revolutionary to many persons.

Lafayette, though proscribed as a Royalist in France, was in great danger of being imprisoned as a Revolutionist in Austria.

The Commune began openly to accuse the Assembly of being royalistic. From time to time Robespierre would thrust his head out of the hole in which he was hiding, and hiss out some calumny.

Robespierre, too, was insinuating, just then, that a powerful party was offering the French throne to the Duke of Brunswick. He meant, of course, the Girondists; that is to say, the very party which had been the first to declare war, and to offer itself for the defence of France.

The Commune, to secure paramount sway, must, consequently, oppose all the acts of the so-called royalistic Assembly.

The Assembly had offered the Luxembourg to the king as a temporary abode; but the Communists declared that they would not be responsible for the king if he went to reside in the Luxembourg, as the cellars were connected with the unhealthy catacombs running underneath the city, and might also afford a means of escape.

The Assembly, not disposed to quarrel with the Commune over such a trifle, left the selection of a royal residence to the Commune, and the Commune, thereupon, selected the Temple.

The Temple was not a palace like the Luxembourg. It was nothing more or less than a prison located under the very eye of the Commune. The Commune had only to reach out its hand to open or close the doors of the Temple. It was an old tower, strong, gloomy and dismal. Philip the Fair, that is to say royalty, had crushed the middle ages there when they revolted against him; now, royalty was about to enter it to be crushed in its turn.

Was the royal family remanded to this abode on account of the historic associations connected with it? No, it came about by the merest chance, — providentially, one might say, were not such an assertion too suggestive of cruelty.

On the evening of August 13th, the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, and Chemilly and Hué, the king's valets, were transferred to the Temple.

The Commune, in its haste to have the king take possession of his new abode, sent him there before the tower had been properly prepared for occupancy; so the royal family

was taken into that part of the building sometimes occupied by Comte d'Artois when he wished to stay in the city, and, consequently, called the palace.

All Paris was jubilant. Thirty-five hundred citizens had been slain, it is true, but the king, the ally of foreigners, the enemy of the Revolution, the friend and protector of priests and nobles, — the king was a prisoner.

All the houses in the neighbourhood of the Temple were illuminated. Lanterns were even suspended from the battlements.

When Louis XVI. stepped from the carriage, he saw Santerre on horseback, about ten yards from the coach door, and two municipal officers with their hats on their heads stood evidently waiting for the monarch to alight. He entered the Temple, and, being ignorant of the real character of the abode, he asked to be shown the apartments of the palace.

The officers interchanged smiles. Without telling him that his tour of inspection was useless, as it was the tower he was to occupy, not the palace, they took him through room after room of the better part of the building, — and he began to plan the distribution of his household, the attendants thoroughly enjoying the mistake which would result in such bitter disappointment.

At ten o'clock supper was served, and during the entire meal Manuel stood behind the king, no longer as a servant, eager to obey, but as a jailer, a master. If two conflicting orders were given, one by the king, the other by Manuel, Manuel's was the order obeyed.

About eleven o'clock the family entered the drawing-room of the palace. The king was still the king, or, rather, he supposed himself to be the king, for he was entirely ignorant of what was going on; but a few minutes afterwards one of the officers reappeared, and ordered the valets to take whatever luggage they had and follow them.

"Follow you where?"

"To your employers' lodgings," replied the official. "The palace is merely their day residence."

The king and queen were no longer masters of their own lackeys.

At the door of the palace they found an officer with a lantern, waiting to lead the way. Monsieur Hué looked around for the king's future residence. He could see nothing but the gloomy donjon looming up in the air like a giant upon whose brow a fiery crown still sparkled. "Good God!" exclaimed the valet, pausing, "can it be that you intend taking us to the tower?"

"Precisely," answered the officer. "The time of palaces is past. You shall see how we lodge assassins of the people now."

As he spoke, the man with the lantern stumbled over the first step of a winding staircase. The valets paused on the first landing, but the man with the lantern went on. On the second landing he paused, and turning into a narrow passage, opened a door on the right side of the corridor.

The room was lighted by a single window. Three or four chairs, a table, and a narrow, uncomfortable bed composed the entire furniture.

"Which of you is the king's servant?" inquired the official.

"I am his valet," replied Monsieur Chemilly.

"Valet or servant, it 's all the same," replied the officer; then pointing to the bed, he added, "There 's where your master is to sleep."

The man with the lantern flung a blanket and a couple of sheets on the bed, and left the two valets alone.

Hué and Chemilly gazed at each other in utter dismay. The king was not only cast into prison, but lodged in a kennel. The bed stood in an uncurtained alcove, and the whole aspect of the room was squalid in the extreme. Nevertheless, the two men went resolutely to work, and cleaned the room and made the bed as comfortable as they could. While they were thus engaged, the king entered the room.

"Oh, Sire, how infamous!" they both exclaimed, in the same breath.

But the king — was it from strength of soul or from indifference? — evinced no emotion. He glanced around him, but did not utter a word.

The walls were covered with woodcuts; and, as some were of an obscene character, he tore them off, remarking, "I do not want my innocent daughter to see such things!"

When his bed was made the king retired, and was soon sleeping as peacefully as if he were still at the Tuileries, — more peacefully, perhaps!

If, at this time, the king had been offered an income of thirty thousand francs, and a country house with a forge, a library well stocked with books of travel, a private chaplain, and a park ten acres in extent, — a home where he could live far removed from all plotting and intrigue, and surrounded by his wife and children, the king would have been the happiest man in the land.

But it was very different with the queen. If this wounded lioness did not roar with rage on beholding her cage, it was because her mental anguish made her blind to her surroundings.

Her apartment consisted of four rooms: an antechamber, occupied by the Princesse de Lamballe, a larger bedroom in which the queen established herself, a sort of closet assigned to Madame de Tourzel, and another bedroom used by Madame Elizabeth and the two children. These rooms were cleaner and a little less squalid in appearance than the king's.

Manuel, however, as if rather ashamed of the sort of trick that had been played upon the king, said that the city architect — Citizen Palloy — would come and consult with the king as to what could be done to make the habitation of the royal family more comfortable.

And now, while Andrée is burying the remains of her beloved husband, while Manuel is installing the king and the royal family in the Temple, and while the carpenters are erecting the guillotine on the Carrousel, let us glance into the interior of the city-hall, which we have already

visited several times, and form some idea of the municipal government which has succeeded that of Bailly and Lafayette, — a government which is endeavouring to substitute itself for the Assembly, and even aspires to a dictatorship.

On the night of August tenth, when the carnage was over, and the roar of cannon hushed, a crowd of ragged and intoxicated men bore in their arms, into the midst of the Council of the Commune, that prince of darkness, the divine Marat, as he was blasphemously called.

He yielded to their wishes. There was nothing to be afraid of now. Victory was assured, and the field open to the wolves and vultures.

They called him the Victor of the tenth of August, this man they found just as he was venturing to put his head out of the airhole of his cellar for the first time that day. They crowned him with laurel, and he, like Cæsar, had permitted the crown to rest upon his brow.

They brought their god, Marat, into the midst of the Commune, — this crippled Vulcan imposed upon the Council of the gods.

On beholding Vulcan, the other gods laughed and sneered. On beholding Marat many laughed, and a few trembled, and those who trembled were right.

Marat did not belong to the Commune at that time, nor was he ever elected a member of it. He was merely carried there, and there he remained. And this haughty Commune, that so lorded it over the Assembly, see how humbly it obeyed Marat!

Here is one of the first measures the Council passed: —

"The printing presses of the venomous Royalists shall be confiscated and divided among the patriot printers."

Marat carried this decree into execution the very day it was issued. He went to the royal printing-office, had a press removed to his own house, and appropriated all the type he wanted, for was he not one of the chief and foremost of the patriot printers?

The Assembly was appalled by the atrocities of August tenth, but was powerless to check them. The slaughter went on in the Assembly grounds, in its corridors, and, in fact, at its very doors, in spite of all its protests.

Danton said: "Let justice by the courts begin, and popular vengeance will cease. I pledge myself in the presence of this Assembly to defend the men within its precincts."

But Danton had said this before Marat was admitted to the City Council; after that Danton felt that he could no longer be responsible for anything. So the lion endeavoured to enact the part of a fox in his dealings with the wily serpent.

Lacroix, one of Danton's most devoted followers, ascended the rostrum, and asked that Santerre — who, according to the Royalists themselves, possessed a kind and sympathetic heart despite his rough exterior — Lacroix asked that Santerre be authorised to select a court martial to try the Swiss officers and men, without making any final disposal of them.

The plan of Lacroix, or rather of Danton, was that the members of the court martial should be selected from those who had fought against these brave men; and who being brave fighters themselves could, consequently, appreciate courage in others, while the fact that the native soldiers came off victorious would cause them to be lenient to their vanquished foes, for did not these victors, thirsting for blood, spare defenceless women, and even protect them and escort them to places of safety? To prove that this was really a clement measure, it is only necessary to say that the Council of the Commune rejected it.

Marat preferred massacre. It would be the shortest way out of the difficulty. But his estimate of the number of deaths necessary increased instead of diminished, day by day. First, he demanded fifty thousand heads; then one hundred thousand; then two hundred thousand; and finally he concluded that nothing less than two hundred and seventy-three thousand would do. Why this odd

number, this strange fraction? He would have been greatly puzzled to explain himself.

Danton kept away from the Commune. His duties as a minister engrossed his entire time, he said.

Meanwhile the Commune was sending deputations to the Assembly. On the sixteenth of August three deputations presented themselves in rapid succession at the bar of the Assembly.

On the seventeenth still another deputation presented itself with this message: —

"The people are tired of waiting for vengeance! Beware lest they take the matters into their own hands! To-night at twelve o'clock the alarm-bells will again be heard. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette wanted blood; let them see it flowing from the bodies of their adherents!"

The audacity of this demand brought two men instantly to their feet, — Choudieu, the Jacobin, and Thuriot.

"Those who come here demanding massacre are not friends, but mere trucklers to the people," cried Choudieu. "Nothing more or less than the establishment of an Inquisition is demanded. I shall oppose it to the death!"

"Do you wish to bring odium upon the Revolution and Revolutionists?" pleaded Thuriot. "This Revolution is not for France alone, but the entire human race; and we are accountable to all mankind."

Petitions were followed by threats. Representatives from the different sections took their turn in saying: "If a special tribunal is not appointed, and is not ready for business within two or three hours, rivers of blood will flow!"

This last threat compelled the Assembly to yield. A measure for the creation of a court extraordinary was introduced. The demand was made on the seventeenth of August, and granted on the nineteenth. On the twentieth, the tribunal was organised, and one Royalist was condemned to death. On the night of the twenty-first this

man, upon whom sentence of death had been passed the day before, was executed by torch-light in Carrousel Square.

The effect of this first execution was terrible; so terrible, in fact, that the executioner himself could not bear it. At the very moment he was exhibiting the head of this first victim to the people, he uttered a faint cry, let the head slip from his grasp, and roll to the pavement, and then fell backwards. His assistants lifted him up, but he was dead.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SANGUINARY REVOLUTION.

The Revolution of 1789, that is to say, the Revolution of Necker, Sieyès, and Bailly ended in 1790. The Revolution of Barnave, Mirabeau, and Lafayette ended in 1792. The great Revolution, — the bloody Revolution of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre had but just begun.

When we unite these names the reader is not to suppose we class the owners of them in one and the same category. On the contrary, each man possessed an entirely distinct individuality in our opinion, and faithfully represented the three successive years which were to follow. For instance, Danton was the embodiment of the year 1792, Marat of 1793, and Robespierre of 1794.

As so many important events followed one another in quick succession, suppose we glance at these events, and note the means by which the National Assembly and Commune endeavoured to accelerate or prevent them.

Besides, we feel more and more inclined to encroach upon the domain of history, now that so many of the leading personages of our story have gone down in the sea of revolution.

The three Charnys — George, Isidore and Oliver — are dead. The queen and Andrée are prisoners; and Lafayette is in exile.

On August 17th Lafayette, in an address, called upon the army to march upon Paris, re-establish the Constitution, and restore the king. Lafayette, a thoroughly loyal, honest man, lost his head with the rest of them. He even wanted to lead the Prussians and Austrians straight to

Paris, but the army rejected his proposal exactly as it rejected that of Dumouriez eight months afterwards.

History would have linked — we were about to have said chained — the names of these two men together had not Lafayette — detested as he was by the queen — had the good fortune to be arrested by the Austrians and sent to Olmutz, — his subsequent imprisonment thus causing his desertion to be forgotten.

On August 18th Lafayette crossed the frontier; on the 21st the Austrians invested the town of Longwy, which surrendered after a bombardment of only twenty-four hours.

On the day preceding this capitulation there was a revolt in the Vendée, where the required ecclesiastical oath furnished a pretext for frequent disturbances.

The Assembly endeavoured to provide for this emergency by appointing Dumouriez commander of the forces in the east, and ordering the arrest of Lafayette. The Assembly likewise decreed that as soon as Longwy should again be under the control of the French government all the buildings except those belonging to the government should be levelled to the ground. A law was also passed, banishing every priest who had not taken the oath to support the Constitution. Domiciliary visits were also authorised, and it was likewise ordered that the property of refugees should be confiscated and sold.

Meanwhile, what was the Common Council doing? Marat, as we have before remarked, was its oracle, so it is needless to say that the Commune was giving its undivided attention to the guillotine on Carrousel Square. They furnished it with one head a day. This seems very little; but in a book by Fouquier Tinville, published the latter part of August, the members of the Tribunal describe the enormous amount of labour they were compelled to perform to secure even this meagre supply. They were hoping for better times, however, and we shall see, by and by, that these hopes were abundantly realised.

On the twenty-third of August the Commune made its desires known in a very forcible manner. Attended by a mob made up of the scum of the faubourgs and the markets, a deputation from the Commune presented itself before the Assembly, about midnight, to demand that the Orleans prisoners should be brought to Paris to be executed.

That the Orleans prisoners had not yet been tried mattered very little. A trial was a formality with which the Commune was very willing to dispense. Besides, the memorial services in honour of the patriots who perished on the tenth of August were certain to strengthen the power of the Commune still more.

Sargent, to whom the preparations for this lugubrious ceremonial had been entrusted, surpassed himself upon this occasion. The object to be accomplished, of course, was to fill the hearts of those who had lost any loved one on the tenth of August with even more poignant sorrow, and a still more frenzied longing for revenge.

In front of the guillotine on the Place du Carrousel, Sargent erected a gigantic pyramid covered from top to bottom with black. Upon each side were inscribed the names of the massacres for which the Royalists could be held accountable, — the massacres of Nancy, Nismes, Montauban, and the Champs de Mars.

The guillotine seemed to say: "I am killing!" The pyramid seemed to answer: "Keep on killing."

The ceremonial took place one Sunday night five days after the insurrection in Vendée, and four days after the surrender of Longwy.

Through the clouds of incense burning all along the route of the procession, walked, first, the widows and orphans made by the massacre of August tenth. They were dressed in white, with black sashes, and carried, in a sort of casket, made in the shape of an ark, the petition dictated by Madame Roland, and copied on the patriot altar by Mademoiselle de Kéralio. These bloody sheets scattered over the Champs de Mars had been collected, and had been

calling loudly for a republic ever since that eventful day in July, 1791.

Then came a long line of big black coffins, recalling those corpse-laden wagons which rolled out of the Tuileries court-yards on their way to the faubourgs.

Next came the mourning banners, with vengeful devices, demanding life for life; then a colossal statue of the Law, with a sword in her hand, and followed by the judges of the courts. At their head marched the Revolutionary Tribunal, the Tribunal which begged to be excused for causing but one head to fall each day.

Then came the Commune, the cruel mother of this cruel Tribunal, and in its midst a statue of Liberty, of the same size as the statue of Law.

Last came the members of the Assembly, bearing the civic crowns, which may, perhaps, console the dead, but which are so utterly powerless to console the living. The entire procession advanced slowly and solemnly, with measured tread, to the wailing strains of Chénier's chants and Gossec's funeral march. A great part of the night was spent in these expiatory ceremonies, during which the people shook their fists at the empty Tuileries, and at the prisons, — places of refuge which had been given to the king and the Royalists in exchange for their castles.

It was not until the last lamp had been extinguished and the last torch burned out that the crowd dispersed, and the twin statues of Law and Liberty were left alone to guard the immense sarcophagus.

On August 28th the Assembly passed the law authorising domiciliary visits. That same day a rumour became current of a union between the Prussian and Austrian armies. It was also stated that the allies would reach Paris in about six days of forced marches. So Bouillé's famous prediction, which had once excited so much ridicule, might, indeed, become a reality, and not one stone be left above another.

There was much talk — as of something sure to come —

of a great and terrible judgment day in which the city itself would not only be doomed to destruction, but its inhabitants be exterminated as well. But the blood-stained hand of the Commune is apparent in this legend of the future. The fact is evident from the following paragraph contained in a letter found in the Tuileries, on the tenth of August, and which we, ourselves, have read in the public archives, where it may still be seen: —

"Persecution follows in the wake of the allied armies. Courts instituted by émigrés along the route, and in the camp of the King of Prussia, are already arraigning the Jacobins and preparing gibbets for them."

And as if to confirm the above statement, the following paragraph appeared in an official bulletin issued by the War Department: —

"The Austrian cavalry near Sarrelouis have made all the patriot mayors and prominent Republicans prisoners; and some Uhlans, having captured a number of municipal officers, cut off their ears and nailed them to their foreheads."

If such outrages were committed in the inoffensive provinces, how would the conquerors treat revolutionary Paris?

Report said that a throne was to be erected for the allied sovereigns upon the heap of ruins where Paris had once stood, and the entire population was to be driven to the foot of this throne, where, as on the Day of Judgment, there was to be a separation of the good from the bad: that is to say, the Royalists, nobility, and priests would be placed upon the right hand of the allied sovereigns, and France be restored to them for them to do whatever they pleased with it, while the bad, that is, the Revolutionists, would be sent to the left, where the guillotine awaited them, — that instrument of death invented by the Revolution, but through which the Revolution was eventually to perish. The Revolution, that is to say, France; and not France

alone — for nations are made to serve as holocausts — and not France alone, but the ideal of France.

Ah! why had France been the first to utter the word *liberty?* She had believed she was proclaiming something that was indeed sacred, — light for the eyes and life for the soul. She had cried: "Liberty for France! Liberty for Europe! Liberty for all men!" She had fancied she was acting nobly in endeavouring to emancipate the world, but it seemed that she had been mistaken.

Heaven was evidently against her. Believing herself innocent and sublime, she was, nevertheless, culpable and infamous. Intent on performing a noble act, she had committed a crime, so she was about to be tried and condemned, and the universe, for whose sake she died, would applaud her doom. So Christ, crucified for the salvation of the world, died amid the jeers and insults of that world.

And had this unfortunate nation no one to aid her in her extremity? Those whom she had adored, and whom she had enriched, would they not help to defend her in her hour of need? No!

Her king was in league with the enemy. Even in the Temple where he was imprisoned, he continued to correspond with the Prussians and Austrians. Her nobility, organised by her princes, had taken up arms against her, and her priests were constantly instigating her peasants to revolt. In the depths of the prisons the Royalists clapped their hands with joy at the reverses of France. The news of the Prussian victory at Longwy elicited cries of rapturous delight in the Temple and in the Abbaye prison.

It is little wonder, therefore, that Danton entered the Assembly like a roaring lion. The Minister of Justice, believing justice to be powerless, came to ask that justice be backed by force.

Ascending the rostrum, and shaking the hair back from his brow, he exclaimed: —

"A national convulsion can alone compel these despots to retreat. So far, we have only been playing at war;

now, the people must hurl themselves upon the enemy and exterminate them with a single blow. At the same time, it is absolutely necessary to imprison all conspirators and prevent them from doing any further mischief.

Danton advocated a general levy, domiciliary visits, and the infliction of the death penalty upon any person who placed obstacles in the way of the provisional government.

The Assembly granted all Danton asked. Had he demanded much more it would have been conceded.

"Never was any nation so near death," says Michelet. "When Holland, beholding Louis XIV. at her doors had no resource but inundation, she was in much less peril, for she had Europe on her side. When Athens, seeing Xerxes enthroned upon Salamis, plunged into the sea, spurning the earth, and taking water as her home, she was in less danger, for she had her powerful fleet in command of the great Themistocles. Besides, more fortunate than France, she had no traitors in her midst."

France was demoralised, betrayed, sold, and delivered up into the hands of the executioner! France was lying like Iphigenia under the knife of Calchas. The surrounding kings were only awaiting her death for the wind of despotism to fill their sails, and she extended her arms imploringly to the gods for aid; but the gods were mute.

At last, when she felt the chill hand of Death upon her she aroused herself by a terrible effort, and like a live volcano sent forth from her very vitals the flame which was to illuminate the whole world for half a century.

True! there is a bloodstain upon the face of this brilliant sun, — the bloodstain of September 2d. We shall soon come to that, and then see who really caused that blood to flow, and whether France can be justly held accountable for it.

Before beginning this investigation let us once again borrow from Michelet, and close this chapter with two of his pages. We realise our powerlessness in the presence of this gigantic theme, and, like Danton, summon strength to our aid.

"Paris had the appearance of a military stronghold, and reminded one of Lille or Strasburg. Regulations, sentinels, and military precautions were encountered on every side. But most impressive of all, was the feeling of solidarity which manifested itself everywhere.

"Every man became a recruiting officer, and went about from house to house offering a uniform, arms, or anything he possessed to any person who would enlist. Every man became an orator, too, and preached, and talked, and sang patriotic songs.

"Who did not become an author, too, at that time? Who did not write? Who did not print? Who did not publish?

"There were songs and shouts, and tears of enthusiasm or of farewell everywhere. But above all these voices, there was one which resounded in the depths of every heart, — a voice that was all the more potent for being silent, — the voice of France herself of which the flag was the symbol — that sacred and terrible flag streaming in the wind, from the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, and seeming to implore the nation's legions to march in hot haste from the Pyrenees to the Scheldt, from the Seine to the Rhine!

"In order to appreciate the real spirit of that time of sacrifice, we must look into each cottage and home, and see the grief of the household, the travail of soul in the mothers, a hundred times more terrible than that which attended the advent of their children into the world. We must see the aged women with dry eyes, but bleeding hearts, hastily gathering together the few garments their sons are to carry away with them, and the paltry earnings and pennies saved by fasting, which these patient mothers have stolen from themselves for their sons against this day of final agony.

"To give up their children to this war which was beginning so hopelessly! to sacrifice them in this desperate condition of affairs! They gave way under the sorrow that oppressed them, or by a very natural reaction, relapsed into fits of madness.

"We are told that one day in August or September, a band of these furious women met Danton in the street, and showered insults and fierce vituperations upon him. They declared that he was responsible for the whole revolution, — for all the blood that had been shed, and for the death of their children, and cursed him, and besought Heaven to make him atone for it all. Danton was not surprised, and though he felt the marks of their finger-nails all over his body, he turned and looked at these poor half-demented women, and pitied them, for he had a kind heart. He climbed upon a post, and to console them began to address them in their own language.

His first utterances were violent, ludicrous, even obscene. His hearers were astounded; his violence thoroughly disconcerted them.

"Danton was, before and above all else, a man. There was a mixture of the lion and the bull-dog, and likewise of the bull in his composition. The sublime ugliness of his expressive face lent a sort of savage sting to his words, and the masses, who adore strength, felt that fear and sympathy in his presence, which every powerful, generative being awakens; but beneath this rough exterior, they also perceived a heart.

"At last, the idea that this must be a brave man, after all, began to impress itself upon them, and, though the women he was haranguing, were only vaguely conscious of the fact, he had gained a complete mastery over them, and could lead them where and how he chose. He roughly explained the object of woman's creation, — the purpose of passion, — the object of pro-creation, and that one does not bear children for one's self, but for one's country. When he reached this stage, he suddenly straightened himself up, and went on talking, but as if only to himself. His whole heart seemed to go out in words of impassioned tenderness for France, and down that strange face, deeply pitted with smallpox, rolled one big tear after another.

"The women could endure it no longer. Hiding their faces in their aprons, they ran away weeping, not for their children now, but for France."

Oh, thou great historian we call Michelet, where art thou?
At Nervi!
Oh, thou great poet we call Hugo, where art thou?
On the Island of Jersey!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EVE OF SEPTEMBER SECOND.

"When the country is in danger everything belongs to the country," Danton said, on the 28th of August, in the National Assembly.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th the *générale* was beaten. Everybody knew that this meant that the domiciliary visits were about to begin. At the first sound of the drum the aspect of the city underwent an entire change, as if touched by a magic wand. The crowded streets became deserted, and every shop was promptly closed. The gates of the city were guarded. The river was guarded. At one o'clock in the morning the inspection began. The commissioners in each section rapped at the street-door in the name of the law, and the door was opened.

Then they rapped at the door of each suite of rooms, still in the name of the law, and these, too, were opened. Unoccupied lodgings were broken open.

Two thousand muskets were seized, and three thousand persons arrested.

It was considered necessary to inspire terror, and they succeeded.

The result of this measure was a state of things that no one had dreamed of, or had calculated upon only too well.

These domiciliary visits opened the abodes of the rich to the poor. The armed denizens of the faubourgs who followed the magistrates gazed with astonishment upon the glittering splendour and luxurious equipments of mansions which were still occupied by their owners, as well as of mansions whose owners were absent. From this circum-

stance was developed not a desire for booty, but an increase of hatred.

So little thieving was done that Beaumarchais, who was in prison at the time, states that a woman plucked a rose in his magnificent gardens on the Saint Antoine Boulevard, and that the people wanted to throw her in the water for the offence.

And take notice that at the same time the Commune was voting to punish money-lenders with death.

So we see the Commune was already usurping the functions of the Assembly, and ordaining capital punishment. It also arrogated to itself the right to pardon. It ordered, too, that a list of the prisoners confined therein should be affixed to the door of each prison. This was clearly an appeal to hatred and revenge, for each person could note the number of the cell in which his special enemy was incarcerated.

The Assembly realised whither all this was tending, and saw that it would be obliged to stain its hands with blood in spite of itself. Who was bringing this about? Its enemy, the Commune.

A pretext only was wanting for this antagonism to lead to an open quarrel between the two ruling powers, and this was speedily furnished by a fresh exploit on the part of the Commune.

On August 29th the Commune summoned to its bar Girey Dupré, one of the boldest, because one of the youngest of the Girondists. This was done on account of an article that had appeared in the columns of his journal.

Not having time to flee to the Assembly, Girey Dupré took refuge in the office of the Secretary of War, Huguenin. The President of the Commune gave orders that the office be surrounded and the Girondist editor be taken by force.

The Girondists were still in the majority in the Assembly, and they in turn promptly summoned Huguenin to the bar of the Assembly to answer for the insult offered to one of the representatives of the people.

Huguenin paid no attention to the summons, however, so on August 30th the Assembly passed a decree dissolving the Communal Council; and, strange to say, this decree of the Assembly derived its strongest support from the general horror of theft.

A member of the Council, or a man who claimed to be such, had stolen a small silver cannon, a gift to Louis XIV. when a child, from the city of Paris.

Cambon, who had been appointed guardian of the public property, heard of this theft, and summoned the accused to the bar of the Assembly. The man did not deny the charge, nor did he offer any excuse, but contented himself with saying that as the valuable toy was likely to be stolen he thought it might as well be in his possession as anywhere else.

The tyranny of the Commune, too, had been obnoxious to many persons, among them Louvet, a very free-spoken and courageous man, and the president of the Rue des Lombards section, who publicly declared that the Council of the Commune had been guilty of gross usurpation.

Finding themselves thus supported in the stand they had taken, the deputies voted that, as Huguenin would not come to the bar of the Assembly of his own accord, he should be brought there by force, and that a new council must be elected by the sections within twenty-four hours.

This measure passed the Assembly at five o'clock on the afternoon of August 30th.

Let us count the hours now, for we are rapidly nearing the massacre of September 2d.

Though this action was scarcely logical, the Assembly declared that the Commune had rendered the country some valuable service even though its immediate dissolution was thus decreed; for, to tell the truth, the Assembly still felt considerable fear of this formidable foe.

Ornandum, tollendum! was Cicero's comment in relation to Octavius Cæsar. The Commune followed the example of Octavius. Though it allowed itself to be thus praised, it would not allow itself to be driven away.

Two hours after the passage of this decree Tallien, the petty scribbler who boasted of being Danton's factotum, and who was secretary of the Commune, proposed to the Thernes section to march upon the Lombard section.

This meant civil war, indeed, — not a war of the people against the king, or of the lower classes against the higher, or of plebeians against aristocrats, but of section against section, and citizen against citizen.

Meanwhile Marat and Robespierre lifted up their voices, — the latter as a member of the Commune, the former as a looker-on.

Marat demanded the massacre of the National Assembly. That was of no consequence, however. It was nothing unusual to hear him make such startling proposals.

Robespierre, the cautious, wily Robespierre, urged that the Commune take up arms not only for defence but for attack. He must have felt that the Commune was very powerful or he would not have dared to make such a suggestion.

And it was, for that very night, Secretary Tallien repaired to the Assembly with three thousand men armed with pikes.

"The Commune, and the Commune alone," he said, "has elevated the members of the Assembly to the dignity of representatives of a free people. The Commune carried into execution the decree against refractory priests, and arrested men upon whom no one else dared lay a finger; and before many days the Commune will rid the land of their presence."

So in the presence of the Assembly that had voted to dissolve it the Commune thus boldly intimated its intention of inaugurating a reign of terror.

We must do the Assembly the justice to say that its indignation was thoroughly aroused. Manuel, the municipal attorney, saw that the Commune was going too far. He had Tallien arrested, and demanded that Huguenin should apologise to the Assembly.

But in spite of all this, he foresaw what was soon to occur. And now hear what this pedant did, — this pedant with his small brain but honest heart.

Beaumarchais, a personal enemy of Manuel, was in the the Abbaye prison. Beaumarchais was a great wit and jester, and many of his keenest shafts of satire had been aimed at Manuel. The idea occurred to Manuel that if Beaumarchais was slain with the other prisoners his murder might be attributed to a mean desire for revenge on his, Manuel's, part, so he ran to the Abbaye and called for Beaumarchais. The prisoner, on seeing him, began to offer some excuse to the victim of his raillery.

"This is no question of journalism or literary criticism," Manuel exclaimed. "There is the open door. Save yourself to-day if you don't want your throat cut to-morrow."

The author of "Figaro" needed no second bidding. He slipped through the open door and disappeared.

Suppose he had hissed Collot d'Herbois, the actor, instead of criticising Manuel, the author! In that case, you see, Beaumarchais would have been a dead man.

The thirty-first of August arrived, the day which was to decide between the Assembly and the Commune, or, in other words, between moderation and terror.

The Commune was determined to maintain its position at any cost. The Assembly was willing to give place to a new Assembly.

The three powerful factions involved in this contest were the Assembly, the Commune, and the Jacobins, though the Jacobins and Communists might now be justly regarded as belonging to one party.

Marat and Hébert were both doing their best to arouse public wrath and increase the desire for revenge. But neither of them went so far as Robespierre, who, being desirous of regaining his former popularity, — he had advised peace when all France was clamouring for war, — far surpassed the most sensational novel in the absurdity of his assertions, even declaring that a powerful party had offered the French throne to the Duke of Brunswick.

Now, most assuredly, the Jacobins did not want Brunswick for a ruler; neither did the Communists. Were the Girondists then the powerful party that desired Brunswick? Surely nothing could be more ridiculous than to suppose that the Girondists would declare war upon Prussia and Austria, and then offer a throne to the commander of their opponents' armies? And the men Robespierre accused of this absurdity were Roland, Vergniaud, Clavières, Servan, Gensonné, Guadet and Barbaroux,—the staunchest patriots, and, at the same time, the most honest men in France.

But there are times when a man like Robespierre will say anything; and, worse still, there are times when people will believe anything. This was the case on August 31st.

At five o'clock, on the afternoon of the 30th, as we have said before, the Assembly voted for the dissolution of the Communal Council, and this same decree stipulated that a new election should be held in the different sections within twenty-four hours; but Marat's outcries, Hébert's threats, and Robespierre's slanders exerted such an influence that the sections dared not vote for a new council, and excused themselves by declaring that the decree had never been officially announced.

About noon, on August 31st, the Assembly was notified that the decree of the previous day was not likely to be obeyed. This would necessitate a resort to force; and what was the result likely to be in that event?

The Commune had a strong hold upon Santerre, through Panis, his brother-in-law; and Panis, it will be remembered, was the ardent admirer of Robespierre, who once proposed to Barbaroux and Rebecqui the appointment of a dictator, and gave them to understand that no one was so well fitted to occupy that exalted position as the incorruptible Robespierre.

Santerre was the representative of the faubourgs, and theirs was the irresistible power of the ocean. The faubourgs had forced open the doors of the Tuileries; they would break down the doors of the Assembly as well.

The deputies feared if they took up arms against the Commune that they would not only be abandoned by the Extremists, but that they might also be abandoned by the Moderate Royalists, which would be even worse.

About six o'clock it was rumoured that an immense crowd had gathered around the Abbaye prison.

A certain Monsieur de Montmorin had just been acquitted, and it was generally supposed that he was the same man who, as a Cabinet Minister, had signed the passport with which Louis XVI. had attempted to escape from France; so the people went *en masse* to the prison, and savagely demanded the death of the traitor.

Every possible effort was made to undeceive the people, but all night the utmost excitement prevailed throughout the city, and it was very evident that any trifling incident might increase this excitement to gigantic proportions.

This incident occurred at the Châtelet, and we will describe it in all its details, as it is connected with one of the personages of our story whom we have not seen for a long time.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN WHICH WE AGAIN MEET OUR FRIEND MONSIEUR DE BEAUSIRE.

Soon after the tenth of August, a special committee was appointed to investigate the thefts committed at the Tuileries. The populace had done themselves credit by shooting two or three hundred robbers caught in the act, but there were as many others who succeeded in concealing their plunder for a while.

Among these last was our old acquaintance, Monsieur de Beausire. Knowing his antecedents, our readers will not be surprised to find him among those who had an account to settle with the courts for the part they had taken in the sacking of the Tuileries.

Beausire went to the palace like everybody else, but he was too clever to be the first, or even one of the first visitors.

Nor was it Monsieur de Beausire's political sentiments that took him to the Tuileries. He went neither to mourn the downfall of royalty, nor to rejoice at the triumph of the people.

But for appearance's sake, Beausire donned a red cap and armed himself with a huge sabre. He also stained his shirt slightly, and wet his hands in the blood of the first dead man he came to, so a superficial observer might mistake him for one of the victors. In fact, he was very generally mistaken for a conqueror by those who heard him shouting: "Death to the aristocrats!" and saw him searching under beds, in cupboards, and even in bureau drawers in order to satisfy himself that no Royalist was concealed therein.

But, unfortunately for Beausire, there was another man present, — a man who did not shout, or grope under beds or open cupboards, but who walked about in his neat black suit with his hands behind his back, as calm and collected as if he were taking a stroll in a public park on a pleasant afternoon, merely exclaiming, now and then: "Don't forget, citizens, that you are not to kill the women or touch the valuables!"

It was very evident that he did not consider he had any right to speak to those whom he saw slaughtering men and throwing furniture out of the window; but the very first glance convinced him that Beausire did not belong to this category.

About half-past nine the officer in command of the detachment of National Guards, to whom the guardianship of the Clock Tower had been intrusted, saw this man approaching.

"Captain," he said, politely, but firmly, "you will see a man come downstairs presently with a red cap on his head and a sabre in his hand. You will stop him and have him carefully searched by your men. He has stolen a casket of diamonds."

"Very well, Monsieur Maillard," responded Pitou, touching his hat.

"So you know me, do you?"

"I should say I did. Don't you remember how we took the Bastille together? Besides, we were at Versailles together at the time of the riot."

"Then you 'll do what I told you, will you not?"

"Yes, and anything else you bid me, Monsieur Maillard. You are a true patriot, you are!"

"Yes, and I 'm proud of it, and that is why we must not allow the name to be disgraced. Look, there 's our man coming now!"

For, sure enough, Beausire was descending the stairs, flourishing his big sabre, and shouting: "Long live the nation!"

Pitou made a sign to Tellier and Maniquet who quietly placed themselves in front of the door, while Pitou waited for Beausire on the bottom step.

Beausire noted this new arrangement of things, and it did not seem to please him; for he paused a moment as if he had forgotten something, then started to go back upstairs again.

"This is the way out, citizen," cried Pitou; "and as orders have been received that the palace is to be cleared immediately, you will step this way, if you please."

Beausire straightened himself up and resumed his descent. As he reached the last step he paused, touched his red cap, and asked, in a military tone: "Am I to go out, comrade, or am I not?"

"You're to go out; but every one has to submit to a slight formality first."

"And what is that, my brave sir?"

"Everyone has to be searched."

"Searched?"

"Yes."

"Search a patriot, — a man who came here to exterminate the aristocrats?"

"I have received positive orders to that effect; so, comrade, if you *are* a comrade, put up that big sword, — you don't need it now, all the aristocrats are killed, — and submit to be searched quietly, or I shall be obliged to resort to force."

"Force! Ah! you talk like that because you have twenty men to back you; but if you and I were standing here, man to man — "

"If you and I were standing here man to man, citizen, this is what I would do. I would seize your wrist with my right hand, so — and wrench your sabre from your grasp with my left, and break it under my foot, so, as being unworthy the touch of an honest man after being handled by a thief!"

And suiting the action to the word, Pitou broke the blade under his foot and threw the hilt away.

"A thief!" cried the man in the red cap; "a thief! You call Monsieur de Beausire a thief!"

"My friends," said Pitou, pushing the ex-gendarme towards his men, "search this Monsieur de Beausire."

"Search away," said the man, folding his arms upon his breast with the air of a martyr.

But to Pitou's and Maillard's great surprise, though the ex-gendarme was searched thoroughly, and every pocket turned inside out, nothing was found upon his person but an old playing card and eleven sous.

Pitou looked at Maillard, but the latter only shrugged his shoulders.

"Begin again," said Pitou, who possessed an inexhaustible store of patience, as we have reason to know.

The men obeyed, but the second search proved as futile as the first. They only found the same old card and the same eleven sous.

"Well, do you still think a sabre dishonoured by my touch?" demanded Beausire, majestically.

"No, monsieur," replied Pitou, "and as a proof of my sincerity, if you are not content with the apology I now offer, one of my men will give you his sword, and I will grant you any further satisfaction you desire."

"Thank you, young man," replied Beausire. "You only acted according to orders, and an old soldier like myself knows that an order is sacred. Now, as Madame de Beausire must be growing anxious on account of my long absence, I should like, with your permission, to retire."

"Go, monsieur, you are free," answered Pitou.

Beausire bowed and took himself off with a superbly indifferent air. Pitou glanced around for Maillard, but Maillard had disappeared.

"It seems to me I saw Monsieur Maillard go upstairs again," remarked one of the men.

"It seems to me I see him coming down again," said Pitou.

And sure enough, Maillard was coming down again, two steps at a time.

"Well, did you find anything?" he asked.

"No," replied Pitou.

"I was more fortunate, for I found the casket."

"Then we were wrong?"

"No, we were right."

And opening the casket, Maillard drew out some gold settings, from which all the precious stones had been removed.

"What does this mean?" asked Pitou.

"It means that the rascal anticipated a search, and, thinking the settings might cause him trouble, took out the diamonds and put the settings and the casket back in the drawer where I just found them."

"And the diamonds?"

"He must have found some way of secreting them. Has he been gone long?"

"He went out of the gate of the central courtyard just as you came downstairs."

"Which way did he go?"

"He was heading towards the river."

"Good-bye, captain."

"Are you going, Monsieur Maillard ?"

"I want to satisfy my mind beyond any possibility of doubt," responded Maillard, starting off in pursuit of the thief.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PURGATIVE.

In spite of Maillard's rapid pace, he did not succeed in overtaking Beausire, who had three things in his favour, — several minutes of headway, the gathering twilight, and the large number of people moving about the Carrousel.

Nevertheless, on reaching the Tuileries Quay, Maillard did not turn; for as he lived in the Saint Antoine district, it took him very little out of his way to follow the river-bank as far as the Place de Grève.

Crowds of people were hastening across the Pont Neuf, for there was an exhibition of bodies in the square in front of the court-house, and many were on their way thither in the hope, or rather the fear, of finding a brother or relative or friend among the dead; so Maillard followed the crowd.

On the corner of the Rue de la Barillerie and the square was a drug-store kept by a friend of Maillard's, and the latter entered it and began to talk over the events of the day with the proprietor.

There was a good deal of bustle in the store, for people were continually coming in for bandages, ointment, lint, — in fact, everything needful for dressing wounds; for every now and then a cry or groan indicated the presence of life among the dead, and the person who made the sound was immediately taken to the hospital.

Maillard had been in the drug-store about fifteen minutes when a woman about thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age came in, — a woman who had a rather aristocratic air, in spite of her evident poverty. But what

struck Maillard especially was the woman's strong resemblance to the queen. In fact, this resemblance was so marked that Maillard would have uttered a cry of astonishment had he not suddenly checked himself.

She was holding a little boy about nine years of age by the hand, and she approached the counter with some timidity, evidently doing her best to conceal her poverty-stricken attire, which was all the more noticeable by reason of the great care she evidently bestowed upon her complexion and hands.

The customers were so numerous that it was a long time before she received any attention; but at last she found an opportunity to say to the proprietor of the establishment, "I should like to have a purgative for my husband, who is ill."

"What kind of a purgative do you want, citizeness?"

"Any kind will do, monsieur, provided it does not cost over eleven sous."

This odd number of eleven sous struck Maillard; for eleven sous, it will be remembered, was the exact amount found in Beausire's pocket.

"Make up a mixture of tamarinds and senna for this citizeness," said the apothecary to his head clerk.

"Here is your medicine, madame," remarked the prescription clerk, after a minute or two.

"Toussaint, my child, give me the money," said the woman, with a drawl that seemed habitual to her.

"Here it is," responded the youngster, laying some coins on the counter. "Come along, mamma, come along; papa 's waiting!" and as he spoke he tried to drag his mother away.

"Excuse me, citizeness," said the drug clerk, "but there are only nine sous here."

"What! only nine sous?" exclaimed the woman.

"You can count them yourself."

The woman did count them, but there were only nine sous.

"What have you done with the other two sous, you naughty boy?" she asked, turning to the child.

"I don't know. Come along, Mamma Olivia; come along!" whined the boy.

"But you ought to know, especially as you begged so hard to carry the money that I had to give it to you."

"I must have lost them, I suppose. Come, Mamma Olivia; come, I say!"

"You have a bright boy there, citizeness," said Maillard. "He seems to be full of intelligence; but you had better take care if you don't want him to grow up a thief."

"A thief? And why do you say that, pray?" demanded the woman.

"Because he has n't lost the two sous. He has hidden them in his shoe."

"That 's a lie!" yelled the child.

"In the left shoe, citizeness," said Maillard; "in the left shoe."

In spite of young Toussaint's kicks and yells, Mamma Olivia picked up his left foot and found the two sous in his shoe. She gave them to the clerk, and then dragged the child away, threatening him with punishment which would have seemed terrible to the bystanders had the threats not been accompanied with endearments that convinced her auditors, beyond a doubt, that maternal tenderness would gain the ascendency.

This little episode, however, would probably have passed unnoticed, amid so many more important events, had not the woman's strong resemblance to the queen made a deep impression on Maillard.

"Did you notice that strange resemblance?" he remarked to his friend the druggist.

"To the queen?" responded the druggist, laughing.

"You have noticed it, then?"

"Yes, a long while ago. In fact, it is historic. Don't you recollect a certain Nicole Legay, sometimes called Mademoiselle Olivia, who personated the queen in that

necklace affair, and who lived with an ex-gendarme, gambler, and spy, named Beausire?"

"Beausire?" exclaimed Maillard, starting as if a serpent had stung him.

"And is this Beausire the man she calls her husband?" he added.

"Yes."

"And was it for him that she wanted that medicine?"

"Yes."

"Then I've found my man; that is, if I can ascertain where he lives."

"I know."

"Good! Where is it?"

"Number six, Rue de la Juiverie."

"Near here?"

"Only just around the corner."

"It does n't surprise me now that young Toussaint stole those two sous from his mother. He 's Beausire's child, is n't he?"

"I judge so. He 's the living image of him."

"How long will it take for your medicine to operate?"

"Are you speaking seriously?"

"Very seriously."

"Not less than two hours."

"That 's all the time I want."

"You seem to take a great interest in Beausire."

"Yes, so deep an interest that, fearing he will not be well cared for, I am going at once for —"

"For what?"

"For a couple of nurses. Good-bye."

And leaving the drug store with a quiet smile, — the only kind of a smile that ever illumined his serious visage, — Maillard returned to the Tuileries.

Pitou was absent. It will be remembered that he had departed with Andrée to find some trace of Charny, leaving Tellier and Maniquet in charge.

Both men recognised Maillard, and Maniquet said: —

"Well, did you overtake your man?"

"No, but I am on his track."

"That 's good; for though we found nothing on him, I should be willing to swear he had those diamonds."

"And you 're right."

"Do you think you 'll succeed in getting them back again?"

"I hope so, if you will help me."

"In what way? We are at your service."

"Pick me out two reliable men from your company."

"For courage?"

"No, for honesty."

"Oh, any of them will answer the purpose, then." And turning to his men, Désiré cried, "Two volunteers wanted!"

A dozen men sprang forward.

"That will do. Boulanger, you come; and you, Molicar. Do you want another, Monsieur Maillard?"

"No, two will do. Come, my friends."

The two members of the Haramont Life Guards followed Maillard, who conducted them to the Rue de la Juiverie, where he stopped before number six.

"This is the place," he remarked. "Let us go up."

The guardsmen followed him up four flights of stairs. Maillard tried the door, but it was bolted on the inside. He knocked.

"Who 's there?" drawled Olivia.

"Open in the name of the law!" responded Maillard.

A whispered colloquy went on for a minute or two inside; then, as Maillard was about to rap a second time, the occupants of the room concluded to open the door, and the three men entered, to the great consternation of Olivia, as well as of young Toussaint, who tried to hide behind an old wicker chair. Beausire was in bed. On a small stand by the bed, Maillard, to his great relief, beheld an empty bottle, thus showing that the medicine had been taken; so there was nothing to do now but wait and see what the effect would be.

During their walk Maillard had told his companions all that had taken place at the pharmacy, so they understood the situation perfectly. Consequently, when he installed them, one on each side of the bed, he had only to say to them: "Citizens, Monsieur de Beausire is in much the same situation as the princess we read of in the 'Arabian Nights,' who would only speak when she was obliged to, but let fall a diamond every time she opened her mouth. I will go to the city-hall and wait for you there. When monsieur ceases to require your attention, you can conduct him to the Châtelet, where you will say that Citizen Maillard sent him there, and then bring whatever he may have given you to me, at the city-hall."

The two men bowed their assent, and stationed themselves, one on each side of Beausire's bed.

The apothecary was right. At the end of two hours the medicine operated. Its effects continued an hour or two, and could not have proved more satisfactory.

About three o'clock in the morning Maillard saw his men come in. They brought with them one hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds of the first water, wrapped in a certificate of Monsieur de Beausire's incarceration. These diamonds were deposited in the office of the city solicitor, in the name of Maillard and of the two guardsmen, and that official gave them a certificate, declaring that citizens Maillard, Molicar, and Boulanger richly merited the thanks of their country.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

And now let us see the consequences of the half-tragical, half-ludicrous occurrence we have just described.

The case of Monsieur de Beausire was referred to the special jury appointed to take cognisance of the thefts committed on the tenth of August.

Denial was useless, the prisoner's guilt being too clearly established; so Beausire was compelled to humbly confess his crime and implore the mercy of the court.

The tribunal instituted an examination into Beausire's antecedents, and these proving anything but satisfactory, the prisoner was sentenced to the galley for five years, as well as to be publicly exposed in the pillory and branded.

In vain did Monsieur de Beausire plead that he had been actuated by the most laudable motives, — that is, by a hope of insuring his wife and child a comfortable future. His judges proved inexorable, and the court being specially appointed, there was no appeal from its decisions; so the sentence was to be carried into execution the second day after the trial. It was unfortunate indeed for Beausire that the sentence was not executed at once, and the culprit sent away.

Fate decreed that the night before Beausire was to be placed in the pillory one of his former comrades was brought to the prison. The two men recognised each other, and mutual revelations followed.

The new prisoner claimed to know all about a carefully organised conspiracy for a dangerous outbreak either on the Place de Grève or in the square in front of the Palais de Justice.

The conspirators were to assemble in great numbers under the pretext of witnessing the first public branding that took place. A shout of, "Long live the King! Hurrah for the Prussians!" and "Death to the Nation!" was to serve as the signal for taking possession of the city-hall, summoning the National Guards — more than half of whom were Royalists, or at least Constitutionalists — to their aid, and thus a counter-revolution in favour of royalty was to be effected.

Unfortunately, it was Beausire's friend who was to give the signal, and as the other conspirators were not aware of his arrest, they would flock to the square at the appointed time; but as there would be no one to give the signal, the outbreak would not take place.

This was the more to be regretted, according to Beausire's friend, because no plot had ever been better planned, or seemed more certain to succeed; and his arrest was all the more unfortunate because, in the midst of the tumult that would ensue, the condemned man was almost sure to find an opportunity to escape.

Although he possessed no very decided political opinions, Beausire rather sympathised with the Royalists, and consequently regretted — partly on the king's account, but chiefly on his own — the failure of this scheme.

Suddenly a brilliant idea flashed through his brain.

"If some one gives the signal, the outbreak is sure to take place, you say?" he exclaimed.

"Yes; but who will give the signal, now I 'm locked up, and cannot communicate with any one outside?"

"I will," responded Beausire, in tragic tones.

"You?"

"Yes, I! I shall be there, sha'n't I? Very well; then I will shout, 'Long live the King! Hurrah for the Prussians!' in your stead. That 's not a very difficult thing to do, it seems to me."

"If you do that," continued the Royalist prisoner, "you will not only secure your freedom and a full pardon, but

more; for I shall proclaim it far and wide that the success of the plot was due solely to you, so you may be sure of a handsome reward."

"It is not the hope of a reward that actuates me in this matter," responded Beausire, with the most disinterested air imaginable.

"That 's all right; but if the reward is offered, I advise you not to refuse it."

"If this is really your opinion — "

"I not only advise it, but urge it. What is more, I even command you to accept it."

"So be it," said Beausire, meekly.

"Very well, then; to-morrow we will breakfast together, — for the superintendent will not refuse two old comrades this favour, — and drink to the success of the conspiracy!"

To their great delight, the superintendent granted their request, and the two friends drank not only one, but two, three, and even four bottles.

By that time Monsieur de Beausire was a furious Royalist, and it was fortunate that the officers came to conduct him to the Place de Grève before the fifth bottle could be uncorked.

He stepped into the cart as if it were a triumphal chariot, and gazed around disdainfully upon the crowd for which he was preparing such a tremendous surprise.

A woman and a little boy were waiting for him on Notre Dame bridge. Poor Olivia was bathed in tears; but young Toussaint, on seeing his father in the hands of the officers, shouted: "Good! good! That 's what he got for beating me!" For we neglected to state that on hearing of the theft of the two sous, Beausire had felt himself compelled to inflict condign punishment upon his son and heir. Beausire gave them a benignant smile, to which he would doubtless have added a benignant gesture if his hands had not been tied behind his back.

The square in front of the Hôtel de Ville was thronged

with people, and when the waggon stopped in front of the pillory, the officers had great difficulty in forcing back the populace.

When Beausire mounted the platform there was a great commotion; but when the executioner bared the prisoner's shoulder, and stooped to take the red-hot iron from the furnace, there came what always comes at such a time,—a breathless silence.

Beausire resolved to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded; so, summoning up all his strength, he shouted in a loud, sonorous, penetrating voice, "Long live the King! Hurrah for the Prussians! Down with the Nation!"

Great as was the commotion Beausire had expected to excite, the result far exceeded his expectations; for the crowd uttered a deafening roar, and rushed upon the pillory.

This time the guards found it impossible to protect Beausire. The pillory was invaded; the executioner was dragged from the platform, and the prisoner was torn from the post, — no one knew how, — and hurled into the seething mass of human beings below.

He would have been torn in pieces had not a man wearing an official's scarf come running from the city-hall. This was Government-Procureur Manuel. He was an exceedingly humane man, and though he was generally obliged to conceal his feelings, any such great emergency as this was almost sure to bring them to light.

With great difficulty he made his way to Beausire, and, extending his hand over him, cried in stentorian tones, "I demand this man in the name of the law!"

The populace did not seem inclined to yield, however; so, detaching his scarf and waving it over his head, he shouted, "Help, help, all good citizens!"

A score of men gathered around Manuel, and wrested Beausire, more dead than alive, from the hands of the mob. Meanwhile the city-hall was in great danger, so intense was the exasperation of the populace.

Manuel appeared upon the balcony.

"This man is guilty," he said; "but he is guilty of a crime for which he has not been tried. Select a jury from among yourselves. The jury can convene in one of the rooms in this very building; and whatever their verdict may be, it shall be carried out."

Is it not strange that on the eve of the terrible massacres in the prisons, one of the very men who is blamed for these massacres should utter such words as these, even at the peril of his life!

This promise pacified the crowd, and fifteen minutes afterwards the jury was introduced to Manuel. It consisted of twenty-one members, and, according to promise, Manuel installed them in a room in the city-hall.

Beausire was dragged before this impromptu court. He tried to defend himself, but his second offence was as incontestable as the first, and far more heinous in the eyes of the populace.

To shout "Hurrah for the Prussians!" when the Prussians had just captured Longwy, and were not more than sixty leagues from Paris; to yell, "Down with the Nation!" when the nation was stretched upon the rack, — these were terrible crimes, deserving of the severest punishment.

The jury decided that the prisoner was guilty, and that he should be hung upon the very spot where his offence had been committed; so the hangman was instructed to erect a scaffold at once upon the same platform where the pillory had stood, and the culprit met his death upon it the following day.

The next day was Sunday, — in itself an aggravating circumstance, as the populace had much more leisure at their disposal. The Assembly could not help seeing that everything was tending towards another massacre. The Commune was resolved to maintain itself at any cost, and massacre — or, in other words, terrorism — was the surest means of accomplishing this.

Retracting its decision of two days before, the Assembly

repeated the decree dissolving the Commune, whereupon one of its members rose and said: —

"It is not enough to repeal your decree. On passing that measure only two days ago, you declared the Commune deserving of the nation's gratitude. This is too vague, for some day you may say that while the Commune merited the thanks of the country, such and such members of the Council were not included in the eulogium, and, consequently, such and such members may be prosecuted; so you must say not merely the Commune, but the *representatives* of the Commune."

So the Assembly passed a resolution declaring that the representatives of the Commune merited the gratitude of the country.

While the Assembly was putting this question to the vote, Robespierre was delivering a long speech at the Communal Council, in which he declared that the Assembly, having destroyed public confidence by its infamous manœuvres, the Council ought to resign, and do the only thing which could now be done to save the country; that is, surrender the power to the people themselves.

This was vague and indefinite, like all Robespierre's suggestions. Did he mean that the Council should assent to the decree of the Assembly and ask for a new election? That is not very probable.

Or did he mean that the Council was to resign its authority and declare, of its own accord, that the Commune considered itself unable to cope with the weighty responsibilities devolving upon it, and desired the people to finish the great work themselves?

If the populace, without any curb and with hearts thirsting for revenge, should undertake to complete the work begun on August tenth, this would mean nothing more nor less than the slaughter of the men who had fought against them on that same August day, and who had since been imprisoned in the various prisons of Paris.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NIGHT BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND DAYS OF SEPTEMBER.

This was the condition of affairs when, at about nine o'clock on the night of September 1st, Dr. Gilbert's official — the word *servant* had been abolished as Anti-Republican — entered his employer's room to say: —

"Citizen Gilbert, the cab is at the door."

Gilbert drew his hat down over his eyes, buttoned his overcoat up to his throat, and was about to step out, when a man wrapped in a big cloak, and with his face shaded by a broad-brimmed hat, appeared upon the threshold.

Gilbert recoiled a step or two. In the darkness, and at such a time, any one might prove an enemy.

"It is I, Gilbert," said a kindly voice.

"Cagliostro!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Even so; only you must not forget that I am no longer called Cagliostro, but Baron Zannone. Still, to you, my dear Gilbert, my heart and name are alike unchanged, and I am always Joseph Balsamo; at least, I hope so."

"Yes," replied Gilbert; "and you will need no better proof of it than the fact that I was just going to your house."

"I suspected as much. In fact, that is the very reason I am here. You know in such times as these I cannot do as Robespierre does, — take a trip to the country."

"Still, I feared I might not find you; so I am more than glad of this visit. Come in, I beg of you."

"Certainly; and now what do you desire of me?" asked Cagliostro, following Gilbert into the most secluded room of his suite of apartments.

"You know what is going on, of course," began Gilbert.

"You mean what will soon be going on," said Cagliostro, "for everything is remarkably quiet just now."

"You are right; but something terrible is close at hand. Is it not so?"

"Something terrible indeed; but at times the terrible becomes a necessity."

"Your sangfroid makes me shudder."

"And why? I am but an echo, — the echo of fate."

Gilbert's head drooped.

"You remember, do you not, Gilbert, what I told you at Bellevue three years ago, when I predicted the death of the Marquis de Favras? I told you then that if the king had a particle of the spirit of self-preservation in his poor little brain, — which I hoped he had not, — he would run away —"

"He did run away."

"Yes, but I meant that he would flee while there was some possibility of his making his escape. But he did not make the attempt until it was too late. I added, you recollect, that if the king and queen and the nobility resisted, there would be a revolution."

"Yes, and you were right. The revolution is upon us."

"Not entirely; but it is coming on finely, my dear Gilbert. Do you also recollect what I told you about a certain machine invented by one of my friends, — Doctor Guillotin? Have you walked through the Carrousel lately? That instrument of death — the same I showed to the queen at the Taverney Château — is working finely there."

"Yes, but the guillotine is too slow, apparently; for sabres, pikes, and daggers seem to be doing their best to help it along."

"And why? Simply because we have the most hard-headed people in the world to deal with. The nobility and the king and queen received all sorts of warnings; but

they were of no avail. The Bastille was taken. That lesson did them no good. Then came the October riots. They, too, failed to teach royalty anything. The twentieth of June proved equally unavailing. Then came the tenth of August. Even that profited royalty nothing. They have put the king in the Temple, and the nobility in the Abbaye, Force, and Bicètre prisons; but all this has taught them nothing. The king rejoices openly over the success of the Prussians at Longwy. In the Abbaye the nobles cheer vociferously for the king and the Prussians. They drink their champagne under the very noses of the poor, and toy with their pâtés and truffles in the very faces of poor wretches who are famishing. This superb indifference extends even to King William of Prussia; for if any one should write to him, 'Take care! if you come one step nearer to the heart of France that step will be the king's death-warrant,' he would doubtless reply: 'However dangerous the situation of the royal family may be, the invading armies cannot retreat. I hope, with all my heart, to arrive in time to save the king of France; but my chief duty, after all, is to save Europe.' He is now marching upon Verdun, and there is nothing for us to do but put an end to it."

"An end to what?"

"To the king, the queen, and the nobility."

"You advise assassinating the king and queen?"

"Oh, no; that would be a terrible blunder. They must be tried, convicted, and publicly executed, as in the case of Charles I. of England. We must rid ourselves of them in some way, doctor, and the sooner the better."

"And who says so?" cried Gilbert. "If you had come to me in the name of Mirabeau, Lafayette, and Vergniaud, and declared this slaughter to be necessary, I should have shuddered, — as I shudder now, — but I should have been half convinced; but upon whose authority do you make this assertion to-day? Upon the authority of Hébert, a huckster; of Collot d'Herbois, an unsuccessful playwright;

of Marat, a jaundiced-minded creature, whose physician is obliged to bleed him whenever he demands one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand heads. I despise such mediocre creatures as these, — men who fancy themselves magicians, and who clamour for such sudden transitions and terrible crises, and who think it a grand thing to exterminate by a word or sign a living obstacle which Nature has been twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years in creating."

"My dear Gilbert, you deceive yourself. You style these creatures men, and you do them entirely too much honour. They are merely tools."

"Tools of destruction!"

"Yes, but for the benefit of a principle, — the infranchisement of a nation, and not of one nation alone, but of the entire universe. These men you speak of lack genius, lack loyalty, lack conscience; but they possess something stronger, more inexorable, and more irresistible than either of those attributes, — instinct."

"The instinct of Attila."

"Precisely; the instinct of Attila, who called himself the scourge of God, and came down with his horde of barbarians to stamp out the civilisation of Rome, corrupted for four hundred years by the reigns of such men as Nero, Vespasian, and Heliogabalus."

"But now, instead of generalising, tell me to what this wholesale slaughter is likely to lead."

"Oh, it is very easy to answer that question. It will compromise the Assembly, the Commune, and the people. Paris must besmirch herself with blood, in order that Paris — which is really the brain of France — feeling that she has committed the unpardonable sin, may rise as one man and drive the enemy from the sacred soil of Fatherland."

"But what does all this matter to you? You are not a Frenchman."

"Can it be, Gilbert, that you, with your superior intelligence and powerful mind, would tell a man not to meddle

with the affairs of France because he is not a Frenchman? Are not the affairs of France the world's affairs? Is France striving for herself alone? Did Christ die only for the Jews? Would you cavil at the teachings of an apostle because he was not a Nazarene? But enough! You desire to ask for the release of some one. Am I not right? Your request is granted already. Tell me the name of the man or woman you wish to save."

"I wish to save a woman whom neither you nor I can allow to die."

"The Comtesse de Charny?"

"The mother of Sebastian."

"You know that Danton, as minister of justice, holds the keys to her prison, I suppose?"

"Yes, but I also know that you can bid Danton open or close those doors as you will."

Cagliostro rose, walked to a desk, traced a sort of cabalistic sign on a bit of paper, and handed it to Gilbert.

"There, my son. Go to Danton, and ask of him what you will; but promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"There was a time when your promise was given unquestioningly, Gilbert."

"Yes; but in those days you did not talk of deluging a nation in blood."

"Ah, well, promise me that if the king should be tried and put to death, you will follow the advice I then give you."

"I swear it, if it does not offend my conscience."

"You are unjust, Gilbert. I have offered you much. Have I ever exacted anything in return?"

"No; and what is more, you have just accorded me a life a thousand times more precious than my own."

Cagliostro left the house. The cab was still in waiting, and the doctor ordered the coachman to drive him to the Palais de Justice.

When Gilbert was announced, Danton was with his wife,

— or rather his wife was at his feet, imploring him not to be guilty of such a crime as countenancing the intended massacre; while he, in turn, was trying to make her understand that he could do nothing contrary to the decision of the Commune, unless dictatorial powers were conferred upon him by the Assembly. With the Assembly on his side, there was a possibility of success; without the Assembly, defeat was certain.

"Then die! die, if need be!" exclaimed the poor woman; "but do not allow the massacre to take place."

"Men of my stamp don't care to die in vain," replied Danton; "but I should be perfectly willing to die if my death would benefit my country."

Just then Dr. Gilbert was announced.

"I shall not go away," said Madame Danton, "until I have your promise that you will do everything in your power to prevent this atrocious crime."

"Remain, then," said Danton.

Madame Danton retreated a step or two to give her husband an opportunity to greet the doctor, whom he knew already by sight, as well as by reputation.

"You come very opportunely, doctor," remarked Danton. "Had I known your address, I should certainly have sent for you."

Gilbert bowed to Danton, and seeing a lady standing behind the minister, he bowed to her also.

"This is my wife, doctor, the wife of Citizen Danton, minister of justice, who thinks her husband powerful enough to prevent Marat and Robespierre — backed by the entire Commune — from doing what they please; that is to say, from killing, exterminating, devouring."

"Tell him, monsieur," sobbed the poor woman, "that if he permits this massacre, it will cast a stain over his whole life."

"Nor is that all," said Gilbert. "If this stain should rest upon the forehead of one man alone, — a man who believed it essential to his country's welfare that this disgrace

should attach to his name, — such a man might fling his honour to the winds, as Decius flung his body into the abyss, for his country's sake. But this will be a foul blot upon the escutcheon of France!"

"But when there is an eruption of Vesuvius, show me a man who is strong enough to check the molten river! When the tide is rising, show me an arm strong enough to hold old Ocean back!"

"One need look no longer for such an one when Danton's name is uttered, for he is found. No one need ask where that strong arm may be found; for it acts, and thus dispels all doubts."

"Look here! you 've all lost your senses," cried Danton, impatiently. "Must I say to you what I hardly dare to say to myself? I certainly have the will, and it is equally certain that I have the ability; but whether I have the power or not will depend entirely upon the Assembly. But do you know what is going to happen to me? The very same thing that happened to Mirabeau. I do not inspire the Assembly with terror, like that crazy-headed Marat; nor do I inspire it with confidence, like the incorruptible Robespierre. The Assembly will refuse me the means of saving the country because I am not in very good repute just now. It will argue and bicker and haggle; then people will begin to whisper that my morals are not what they should be, — that I am not a man to be trusted with absolute power even for three days. A committee of worthy men will be appointed, but it will be too late. The massacre will take place, and it will not be France that is blamed, but myself. I shall avert the world's curse from France by bringing it down upon my own head!"

"And your wife and children?" cried the sobbing woman.

"It will kill you, as you have said. But you cannot be accused of being my accomplice, as my crime will cause your death. As for our children, they are sons. Some day they will be men, and either have their father's spirit,

and make the name of Danton honoured in the land, or be weaklings, and deny me. So much the better. In that case, it is I who repudiate them."

"But you will at least ask the Assembly for this authority?" said Gilbert.

"I have already sent for Thuriot and Tallien. Wife, see if they are in the next room. If so, show Thuriot in."

Madame Danton went out; and as she did so, Danton remarked, "I am going to make the attempt in your presence, Monsieur Gilbert, so you can testify to posterity that I did not yield without a struggle."

The door opened. "Here is Citizen Thuriot, my dear," said Madame Danton.

"Come in," said Danton, offering Thuriot his hand. "Those were sublime words of yours upon the rostrum, the other day, when you said the French Revolution was not for France alone, but for the whole world, and that we were responsible to all humanity for it. Well, we must now make a last great effort to keep it free from reproach."

"Speak on," said Thuriot.

"To-morrow, at the beginning of the session, you must ask that the number of members in the Council of the Commune be increased to three hundred, so that, without ousting the members chosen on the tenth of August, the old members will be outnumbered by the new. If this proposition is not adopted — if you cannot make the deputies understand my idea, then — confer with Lacroix. Tell him to attack the question openly, and insist that the death penalty be imposed upon all persons who refuse directly or indirectly to obey, or in any way oppose or hinder any of the orders or measures instituted by the executive power. That executive power is to be myself, you understand. I will go to the Assembly and claim this authority, and if they evince any hesitation about giving it to me, I will seize it."

"What will you do then?"

"Then," exclaimed Danton, "I will grasp a flag, and in

place of the hideous demon of massacre, whom I shall banish to his native shades, I will invoke the noble and serene genius of battle, who strikes without fear and without anger, and who gazes calmly upon death. I will ask these bands of men if it is for the butchery of defenceless citizens that they have assembled themselves together. I will denounce as an infamous wretch any one who dares to threaten the prisons! There may be many persons who secretly approve massacre, but the murderers themselves must be few in number. I will take advantage of the martial spirit which now pervades Paris, and surround each band of murderers with a crowd of patriotic volunteers who are eagerly awaiting orders, and so despatch them to the frontier, — that is, against the enemy, — so the vicious element may be dominated by the noble."

"Do that," cried Gilbert, "and you will accomplish something glorious, magnificent, sublime!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Danton, shrugging his shoulders with a singular mixture of conscious power and indifference; "it will be the easiest thing in the world to do! If they will but consent to do what I ask, you shall see!"

Madame Danton kissed her husband's hand.

"You will secure the power you ask, Danton," she said. "Hearing you speak thus, who can help feeling as you do?"

"Yes, but unfortunately I cannot speak thus. If I should disclose my real plans and intentions they would begin by murdering me. Now call Tallien."

"Tallien," said Danton, when his friend entered, "it is quite possible that the Commune will send me a written order to report at municipal headquarters to-morrow. You are secretary of the Council. Manage it so that I shall not receive the letter, and shall be able to prove that I did not receive it."

"But how the deuce am I to do that?"

"That is your lookout. I tell you what I want — what I must have, in short. It is for you to devise the means. Come, Monsieur Gilbert, you have something particular to say to me, I believe."

Opening the door into a small office, he motioned Gilbert to enter, and then followed him.

Gilbert drew from his pocket the scrap of paper Cagliostro had given him, and handed it to Danton.

"So you come from him! Well, what do you desire?" asked the minister.

"The release of a lady imprisoned in the Abbaye."

"Her name?"

"Madame de Charny."

Danton took a sheet of paper and wrote the order for release.

"If you wish to save any one else, say so," he remarked. "I should be glad to save all those unfortunate people."

"I have all I desire."

"Then go; but if you need me, come to me at once, yourself, without any go-between. I shall be only too happy to do anything for you."

As he accompanied Gilbert to the door, he murmured: "Ah! if I could only have your reputation as an honest man for a single day, Monsieur Gilbert!"

As he closed the door behind the doctor, he sighed heavily, and wiped the sweat from his brow.

Gilbert hastened to the Abbaye with the precious document which was to restore Andrée to liberty. Although it was now nearly midnight, suspicious-looking groups were already congregated in the streets about the prison. Gilbert passed them, and walked to a door under a low, vaulted archway.

Here he rapped, and presented his order to the superintendent. The order directed that the person designated by Dr. Gilbert should be immediately released. Gilbert designated the Comtesse de Charny, and the superintendent ordered a turnkey to conduct Citizen Gilbert to the prisoner's cell.

Gilbert followed the gaoler up three flights of stairs, and into a cell lighted by a single lamp.

A lady dressed in black, and looking as white as marble

in her mourning garments, was seated near the table on which the lamp stood, reading a tiny book ornamented with a gilt cross.

In spite of the noise made by opening and closing the door, she did not raise her eyes. She seemed absorbed in her reading, or rather in her meditations, for Gilbert waited two or three minutes without seeing her turn a leaf. The turnkey had closed the door behind the doctor, and was waiting outside.

At last Gilbert said, "Madame —"

Andrée looked up.

"Ah! it is you, Monsieur Gilbert!" she exclaimed. "What do you desire?"

"Madame, there are terrible rumours afloat concerning what will occur in the prisons to-morrow."

"Yes," replied Andrée. "It seems quite probable that we are to be slaughtered; but I am anxious to die, as you know."

"I have come for you, nevertheless."

"For me? To take me where?"

"Wherever you please, madame. You are free;" and as he spoke he handed her Danton's order for her release.

She read it, but instead of returning it to the doctor, kept it in her hand.

"I might have known that you would come and try to prevent me from dying," she said, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Madame, there is one life in the world more precious to me than even my father's or mother's would have been, had Heaven vouchsafed me the blessing of parents; I mean yours."

"And that is the reason you broke your promise, I suppose."

"I did not break my promise. I sent you the poison."

"By my son."

"I did not say by whom I should send it."

"So you have thought of me? So you have ventured

into the lion's den for my sake, to bring me a talisman that will open the doors of my prison? I thank you; but this time I think I have death securely in my grasp," she added, with a much brighter smile than before.

"Madame, even if I have to take you away from here by force, I swear that you shall not die!"

Without making any reply, Andrée tore the order into several pieces, and threw them among the embers that were smouldering on the hearth.

"Attempt it!" she exclaimed.

Gilbert uttered àn exclamation of consternation.

"No, Monsieur Gilbert, I have renounced the idea of suicide, but not of death," she added.

"Oh, madame, madame!" groaned Gilbert.

"All I ask of you," she continued, "is that you will endeavour to recover my body — to save it, after death, from outrages it did not escape in life. Monsieur de Charny reposes in the tomb at Boursonnes. It was there the only happy days of my life were spent. I wish to lie beside him."

"Oh, madame, I implore you, in Heaven's name!"

"And I, monsieur, adjure you, in the name of my misfortunes —"

"So be it, madame. You have truly said that I have no alternative but to obey you in all things. I will leave you, but —"

"Do not forget my last request, monsieur."

"If I do not succeed in saving you in spite of yourself, your last request shall be obeyed."

With a low bow Gilbert retired, and the door closed behind him with that lugubrious sound peculiar to prison portals.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SECOND OF SEPTEMBER.

EXACTLY what Danton had predicted, happened. At the opening of the session Thuriot submitted to the Assembly the proposition suggested by the minister of justice the day before. The Assembly failed to understand the urgency of the case, and instead of coming to a decision at nine o'clock in the morning, discussed the matter at length, and finally adopted the proposed measure at one o'clock in the afternoon.

It was too late. Those four hours of delay retarded the progress of liberty in Europe a whole century.

Tallien was more clever. Requested by the Commune to despatch an order to the minister of justice to present himself at once before the City Council, Tallien wrote: —

"MONSIEUR SECRETARY, — On receipt of this communication, please come to the Hôtel de Ville at once."

But he addressed the communication to the minister of war instead of to the minister of justice.

Danton was expected, but Servan appeared in his stead. The blunder was explained, but the mistake was past recall.

We have said that the action of the Assembly was taken too late, and this is proved by the fact that the Commune, which was not in the habit of dallying, profited by the delay. What the Communists wanted was massacre and a dictatorship; but, as Danton said, cut-throats were not as numerous as people supposed.

During the night between the first and second of September, while Gilbert was vainly endeavouring to effect Andrée's release from the Abbaye, Marat was sending his mischief-makers to all the different political clubs and sections; but these emissaries failed to make any impression at the clubs, and only two of the forty-eight sections — the Poissonnière and the Luxembourg — voted for slaughter.

The Communists knew they could not establish a dictatorship unless they had Marat, Robespierre, and Danton on their side; and it was for this very reason that they had requested Danton's presence at the city-hall.

Danton had foreseen this summons, and taken such precautions as would preclude any possibility of the letter reaching him; for if he had received it, he would not have dared to disobey the summons.

Notwithstanding Danton's failure to appear, the Council realised the necessity of taking immediate action, and finally decided to appoint a committee of public safety. This committee, however, must be chosen from the members of the Council; so the question arose as to how Marat could be placed on this committee, inasmuch as he did not belong to the Council.

The entire matter was intrusted to Panis, not because Panis possessed much influence himself, but through Santerre, his brother-in-law, and Robespierre, his divinity, the power he wielded was so great that he was authorised to choose the three members who were to constitute the vigilance committee.

But Panis dared not assume the whole responsibility; so he requested three of his colleagues — Sergent, Duplain, and Jourdeuil — to assist him. They in turn chose five persons — Deforgues, Lenfant, Guermeur, Leclerc, and Durfort — to aid them.

The original document bears the names of Panis, Sergent, Duplain, and Jourdeuil; but on the margin, in an illegible hand supposed to be that of Panis, is another name. That name is *Marat;* but Marat really had no right to

serve upon the committee, as he was not a member of the Council.

With the name of Marat murder was enthroned. As we have said, the Commune did not procrastinate, but always transacted its business promptly.

At ten o'clock the vigilance committee was appointed, and immediately issued its first order, — an order for the transportation of twenty-four prisoners from the city-hall, where the committee was in session, to the Abbaye prison. Eight or nine of these twenty-four prisoners were priests,— or at least wore the garb of that execrated profession, of men who had instigated the disturbances in the Vendée and in the South.

The prisoners were to be conducted to the Abbaye by a guard consisting of Marseilles and Avignon federates. Four carriages were in readiness; six prisoners entered each vehicle, and a cannon-shot was to be the signal for departure. The motives of the Commune are apparent. The procession would excite the ire of the people, and the carriages would probably be stopped, and the prisoners murdered on the way, or else at the door of the prison. After that it would only be necessary to let things take their course; for the butchery, whether begun on the way or at the prison door, was sure to speedily cross the threshold.

It was the very moment when the carriages were leaving the city-hall that Danton took for appearing before the Assembly. He ascended the rostrum; but, unfortunately, he was alone, Roland being too honest a man to accompany his colleague. They looked for Roland, but looked for him in vain. Ability was there, but not Principle or Honour.

Manuel had just announced the dangerous situation of Verdun to the Commune, and had suggested that all enrolled citizens should encamp that night on the Champ de Mars, in order to be ready to march against the enemy at day-break the next morning.

This suggestion was adopted. Another member of the

Council, in view of the imminence of the danger, proposed firing signal-guns, tolling the bells, and beating a general alarm. This proposition was also adopted.

On the firing of the first gun, Monsieur de Beausire was to be hanged; and let us say here and now, despite our regret at parting with such an interesting personage, that the sentence was carried into execution. The third shot was to be the signal for the departure of the prisoners, so that the crowd that had assembled to witness Monsieur de Beausire's execution could also witness the departure of the prisoners, and take part in their slaughter if they so desired.

Danton was kept informed of all that was going on by Tallien. In his response to Lacroix, he alluded to the peril that threatened the country, and proposed an edict to the effect that any citizen who refused to serve in person, or to furnish arms, should be punished with death.

Then, in order that his plans and intentions might not be confounded with those of the Commune, he added: "This tolling of bells is not a signal of alarm, but the signal for a united attack upon the foes of our country. To conquer them, gentlemen, audacity is required, — audacity first, last, and every time. Then, France is saved!"

Thunders of applause greeted these words. Lacroix now arose, and proposed that any person or persons who directly or indirectly refused to obey legal decrees, or hindered, in any way, shape, or manner, the execution of the orders issued and the measures adopted by the executive power, should be punished with death.

The Assembly understood perfectly well now that they were asked to establish a dictatorship. The deputies pretended to approve; they appointed a committee of Girondists to frame the decree; but the Girondists, like Roland, were too honest themselves to feel much confidence in Danton, and the work dragged along until ten in the evening.

Danton became impatient, and after whispering a few words to Thuriot, telling him where he might be found in case the Assembly decided to confer dictatorial power upon him, left the hall.

Where was he to be found? At the Champ de Mars, among the volunteers. Had the power he asked been conferred upon him, it was doubtless his intention to secure the support of this large body of men, and then carry out the plan for securing additional troops for the frontier, which he had mentioned to Gilbert.

He waited until five o'clock, but no one came. Meanwhile, what had happened to the prisoners who were on their way to the Abbaye? Let us follow them.

At first they were protected by the vehicles in which they were confined. The instinct of danger led each man to keep as much out of sight as possible; but the guard in charge were continually denouncing them in the most abusive manner.

"Look at the traitors!" they cried. "See these accomplices of the Prussians! Men who would give up our cities to the enemy, and murder your wives and children while you are on your way to the frontier!"

But even such exclamations as these failed to start a massacre. Danton was right in saying that cut-throats were not so numerous as some persons supposed.

The procession was nearing the Abbaye now, and it was quite time to decide upon some course of action.

Should they wait and kill the prisoners after they reached the Abbaye? In that case, it would be evident to every one that the deed was done by order of the Commune, and not by the spontaneous fury of the populace.

Chance favoured the authors of these murderous projects, however. There was some obstruction at a street-corner near the prison, and the carriages were obliged to halt. The opportunity was an excellent one.

A man forced his way through the escort, and climbing upon the step of the first carriage, plunged a sabre into the

coach at random, several times, and then drew it out again, red with blood.

One of the prisoners who had a cane endeavoured to parry the blows with it, and while doing so happened to hit one of the guards in the face.

"What! you ruffians, you attack us while we are protecting you! Help, comrades, help!" cried the guard.

A score of men who had been eagerly waiting for some such pretext sprang out from the crowd. They were armed with pikes, and with knives fastened to long poles, and they thrust these savagely into the coach. One could hear the agonised cries of the victims, and see the blood oozing through the bottom of the carriage.

Blood calls for blood; the massacre which was to last four days had now fairly begun.

All day the prisoners crowded in the Abbaye had suspected from the faces of their jailers, and some word that escaped them now and then, that danger was imminent. In fact, that day, by special order of the Commune, meals were served considerably in advance of the usual hour in all the prisons.

About four o'clock the distant murmur of the crowd began to beat against the base of the grim prison walls like the first waves of the rising tide. From the barred windows of the tower overlooking the Rue Saint Marguerite, a few prisoners saw the approaching carriages; then shrieks of pain and rage were heard, followed by cries of: "The murderers are upon us!" — cries that penetrated every nook and corner of the gloomy prison, down to the very deepest dungeon of all.

Then came an angry roar of: "The Swiss! the Swiss!" There were one hundred and fifty Swiss in the Abbaye. It had been difficult to protect them from the fury of the populace on the tenth of August. The Commune knew how intensely the people hated the sight of those scarlet uniforms; so to begin the massacre by slaughtering the Swiss was an excellent way of initiating the people.

It took about two hours to despatch them. When the last one was killed the priests were called for. The priests said that they were willing to die, but wished to first partake of the sacrament.

This desire was granted, and a respite of two hours accorded them.

These two hours were devoted to the organisation of a tribunal.

Who presided over this tribunal? Maillard.

CHAPTER XXX.

MAILLARD.

Two hundred persons had been brutally murdered before Maillard organised this tribunal.

But one person had been spared, — the Abbé Sicard.

During the massacre two other persons — Pariscot, the journalist, and La Chapelle, the king's steward — leaped from a window, only to find themselves in the midst of a committee which happened to be in session at the Abbaye. This committee made the fugitives sit down beside them, and saved them in this way; but the perpetrators of the massacre deserve no credit, for it was no fault of theirs that these two men escaped.

We have mentioned the curious document among the records at the prefecture of police, noting the appointment of Marat on the committee of surveillance. The Abbaye register, a no less interesting document, is even now stained with the blood that spurted over the members of the tribunal.

An examination of this register will show two notes recurring again and again on the margin: "Killed by order of the people;" "Acquitted by the people," with the name *Maillard* below.

These notes are written in a clear, bold, steady, beautifully formed hand, as if the writer was untroubled by either fear or remorse. The last marginal note is repeated forty-three times, so Maillard spared the lives of exactly forty-three persons at the Abbaye.

While he is entering upon the duties of his new office, between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, let us follow

two men who have just left the Jacobin Club, and are now walking down the Rue Saint Anne. They are the high priest and his disciple, or, in other words, Robespierre and Saint-Just.

Saint-Just, whom we saw first on the evening of his initiation at the Masonic Lodge on the Rue Platrière, — Saint-Just, with the same unwholesome complexion, — too pale even for a woman, — and the same stiff, high cravat. The pupil of a cold, hard, unsympathetic master, he now far surpasses his master in these attributes.

The master still feels to some extent moved and excited by these fierce political combats; as for the pupil, all that is transpiring seems to him merely a game of chess on a large scale where the stakes are life. Have a care, you who are playing against him, for he is inflexible, and will show the loser no mercy.

Robespierre probably had his reasons for not returning to the Duplay's that night. Saint-Just's modest lodgings doubtless seemed a safer place than his own room in which to spend that terrible night, for Saint-Just was still unknown to fame. In fact, one might almost call him a boy.

The two men reached his little room about eleven o'clock. It is hardly necessary to mention the subject of their conversation. It was the massacre, of course, — but one spoke of it with the mawkish sensibility of a philosopher of the Rousseau school, and the other with the dryness and curtness of a mathematician. Sometimes Robespierre would even weep over his victims like the crocodile in the fable.

On entering his room, Saint-Just placed his hat on a table, removed his cravat, and began to undress.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Robespierre. Saint-Just gazed at him in such evident surprise that Robespierre repeated the question.

"I 'm going to bed, of course," replied the young man.

"Is it possible you can think of such a thing as sleep on a night like this?"

"Why not?"

"When thousands of victims are falling, or about to fall, — when to-night will be the last night on earth for so many who are still breathing, but who will have ceased to breathe ere the rising of to-morrow's sun, — how can you think of sleep?"

Saint-Just reflected a moment; then, as if this brief silence had only strengthened his former convictions, he said: "Yes, I know all that, but I also know that it must be a necessary evil, as you have authorised it. Suppose it were the yellow fever or one of those earthquakes by which so many people perish, — many more than will perish to-night. And yet no good results from such calamities, while in this case the death of our enemies will insure our safety; so I advise you to go home and go to bed, as I am doing, and try to sleep, — as I shall."

As he spoke, this cold-blooded young man lay down on the bed, and merely adding: "Good-by until to-morrow!" dropped off to sleep.

He slept as long and peacefully as if nothing extraordinary was going on. It was about half-past eleven when he fell asleep, and nearly six in the morning when he awoke. When he opened his eyes it seemed to him that some one was standing between his bed and the light, and turning towards the window, he saw Robespierre.

Supposing the latter had gone home the night before, and returned, he coolly asked: —

"What brings you out so early?"

"I did not go home."

"You did not go home?"

"No."

"And you have n't been a-bed?"

"No."

"Nor asleep?"

"No."

"Where did you spend the night?"

"Standing here, with my face pressed against the window-pane, listening to the sounds outside."

Robespierre spoke the truth. Either from fear, anxiety, or remorse, he had been unable to sleep a second.

As for Saint-Just, it had seemed as easy for him to sleep that night as any other night.

On the other side of the Seine, in the courtyard of the Abbaye prison, was a man who felt no more inclined to sleep than Robespierre. This man was standing almost concealed in shadow, in a corner of the passage leading from the prison proper into the courtyard. This passage had been converted into a court-room, and presented a singular appearance: A long table, lighted by two lamps, which were needed even in the daytime, stood in the middle of the passage. Twelve men were seated around this table, which was covered with sabres, swords, and pistols.

The stolid faces of these men, their robust frames, and the red caps and carmagnole jackets which they wore,— all showed that they belonged to the people.

Another man, making thirteen in all, who sat in their midst, was evidently the presiding officer. He was dressed in black, with a white waistcoat, and knee breeches. The expression of his face was grave, even solemn, and his head was bare.

This man was probably the only one of the party who could read and write. The prison register, together with writing materials, lay before him.

These men constituted the Abbaye tribunal. There was no appeal from the decision of these grim judges whose fiats were instantly carried out by fifty or more stalwart executioners, dripping with blood, and armed with sabres, daggers, and pikes, who were in attendance in the courtyard.

The presiding officer was ex-sheriff Maillard, of the court of the Châtelet.

Did he go there of his own accord, or was he sent by Danton? No one can answer that question. On the 4th of September Maillard disappeared, and was never even heard of again. He was drowned in blood, so to speak.

He had been presiding over this tribunal ever since ten o'clock the evening before. After selecting twelve jurors hap-hazard out of the crowd around him, he seated himself at the head of the table, with six men on his right hand and six on his left, and ordered the prison register to be placed before him.

The name of each prisoner was read in turn, and while the turnkeys summoned the prisoner, Maillard stated the grounds for imprisonment. When the culprit made his appearance, the presiding officer consulted his colleagues with a glance. If their decision was adverse, Maillard merely said: "To La Force!"

Whereupon the outer door was opened, and the condemned fell beneath the knives of the self-appointed executioners.

If, on the contrary, the prisoner was acquitted, Maillard would rise, place his hand on the prisoner's head, and say: "Let him be released!" and that prisoner was saved.

When Maillard first presented himself at the prison door, a man stepped from the crowd, and exchanged a few words with him. Subsequently, after the tribunal had been organised, the presiding officer whispered to this man: "Stand there, and when the person in whom you are interested is brought in, make a sign to me."

So the man had been standing there silent and motionless ever since the evening before. This man was Gilbert. He had sworn to Andrée that she should not die, and he was trying to keep his promise.

From four to six in the morning both judges and executioners rested from their labors, and during that time wagons sent by the Commune came to remove the dead. The coagulated blood in the courtyard was three inches deep; and as this made it very slippery to the feet, and as it would take too long to clean it up, a hundred bundles of straw were brought in and spread on the pavement, after which they covered the straw with the clothing of the dead, and the garments and straw together absorbed the blood.

While the judges and executioners were resting everything became quiet again, and the remaining prisoners began to hope that the massacre would end with the slaughter of the king's guards and the Swiss. But this hope was of brief duration. About half-past six in the morning the carnage began again.

A jailer came to tell Maillard that the prisoners were ready to die, but wished to hear Mass first.

Maillard shrugged his shoulders, but granted the request. He was engaged, just then, in conversation with a messenger from the Commune, — a slender, mild-faced man, wearing a purplish-brown suit and a small wig.

This man was Billaud-Varennes, and he addressed the executioners as follows: —

"Brave citizens, you have purged society of many great culprits! The municipal government scarcely knows how to pay its debt to you. The spoils of the dead really belong to you, but that would look like stealing; so, as an indemnity for that loss, I am instructed to offer each of you twenty-four francs, which will be paid at once."

And Billaud-Varennes actually caused the pay for this bloody work to be distributed then and there.

We will state the reason for this remarkable display of generosity on the part of the Commune.

During the night of September 2d, some of the executioners who were without shoes and stockings went to the headquarters of the section, and asked permission to appropriate the dead men's footgear. The officials consented; but after a little, Maillard noticed that these men considered it unnecessary to ask permission, and took not only shoes and stockings, but everything else that was worth taking. Maillard protested to the Commune; hence Billaud-Varennes's little speech, and the silence with which it was received.

Meanwhile the prisoners were hearing Mass. Abbé Lenfant, a former chaplain of the king, read the service, and Abbé de Rastignac assisted him. They were both aged

men, with benevolent countenances, and their words of resignation and faith did much to comfort and console their unfortunate auditors.

The little congregation was just kneeling to receive the benediction when the calls for victims began again, and the first name uttered was that of the officiating clergyman. He crossed himself, finished his invocation, and then calmly followed the persons who had come for him.

The second priest continued the solemn exhortation. He was the next victim summoned, and he, in turn, calmly followed those who summoned him.

The conversation of the remaining prisoners became gloomy indeed, as they discussed the probable manner of their death, and the chances of more or less prolonged torture. Some suggested reaching out their heads in order that they might be severed from their bodies at a single blow; others proposed to hold their hands behind their backs, so as to offer no resistance.

One young man exclaimed: "I 'll soon find out the easiest way," and hastily climbed up into a turret that overlooked the scene of the massacre. When he came back, he said: "Those who are stabbed in the breast die easiest."

Almost simultaneously, the words, "My God, I come to thee!" were heard, followed by a long sigh.

Monsieur de Chantereine, a colonel in the king's Constitutional Guards, had stabbed himself three times in the breast with a knife.

Several other prisoners took the knife and tried to kill themselves with it, but only one succeeded.

There were three women present, — two terrified young girls, who were clinging to two aged men, and a lady dressed in mourning, who was kneeling in prayer, smiling calmly as she prayed.

The two young girls were Mademoiselle de Cazotte and Mademoiselle de Sombreuil. The two aged men were their fathers. The lady in mourning was Andrée.

Monsieur de Montmorin was the next person called.

This gentleman, it will be remembered, was the Cabinet Minister who signed the passports by means of which the king had attempted to escape from the country; and Montmorin was so unpopular on this account that a young man came very near being killed the day before, merely because he bore the same name.

Monsieur de Montmorin had not come to listen to the priests' exhortation, but had remained in his cell, anathematising his enemies, shouting for weapons to defend himself, shaking the iron bars of his cell, and even breaking an oak table made of boards two inches thick.

He had to be dragged before the tribunal by force, and he entered the passageway with a face pale with rage, bloodshot eyes, and fists clenched threateningly.

"To La Force!" said Maillard, promptly. The ex-minister took the words literally, and supposed he was simply to be transferred from one prison to another, so he said: —

"Monsieur President, — as it pleases you to call yourself by that name, — I hope you will have me taken there in a carriage, so I will not be exposed to the insults of your vile cut-throats."

"Order a carriage for Monsieur le Comte de Montmorin," said Maillard, with perfect politeness. Then, turning to Montmorin, he added: "Have the goodness to be seated while waiting for your carriage, monsieur!"

Five minutes later the carriage was announced, one of the supernumeraries having understood the part he had to play in the drama.

The fatal door opened, — the one leading to death, — and Monsieur de Montmorin passed through it; but he had scarcely taken three steps when he fell, pierced by twenty pikes.

Then came many prisoners whose obscure names are shrouded in oblivion. Then Cazotte — a well-known writer, who had embraced the cause of the counter-Revolution with great enthusiasm — was called. His daughter usually

acted as his secretary; and when her father was arrested she came and asked permission to share his imprisonment. If any one could be excused for entertaining royalistic sentiments it would certainly be this man of seventy-five years, whose feet were rooted in the monarchy of Louis XIV., and who, to lull the Duc de Bourgogne to sleep, had composed two songs which afterwards became extremely popular.[1] But though these reasons might have prevailed with philosophers, they had no influence over the slaughterers at the Abbaye. But as soon as Gilbert saw this handsome bright-eyed, white-haired old gentleman, he made a movement as if to go and meet him, and Maillard noted the movement.

Cazotte advanced, leaning on his daughter's arm; but as soon as they entered the passage, the young girl perceived that they were in the presence of their judges; so, leaving her father, she pleaded for him so sweetly and eloquently that even these stern-hearted jurors began to waver. The poor child saw that there were really hearts concealed beneath these rough exteriors, but that she must abase herself to find them, and she devoted herself to the task with her whole soul. These men, who had not known what it was to shed a tear for years, wept profusely, and even Maillard dashed away a tear from eyes that had contemplated this terrible massacre unflinchingly. At last he stretched out his hand, and laid it on Cazotte's head: "Let him be released," he said.

The daughter did not know what to think.

"Have no fears," said Gilbert. "Your father is safe, mademoiselle."

Two of the jurors rose and accompanied Cazotte as far as the street, for fear that through some fatal mistake death might overtake him after all.

Hour after hour passed, and still the massacre went on.

[1] *Tout au beau Milieu des Ardennes*, and *Commère, il faut chauffer le lit.*

Benches were brought into the courtyard for the spectators, the wives and children of the executioners being permitted to witness the bloody work. It was not enough for these butchers to be paid; they wanted to be seen and applauded as well.

About five o'clock in the afternoon Monsieur de Sombreuil was called. He was a prominent Royalist, like Cazotte, and the difficulty of saving him was the greater from the well-remembered fact that, as governor of the Hôtel des Invalides, he had fired upon the populace on the fourteenth of July. Besides, his sons were in the enemy's ranks, and one had so distinguished himself at Longwy that the King of Prussia had bestowed a decoration upon him.

Monsieur de Sombreuil's bearing was noble and dignified, and, like the other venerable prisoner, he advanced, leaning on his daughter's arm.

This time Maillard did not dare to order the prisoner's release; but, with an evident effort, he said: "Whether this prisoner be innocent or guilty, I think it would ill become the people to besmear their hands with the blood of so venerable a man."

Mademoiselle de Sombreuil overheard these noble words, and drew her father out through the door, exclaiming: "Saved! saved!"

No sentence either of condemnation or acquittal had been pronounced, and two or three of the executioners put in their heads to ask what they were to do.

The jurors were silent; but at last one said: "Do as you please."

"Then let the young girl drink to the health of the nation!" cried the wretches.

A man covered with blood, with his sleeves rolled up, and a most ferocious expresssion of countenance, handed Mademoiselle de Sombreuil a glass, filled, some say with blood, some say with wine. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil cried: "Long live the nation!" and moistened her lips with

the liquid, whatever it may have been, — and Monsieur de Sombreuil was saved.

Two hours more passed before the cold voice of Maillard was heard, summoning Citizeness Andrée de Taverney.

The sound made Gilbert's limbs tremble under him, and his heart sink. A life far more precious to him than his own was about to be lost or saved.

"Citizens," said Maillard, "the person who is about to appear before you is a poor creature who was devoted to the Austrian woman in years gone; but the latter — ungrateful as queens are ever wont to be — repaid her devotion with treachery and ingratitude. To her friendship for the queen this poor woman sacrificed all she possessed, — her fortune and her husband. You will see that she is dressed in black; and to whom does she owe her mourning? To the prisoner in the Temple! Citizens, I ask this woman's life of you."

The members of the tribunal made signs of assent. One man, and only one man, expressed any doubt.

"We will see," he said.

"Very well, see, then," responded Maillard. For at that very moment the door leading from the prison opened, and a woman dressed in black appeared. Her face was shrouded in a veil, and she advanced alone, with a firm and majestic tread. One might have taken her for an inhabitant of "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," as Hamlet says.

The jurors trembled on beholding her. Advancing to the table, she raised her veil, and such marvellous yet unearthly beauty never before met the eye of mortal. She looked like a marble goddess. Every eye was riveted upon her, and Gilbert held his breath in awe.

Addressing Maillard in sweet, but icy tones, she asked: —

"Are you the presiding officer of this tribunal?"

"Yes, citizeness," replied Maillard, surprised that he, the questioner, should find himself thus questioned.

"I am the Comtesse de Charny, wife of the Comte de Charny, killed on that most infamous day, the tenth of August. I am also a Royalist, and a devoted friend of the queen. I richly deserve death in your opinion, and I come to claim it at your hands."

The jurors uttered a cry of surprise. Gilbert turned pale, and drew as far back in his corner as possible, so as not to be seen by Andrée.

Perceiving Gilbert's consternation, Maillard exclaimed: "This woman is not in her right mind. The loss of her husband has turned her brain. Let us take pity on her and spare her."

He arose, and was about to place his hand on her head, as he was accustomed to do with those he declared innocent, but Andrée pushed away his hand.

"I am in full possession of my senses," she said. "If you wish to spare any one let it be some person who asks and deserves such a boon, not a person who not only does not deserve, but positively refuses it."

Maillard turned to Gilbert, and noting his beseeching attitude, again exclaimed: "This woman is demented. Let her be released." And as he spoke he motioned to one of the jurors to push her out through the door.

"Innocent!" cried the man. "Let her pass!" Everyone made way for her. Even the sabres and pikes were lowered before this personification of Grief. But she had scarcely gone ten steps before Gilbert, who was watching her, saw her pause, and heard her cry out:—

"Long live the King! Long live the Queen! Shame on the tenth of August!"

Gilbert groaned and rushed out into the courtyard; but he was too late. He saw a sabre flash, then, quick as lightning, bury itself in Andrée's heart.

Gilbert reached her just in time to catch her as she fell. She turned her failing eyes upon him, and recognising him, murmured, in a voice that was scarcely audible: "Love Sebastian for both of us!" Then, in still fainter tones,

she murmured: "I shall lie beside him, shall I not? beside my Oliver, my husband, — for all eternity!"

And so she died.

Gilbert lifted her from the ground. Fifty blood-stained hands threatened him, but Maillard stepped up behind him, placed his hand on his shoulder, and said: "Let Citizen Gilbert pass. He is carrying away the body of a poor insane woman who was killed by mistake."

The crowd made way for him, and Gilbert passed out of the courtyard unmolested, so great was Maillard's power over the multitude.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SCENES AT THE TEMPLE DURING THE MASSACRE.

THOUGH bent upon organising a wide-spread massacre, and upon subjugating the Assembly through terror, the Commune watched the prisoners in the Temple with a jealous eye.

Longwy had been captured by the Prussians, and Verdun was surrounded by the same army, which was consequently only about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Paris now. As the royal family were valuable hostages that might save the lives of the most deeply compromised Republicans by and by, the Communal Council promptly despatched a guard to the Temple; but well aware that no guard, however strong, would suffice to protect this prison if the populace resolved to gain possession of it, one of the commissioners hit upon the shrewd device of encircling the edifice with a tricoloured ribbon bearing this inscription: —

Fellow-citizens, you who so well understand how to combine love of public order with vengeance, respect this barrier.

Strange times, indeed, were these, when heavy oaken doors were battered in, and iron gratings demolished, and yet the populace bowed down before a ribbon! Yes; the mob absolutely knelt before that tricoloured ribbon and kissed it. Not a man stepped over it!

On the 2d of September the king and queen had no suspicion of what was going on in the city. They noticed that there seemed to be rather more confusion and disorder than usual in and around the Temple, but they were becoming accustomed to these outbreaks on the part of the populace.

The king dined at two, as usual; and after dinner went down into the garden, as was his custom, accompanied by all the members of his immediate family; and during their promenade they noticed that the clamour outside greatly increased.

One of the municipal officers who was in attendance that day whispered to a colleague, loud enough for Cléry to hear: "We made a mistake in permitting them to take a walk to-day."

It was then about three o'clock, the hour the slaughter of the prisoners began.

The only servants the king had been allowed to retain were Cléry and Hué. The unfortunate Thierry was in the Abbaye prison, and had been sentenced to be executed on the following day.

The second municipal officer agreed with his colleague in thinking they had done wrong to allow the royal family to come down into the garden, and intimated to the august prisoners that they had better go inside at once.

They did so, but they had scarcely reached the queen's room before two other municipal officers entered. One of them, a former Capuchin, named Mathieu, approached the king, and said: "Do you know what is going on, citizen? The country is in the greatest danger."

"How can you expect me to know what is going on outside, monsieur, when I am kept shut up here, cut off from all communication with the outer world?" responded the king.

"Well, I will tell you what is going on. Our enemies have reached Champagne, and the King of Prussia is marching upon Châlons."

The queen could not repress a movement of joy, which, rapid as it was, did not escape the official's keen eye, and he exclaimed: —

"Oh yes, we know that we shall all perish, and our wives and children as well; but you will be held accountable for it! You will die before we do, and the people will be avenged!"

"God's will be done!" answered the king, devoutly. "I have done all I could for the people, and feel that I have no cause to reproach myself."

The same official then said, turning to Hué, who was standing by the door: —

"The Commune has ordered me to place you under arrest."

"Place whom under arrest?" interposed the king.

"Your servant."

"Of what is he accused?"

"That is no affair of mine. But he will be taken away this evening, and his papers be put under seal. And you, too, had better look out," he added, turning to Cléry; "for the same thing will happen to you if you don't walk straight."

About eleven o'clock the next morning the king and his family were again assembled in the queen's chamber, when another municipal officer came in and ordered Cléry to go over to the king's room. Here he found Manuel and several other members of the Commune. The countenance of each and every one expressed the liveliest anxiety. Manuel, as we have before remarked, was not fond of bloodshed, and there was a conservative element even in the Commune.

"What does the king think of the seizure of his valet?" inquired Manuel.

"His Majesty is greatly distressed about it," answered Cléry.

"No evil will befall him," said Manuel. "Still, I am requested to inform the king that Hué is not to return, but that the Commune will send some one in his place. You can apprise the king of the fact."

"Such a task is certainly not included in the duties of my office," replied Cléry, with dignity; "so please have the goodness to excuse me from announcing to my master a fact that is sure to grieve him."

Manuel reflected a moment.

"So be it," he said, at last. "I will go myself."

He did so. The king received the intelligence very calmly.

"Very well, monsieur," he replied. "I will avail myself of the services of my son's valet. If the Council objects to that I will endeavour to wait upon myself."

"Do you need anything?" asked Manuel.

"We need linen very much," answered the king. "Do you think you could prevail upon the Commune to furnish some?"

"I will call their attention to the matter at once." Then, as the king did not ask him for any news from the outside world, Manuel withdrew.

About one o'clock the king expressed a wish to take a walk, but this time the officials in charge refused to give the desired permission; so about two o'clock the family sat down to dinner. The meal was about half over when the beating of drums was heard, accompanied by the shrieks and yells of an angry mob approaching nearer and nearer to the prison.

The royal family sprang up from the table and hastened back to the queen's room.

What was the cause of all this uproar?

They were slaughtering prisoners at La Force as well as at the Abbaye, not under the superintendence of Maillard, but of Hébert, so the massacre was all the more terrible.

And yet it would have been much easier to save these prisoners, as there were not nearly so many political offenders incarcerated in La Force as in the Abbaye; but forty-three prisoners were spared at the Abbaye, and only ten at La Force.

Among the prisoners at La Force was the poor little Princesse de Lamballe. Our readers have made the acquaintance of this lady in the books entitled: "The Queen's Necklace," and "Ange Pitou," as well as in the present volume, and always in the character of the queen's devoted friend and admirer.

For this reason the populace hated her bitterly, and styled her the Queen's Counsellor. She had been the queen's confidante and intimate friend, but never the queen's adviser. This charming Savoyard, with her dainty, compressed lips and rather set smile, was capable of loving, and proved it; but an adviser, — an adviser to an arrogant, obstinate, domineering woman like the queen, she certainly never was!

The queen loved her exactly as she had loved Madame de Guémené, Madame de Marsan, and Madame de Polignac; but being capricious and fickle in her friendships, she had probably made the princess suffer as much as her friend, as she had made Charny suffer as a lover; but, as we have seen, the lover became weary of her, while the friend remained faithful.

Nevertheless, both perished for the woman they had loved. The princess had proved her loyalty by returning from England and demanding her place by the queen's side as soon as she heard of the arrest of the royal family at Varennes, and, conducted at first to the Temple with the queen, she was very soon afterwards transferred to La Force.

She had hoped to die near the queen, — with the queen. Under such circumstances death would have seemed sweet to her; but separated from the queen her courage failed her. This woman was not of Andrée's stamp. She was positively ill with terror.

She was well aware of the intense animosity against her. Confined with Madame de Navarre in one of the upper rooms of the prison, she had seen Madame de Tourzel taken away the night before, and realised perfectly that she had only been left to die a little later.

Hiding her head under the bed-clothes, like a terrified child, whenever she heard the shrieks of the victims in the courtyard below, she relapsed into a condition of unconsciousness again and again, exclaiming, when she came to her senses: "Oh, my God! my God! I hoped I was dead!"

Then she would add, sobbingly: "Oh! if one could only die as one swoons, one would not mind!"

Murder was going on everywhere, — in the courtyard, in the lower rooms, even in the cells, and the smell of blood mounted to her room like funeral incense.

About eight o'clock in the morning her door opened. Her terror was so great that she did not even speak or move as she saw two National Guards enter.

"Get up, madame," said one, roughly. "You 're to be taken to the Abbaye."

"I cannot leave my bed. I am not able to walk," she faltered. Then, in a voice that was scarcely audible, she added: "If you want to kill me, you can do it here."

"Do what I say. We want to save you," whispered one man, while the other stood guard at the door.

"Then step outside and let me dress myself."

Strange to say, the two men did go out, and Madame de Navarre helped the princess dress, or, rather, put her clothes on for her.

In about ten minutes the two men came in again. The princess was ready, only she was really unable to walk, as she had said. She trembled like an aspen leaf as she took the arm of the National Guardsman who had tried to encourage her, and when she found herself in the presence of Hébert's bloody tribunal, and saw the ferocious-looking executioners with their sleeves rolled up and their hands and clothing covered with blood, the poor princess fainted away.

Three times the judges attempted to interrogate her, and three times she swooned, without being able to answer a single question.

"But they wish to save you," cautiously whispered the man who had encouraged her before.

This assurance seemed to impart a little strength to the unfortunate woman, and she murmured: —

"What do you desire of me, gentlemen?"

"Who are you?" asked Hébert.

"Marie Louise de Savoie Carignan."

"Your business?"

"Superintendent of the queen's household."

"Do you know anything in relation to the conspiracies of the court on the 10th of August?"

"I do not think that there were any conspiracies. If there were, I was kept in ignorance of them."

"Swear to uphold Liberty and Equality! Swear hatred to the King, Queen, and all royalists!"

"I will take the first oath willingly; but I cannot swear to the other, because such a feeling is not in my heart."

"Swear, swear!" whispered the guardsman, softly. "Swear, or you're a dead woman. Swear, I say!"

As if fearing that her terror of death might cause her to utter an oath of which she was ashamed, the princess put her hand over her mouth as if to keep back words which might escape her in spite of herself.

A sort of moan was heard through her fingers.

"She has sworn!" cried her protector. Then he said, softly: "Pass out quickly through the door directly in front of you. Hurrah for the Nation as you go out, and you are saved!"

As she stepped out of the door she found herself in the arms of a man called Big Nicholas, the same who had cut off the heads of the two body-guards at Versailles; but this time he had promised to save instead of kill.

Dragging her towards a shapeless, quivering, bleeding mass, he whispered, hurriedly:—

"Shout: 'Long live the Nation.' Make haste and shout: 'Long live the Nation!'"

She would doubtless have shrieked out these words; but, unfortunately, on opening her eyes she saw in front of her a pile of dead bodies upon which a man was trampling, the blood gushing out from beneath his hob-nailed shoes as grape-juice gushes out from beneath the feet of one who treads the wine-press.

As she beheld the ghastly sight she shrank back in

horror, averting her face, and exclaiming, "Shame! how horrible!"

But this cry, too, was smothered in order to save her. It is said that her father-in-law, Monsieur de Penthièvre, had paid one hundred thousand francs to secure her release.

She was pushed into the narrow passageway leading from the prison to the Rue Saint Antoine; but a miserable wretch, a barber named Charlot, who had just joined the volunteers as a drummer, snatched off her cap with his pike.

Did he merely intend to pull off her cap, or did he intend to strike her in the face?

At all events, the blood flowed, and blood always calls for more blood. Another man hurled a stick of wood at the princess and struck her on the neck. She stumbled, and fell upon one knee.

There was no longer any possibility of saving her, for a shower of blows from pikes and sabres rained upon her from every side. She did not utter a single cry, for she had really lost consciousness almost simultaneously with the utterance of those last words of terror and loathing.

The princess had hardly expired — perhaps she was still alive — when these fiends rushed upon her; and in an instant every garment, even to her chemise, was stripped from her body. It was an obscene sentiment that caused her murderers to thus hastily despoil her of her raiment; they wanted to see the beautiful form to which the women of Lesbos would have rendered reverent homage.

Naked as she came into the world, she was laid upon a bench for the crowd to gaze upon. Four men stationed themselves behind this bench to wash away the blood that flowed from seven gaping wounds; a fifth pointed out the beauties which were said to have secured her royal favour, and which thus became the cause, or, at least, the indirect cause of her death.

She remained thus exposed to the public gaze from eight o'clock in the morning until noon; then, the spectators becoming weary of this scandalous exposure of the dead, a

man came and cut off her head. Alas! that long neck, flexible as a swan's, offered little resistance.

Grison was the name of the wretch who committed this outrage, more heinous far than if it had been committed upon a living being. History is the most inexorable of divinities. She plucks a quill from her wing, dips it in blood, writes a name, and that name is held up for the execration of posterity!

Subsequently, this same man was guillotined as the leader of a band of thieves.

A second man, named Rodi, opened the breast of the princess, and plucked out her heart.

It was on account of her love for the queen that the poor lady was thus mutilated. How terribly then must the queen be hated!

They placed these detached portions of the body on pikes, and started towards the Temple, followed by an immense crowd. On the way they halted in front of a hairdressing establishment. The man who had carried the head went in, and placing it on the table, exclaimed: "Dress this head for me. It is going to visit its mistress at the Temple."

After the beautiful hair was curled the crowd again started towards the Temple, shouting and yelling vociferously.

This was the uproar the royal family heard while at the dinner-table.

The ruffians presented themselves at the Temple; but the tricoloured ribbon barred their passage. These men, these assassins, these murderers, these butchers — dared not step over a ribbon.

They asked that a deputation of six persons should be allowed to enter, and march around the town in order to exhibit these bloody trophies to the queen. The request seemed so reasonable to the officers of the prison that it was granted without discussion.

The king was playing, or pretending to play a game of

backgammon with the queen; for, under the pretext of playing, the prisoners could draw nearer together, and so utter a few words unheard by the municipal officers who were in constant attendance.

All at once the king saw one of the officials, a man named Danjou, rush to the window and draw the curtain.

"What is the matter?" asked the king.

The official, seeing that the queen's back was turned motioned the king not to question him; but, notwithstanding that windows and doors were both closed, fierce yells, insults, and threats were distinctly audible. The king perceived that something terrible was going on, and placed his hand on the queen's shoulder to prevent her from moving.

Almost at the same instant a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the official was obliged to open it, though sorely against his will.

Several officers of the guard, as well as two or three municipal officers, were standing outside.

"Is my family in danger?" asked the king.

"No," answered a man dressed in the uniform of a captain in the National Guards; "but there is a rumour afloat that there is no one here at the tower, — that you have all escaped. Show yourself at the window, so as to satisfy the people."

The king, not suspecting in the least what was going on, saw no reason for refusing; so he started towards the window.

"Don't do it, monsieur," cried Danjou, suddenly, intercepting him. Then, turning to the visitors, he added: "The people ought to have more confidence in their magistrates."

"Well, that is n't all, I admit," retorted the man in uniform. "They want you to come to the window to see the head and heart of the Princesse de Lamballe, which they have brought here to show you, so you may know how the people treat tyrants. I advise you to go to the window. If you don't the things will be brought up here."

The queen uttered a cry and fainted. Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale caught her as she fell.

"You might have dispensed with informing the queen of this terrible outrage, monsieur," said the king. "See what you have done," he added, pointing to the group of terror-stricken ladies.

But the man only shrugged his shoulders, and went out singing the "Carmagnole."

About six o'clock Petion's secretary came to pay the king twenty-five hundred francs.

Seeing the queen standing silent and motionless, he fancied it was out of respect to him, and was considerate enough to ask her to be seated.

Madame Royale remarks in her Memoirs: —

"He did not know that ever since that terrible shock my mother had been standing rigidly erect and motionless, taking no notice of what was going on around her."

Terror had transformed Marie Antoinette into a statue.

CHAPTER XXXII.

VALMY.

And now let us turn from these frightful scenes of carnage and follow through the defiles of Argonne one of the prominent personages of our story, upon whom the destinies of France now depend. The reader will readily understand that we refer to Dumouriez.

On resigning his position in the Cabinet, Dumouriez had resumed the duties of a general in the field, and after Lafayette's flight from France he received the appointment of commander-in-chief of the Army of the East.

This appointment really amounted to a sort of miracle of intuition on the part of those in power. Dumouriez was cordially hated by some and despised by others; but more fortunate than Danton, he had been unanimously acknowledged to be the only man who could save France.

The Girondists, who had first nominated Dumouriez, now hated him, for it will be remembered that he had driven the leading men of their party out of the Cabinet; nevertheless, insignificant as his position in the Army of the North was, they cordially agreed to his appointment as commander-in-chief.

The Jacobins, too, hated and despised Dumouriez, but they knew that military glory was this man's one ambition in life, and that he would conquer or die. Robespierre did not dare to support him on account of Dumouriez's unpopularity in the Jacobin party, but he persuaded Couthon to give him his support.

Danton neither disliked nor despised Dumouriez. He was one of those men who care little or nothing about a

person's reputation, and who do not even scorn to employ vice itself, if it can be made to further their ends. Danton realised the great advantages which might be derived from Dumouriez's generalship, but distrusted his reliability, so he sent two men to watch him, Fabre d'Eglantine and Westermann.

The entire armies of France were placed in the hands of a man who was known to be an intriguer. Luckner, who had proved his lack of military ability at the very beginning of the campaign, was sent to Châlons to raise recruits. Dillon, a brave and distinguished soldier who had been Dumouriez's superior in rank, was instructed to obey him. Kellermann, too, was made subservient to the orders of the man to whom despairing France was intrusting her sword, and saying: "Defend me, for I know of no one else who can do it!"

Kellermann grumbled and swore, but obeyed, though not with a very good grace. In fact, the booming of cannon was needed to make him show himself the devoted patriot he really was.

The advance of the allied sovereigns upon Paris had been carefully mapped out and divided into a certain number of stages; but after the capture of Longwy and the surrender of Verdun, the allied armies suddenly halted.

What was the reason of this?

A spectre was standing between them and Paris, — the ghost of Beaurepaire.

Beaurepaire was a veteran officer who organized and commanded the Maine and Loire Battalion. As soon as he heard that the enemy had set foot on the soil of France, he and his men hastened to the scene of action.

On the way they met a patriot deputy from their Department who was returning home.

"What news shall I take to your friends?" asked the deputy.

"Say that we are dead!" answered a voice.

No Spartan marching to Thermopylæ could have given a more sublime answer.

The enemy halted before Verdun, Aug. 30th, 1792. On the 31st the city was called upon to surrender.

Beaurepaire and his men, supported by Marceau, wanted to fight to the last; but the council of defence, composed of the municipal authorities and several prominent citizens of the place, ordered a surrender.

Beaurepaire smiled disdainfully.

"I have sworn to die rather than surrender," he said. "You may survive shame and dishonour if you wish, but I shall keep my oath. This is my final decision."

And he blew his brains out then and there.

This spectre was as gigantic, and even more terrible than the Giant Adamastor. Now, for the first time, the allied sovereigns, who had believed the statements of the Royalist refugees, and so felt confident that France would receive them with open arms, saw their mistake.

They beheld the fruitful and populous soil of France change as if by the touch of a magic wand. Grain disappeared as if swept away by a hurricane. The armed peasant alone remained in the furrow. Those who had guns took their guns; those who had scythes took their scythes; those who had only a pitchfork took that.

The weather, too, favoured France. Heavy rains drenched the men, softened the ground, and spoiled the roads. True, the rain fell upon one army as well as upon the other, upon the French as well as upon the Prussians, only everything else combined to aid France, while everything else was hostile to Prussia.

For the Pussians, the peasants had nothing but guns, scythes, and pitchforks; while for their compatriots they had a glass of wine or beer hidden away, and plenty of dry straw to spread over the ground and make a comfortable bed for the soldiers.

Many blunders were made, and Dumouriez's were not among the least of them. In his Memoirs he records them all, — his own, as well as those of his subordinates.

He had written to the National Assembly, —

"The defiles of Argonne are the Thermopylæ of France; but have no fears. More fortunate than Leonidas, I shall not perish there."

But the defiles of Argonne proved to be poorly guarded. One of them was taken, and Dumouriez was obliged to beat a retreat. Two of his subordinates missed their way, and met with heavy losses. Dumouriez himself lost his way, and narrowly escaped capture. He had fifteen thousand men, but they were so utterly demoralised that they were twice put to rout by fifteen hundred Prussians. Nevertheless, Dumouriez was the one man who did not despair; his courage and cheerfulness were unimpaired.

In writing to the Council, he said: "I will be responsible for everything;" and though he was pursued and intercepted, he nevertheless succeeded in effecting a union with Beurnonville's ten thousand men, and Kellermann's fifteen thousand. Then he rallied his scattered forces, and on September 19th he was encamped at Saint Menehould with seventy-six thousand men, while the Prussian force numbered only seventy thousand.

It is true that this army often complained. The soldiers were sometimes without bread for two or three days. Then Dumouriez would go about among the men and say: "My friends, the famous Marshal Saxe wrote a book upon War, in which he claims that troops should be deprived of bread at least once a week to make them less susceptible to privation in case of need. We have arrived at that state of things already; but you are much better off than the Prussians. They go four days without bread sometimes, and have to eat their dead horses. You have lard, rice, and flour. Make flapjacks, and Liberty will season them for you."

There was a still greater difficulty to contend with, however.

The scum of Paris, the scum which rose to the surface

on the 2d of September, had been driven into the army. The miserable scoundrels came singing the "Ça ira," and declaring that epaulettes and embroidered coats must be cast aside, and everybody and everything be placed on terms of equality. But no one paid any attention to their threats or advances. The general merely announced that a review would take place the following day.

The next day, by an unexpected manœuvre, the newcomers found themselves surrounded by a large body of cavalry, and another of infantry, after which Dumouriez walked straight up to them, and said, imperiously: —

"You fellows, — for I will not call you citizens or soldiers or my children, — you fellows, see this artillery in front of you, and this cavalry behind you; that is to say, you are between fire and sword. You have disgraced yourselves by your crimes. I shall tolerate no thieves or assassins here, and I will have you cut to pieces at the very first sign of insubordination. If you mend your ways, and conduct yourself like the other members of the brave army into which you have had the honour of being admitted, you will find a good father in me. I know there are a number of scoundrels among you who have been sent with you to incite you to crime. Drive them from your midst yourselves, or else denounce them to me. I hold you all responsible for one another."

And these men not only bowed their heads submissively and became excellent soldiers, and expelled the unworthy from their ranks, but, what is more, they hacked in pieces that same miserable Charlot who had struck the Princesse de Lamballe with a club, and afterwards carried her head away on the end of a pike.

Such was the condition of things while they were waiting for Kellermann, without whom nothing could be done.

On the 19th of September Dumouriez received notice that Kellermann was about five miles to the left of him, and the former at once sent him instructions to encamp the

next day on the other side of the Auve, between Dampierre and Élize. The exact location was carefully indicated.

Just as he was sending these instructions to Kellermann, Dumouriez saw the Prussian army appear on the mountains in front of him, thus proving that the Prussians were between him and Paris, — and, consequently, nearer Paris; so Dumouriez immediately sent word to Kellermann to take the heights of Valmy and Gizaucourt as his battlefield. Kellermann confounded his camping place with his battlefield, and paused on the heights of Valmy. This was either a great mistake or a daring venture on his part.

Situated as he was, Kellermann could retreat only by taking his army across a narrow bridge. He could fall back on Dumouriez's right only by crossing a marsh, in which he was almost certain to be swallowed up. He could fall back on Dumouriez's left only by passing through a deep valley or ravine where he was likely to be crushed. There was, consequently, little or no chance of escape in case of defeat.

Was that what the brave Alsatian wanted? In that case, he succeeded most admirably; for no better spot could have been found for an army that was resolved to conquer or die.

Brunswick gazed at the French with amazement, and remarked to the King of Prussia: "Those fellows have evidently made up their minds never to retreat." Still, the Prussians believed that this army of tailors, ragamuffins, and cobblers, as the refugees called it, would take flight as soon as the German cannon opened fire upon them.

The French had neglected to order General Chazot to occupy the heights of Gizaucourt, where he could have attacked the enemy on the flank; and the Prussians, taking advantage of this oversight, at once proceeded to occupy the position themselves, and made an attack on Kellermann's corps from that point.

The morning was cloudy, and rendered even more dark

by a heavy fog; but the Prussians did not care, as they knew the position of the French army. The French, at least so the Prussians supposed, were all on the heights of Valmy.

Sixty iron mouths belched forth smoke and flame simultaneously. The Prussian gunners fired haphazard, but as they were firing into a large body of troops, it did not seem necessary to aim carefully.

This was hard upon the French army, which could have made an attack with *éclat*, but had not learned how to wait.

Besides, at first, luck seemed to be against the French, for the Prussian shells set fire to two caissons. The drivers jumped from their horses to escape the explosion, and were arrested as deserters.

Kellermann was hastening towards the scene of the commotion, when suddenly both horse and rider went down as if struck by a thunderbolt. The horse had been shot through by a bullet; but, fortunately, the rider was unhurt. He jumped on another horse, and soon succeeded in rallying his men. It was now about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the fog was beginning to lift.

Kellermann saw that the Prussians had formed into three attacking columns, and were advancing towards the Valmy heights; so he, in turn, formed his troops into three columns, after which, riding along down the line, he shouted: "Don't fire. Wait till you can meet the enemy, man to man, then charge with the bayonet!"

Then, placing his hat with its tricoloured plume on the end of his sabre, and waving it enthusiastically in the air, he cried:—

"Long live the Nation! Forward!"

Brunswick shook his head. Had he been alone, his army would not have advanced another step; but the Prussian king was there, and was resolved upon a battle. He must be obeyed.

The Prussians advanced, silent and gloomy, crossing the

On the Heights of Valmy.

Photo-Etching. — From Painting by H. Vernet.

space which separated them from their enemies with all the solidarity of one of the Great Frederick's corps of veterans. Every man seemed to be bound by an iron ring to the man in front of him.

Suddenly this huge serpent seemed to break in the middle; but the fragments were speedily reunited.

Five minutes later the line was again broken, only to be again brought together.

Dumouriez's artillery now attacked the flank of the column, which was no longer able to advance, as it was continually drawn back by the writhings of the main body of troops which was being riddled with grape-shot.

Brunswick saw that the day was lost, and ordered a retreat.

The king, on the contrary, ordered a charge to be sounded, placed himself at the head of his troops, and forced his brave and obedient infantry through the double fire of Kellermann's and Dumouriez's divisions; but his lines were dashed in pieces against the French lines.

A magnificent aureole seemed to encircle this young army, — the Aureole of Faith.

"I have not seen such fanatics since the religious wars!" remarked Brunswick.

They were fanatics, sublime fanatics, fanatics on the subject of liberty.

These heroes of 1792 had just begun the great conquest, — the war that was to end in the conquest of mind.

On September 20th Dumouriez saved France. The next day the National Convention was emancipating Europe by proclaiming France a republic.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SEPTEMBER TWENTY-FIRST.

At noon, on the 21st of September, before the news of Dumouriez's victory reached Paris, the doors of the Riding School were thrown open, and the seven hundred and forty-nine members that composed the new assembly entered, casting questioning looks at one another as they filed slowly and solemnly into the hall.

Two hundred of these men had been members of the former assembly, and this convention was often called the assembly from force of habit.

The National Convention had been elected while the September massacres were still fresh in the public mind; so it was a rather conservative assembly, as might have been expected. In fact, it was even more than that, as there were several noblemen among its members; an ultra democratic impulse having led to a call for even servants to vote, some had nominated their masters.

Among these new deputies there were physicians, lawyers, professors, priests who had taken the oath of allegiance to the Constitution, journalists and merchants. For the most part, they were rather unsettled and wavering in their opinions. At least five hundred of them were neither Girondists nor Mountaineers, as the Republicans were styled on account of the location of the benches they occupied in the Assembly, so subsequent events were likely to determine the stand which the majority would take in this legislative body.

They were all united in one thing, however; that is, their abhorrence of those cruel September massacres, and

of the Paris deputies chosen, nearly all of them from the Municipal Council, which was responsible for the atrocities then committed.

It almost seemed as if the blood shed at that time was flowing across the legislative hall, separating the one hundred or more Republicans from the rest of the Convention, for even the members of the Centre leaned towards the Conservatives, as if to avoid this bloody stream.

It must be admitted that the personal appearance of most of these so-called Mountaineers harmonised with the very unenviable reputation they had gained; for, as we have already remarked, the members of the Commune had been selected from persons in the very lowest ranks of life.

Next above the Commune in power was the famous Committee of Surveillance, which had organized the massacres.

But dominating all three organizations were three terrible countenances, — or, rather, three intensely characteristic masks, — like the heads of a hydra.

First, the cold and impassive face of Robespierre, with its parched skin tightly drawn over a narrow forehead, and its blinking eyes shaded by spectacles. His outspread hands generally rested upon his knees, reminding one of the attitude of those Egyptian figures carved from porphyry, — the hardest of all marbles, — or of a sphinx, who alone knew the watchword of the Revolution, though no one dared ask him for it.

Next came Danton, with his rugged features, his twisted mouth, his mobile countenance characterized by a sort of sublime ugliness, and his half man-like, half bull-like body. Nevertheless, Danton had the gift of awakening sympathy in the heart of nearly every one, for all felt that it was genuine patriotism that animated him, and that caused his flesh to thrill and that torrent of fiery eloquence to flow; and that his powerful hand was equally quick to strike down an enemy or lift a prostrate foe.

Near these two countenances, so entirely different in

appearance and expression, was another, — which could hardly be called that of a man, for it would be impossible for any human being to attain such a degree of ugliness, but of a monster, — of Marat, — Marat with his swarthy face swollen with blood and bile, his wildly distended, glaring eyes, his big, flabby mouth gaping like that of a toad, a mouth that seemed made to belch forth insults and vituperations, and his squalid garments no better than those of his dirtiest admirer. His head was swathed in a piece of soiled linen; his hob-nailed shoes were always without buckles, and often without strings. His shirt, open at the throat, revealed his scrawny breast which was disproportionately large in comparison with the rest of his body. His narrow, greasy, crumpled black cravat disclosed the ugly tendons in his neck, which were so drawn as to cause his head to lean very perceptibly to the left side. Most of the time his coarse thick hands were clenched threateningly; in his more peaceful moods they were buried in his tangled hair.

In fact, Marat was so frightful to look upon that the first impulse of the beholder was to turn hurriedly away; but the eye could not move quickly enough to avoid seeing the words "September Second" imprinted upon his visage, after which the beholder's horrified gaze would remain riveted upon his face as upon the fabled head of the Medusa.

Such were the three men the Girondists accused of aspiring to the dictatorship.

Two other old acquaintances of ours were present: Gilbert, seated on the extreme right, between Lanjuinais and Kersaint; Billot, on the extreme left, between Thuriot and Couthon.

The members of the former Assembly escorted the members of the Convention to their seats, thus formally abdicating, and placing their power in the hands of their successors.

François de Neufchateau, the last presiding officer of

the old Assembly, then mounted the rostrum and spoke as follows : —

" Representatives of the Nation :

" The Legislative Assembly has ceased to exercise its functions and entrusts the government to your hands.

" The object of your labours should be to give the French nation Liberty, Law, and Peace, — Liberty, without which the French people can no longer exist; Law, which is the best of foundations for Liberty; and Peace, which should be the sole end and aim of war.

" Liberty, Law, and Peace! These words were inscribed by the Greeks on the portals of the Temple of Delphi! You should engrave them upon the entire soil of France."

Pétion was chosen president of the Convention by acclamation. Condorcet, Brissot, Rabaut Saint Etienne, Vergniaud, Camus, and La Source were made secretaries. Five of the six were Girondists.

The entire Convention, with the exception of thirty or forty members, was in favour of a republic; but the Girondists, at a meeting at Madame Roland's, decided that the discussion concerning a change of government should not be opened until all the committees had been appointed.

But on the 20th of September, the very day of the battle of Valmy, other combatants were fighting a very different, but no less important battle.

Saint-Just, Lequinio, Panis, Billaud-Varennes, and several other members-elect of the Convention, were dining together at a restaurant, and resolved during the meal that the word " Republic " should be hurled at their political opponents the very next day. Collot d'Herbois agreed to introduce the motion. So François de Neufchateau had no sooner formally relinquished the authority to the new legislative body than Collot d'Herbois asked for the floor.

His request being granted, he said, —

" Fellow-citizens, I move that the first business of this Convention be the abolishment of royalty."

This motion was greeted with tremendous applause, both in the hall and the galleries.

Only two persons rose to oppose the motion, and they were two well-known Republicans. They advised that the Convention wait until the wishes of the people should be formally expressed.

"What for?" demanded a poor village priest. "What is the use of discussing a question upon which we know that all parties are agreed? Kings are in the moral order what monsters are in the physical order. Royal courts are workshops of crime. The history of kings is the martyrology of nations!"

The members wondered who this concise but forcible critic of royalty could be. Only a few persons knew his name, which was Grégoire.

The Girondists felt the blow that had been aimed at them. Could it be possible that they were doomed to follow in the wake of the Mountaineers henceforth?

Ducos, the friend and disciple of Vergniaud, shouted from his seat: "Let us frame this decree at once. It requires no explanation or introduction. The history of the crimes of Louis XVI. is sufficient explanation."

Thus the equilibrium between the two parties was again restored. True the Mountaineers had demanded the abolishment of royalty, but the Girondists had demanded the immediate establishment of a Republic in their turn.

The Republic was not established by ballot, but by acclamation, and the measure supplied a long felt want.

It was the consecration of the long struggle the people had sustained, as their rights had now received legal recognition. The proclamation of a Republic meant the crowning of the masses at royalty's expense. It seemed as if the weight of the throne had been lifted from every breast, so much more freely did every citizen breathe.

The delusion was brief, but magnificent. It was the general belief that a Republic had been established; but instead, a lawless rebellion had just been inaugurated, so to speak.

The true, or at least the purest, Republicans — those who wished the Republic to be free from crimes, and who intended to attack the triumvirate of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, the next day — the Girondists, were filled with joy.

To them, the Republic meant the realisation of their fondest hopes. Under Francis I. and Louis XIV. France had been a subjugated Athens; under Girondist rule they fondly believed she would become a victorious Sparta.

They held a banquet to celebrate the event at the home of Minister Roland that same evening. Vergniaud, Guadet, Louvet, Pétion, Barbaroux, Gensonné, Grangeneuve and Condorcet were present. Before another year had elapsed, they were all to be guests at a much more solemn banquet; but now, they resolutely closed their eyes to the dangers of the unknown seas before them, though they could hear even now the roar of the Maelstrom in which the pilot and crew, if not the entire crew, were to go down eventually.

The thought they had so long cherished had taken upon itself a form and a name. There it stood before their eyes, — this youthful Republic which had sprung forth armed with spear and helmet, like Minerva, from the head of Jove. What more could the heart of man desire?

During the two hours spent at this solemn love feast, many noble thoughts were interchanged. These men spoke of their lives as of something which no longer belonged to themselves, but to the nation. They would even relinquish fame and renown if need be; the only thing they insisted upon preserving was their honour.

And whom did these men regard as their future leader? Who was the chief founder of this youthful Republic, and who ought consequently to be its future guide? Vergniaud!

As the banquet was about to end, he filled his glass and exclaimed, —

"My friends, a toast!"

And when all the other guests had risen, like himself, he added, —

"To the immortality of the Republic!"

"To the immortality of the Republic!" repeated every one present.

He was about to raise the glass to his lips, but Madame Roland cried: "Wait!" and taking from her bosom a beautiful half-blown rose she scattered its petals over Vergniaud's glass, as an Athenian woman once scattered rose leaves in the goblet of Pericles.

Vergniaud smiled sadly, but drained the glass; then, turning to Barbaroux who sat on his left, he whispered: "Alas! I fear this noble woman is sadly mistaken. Not rose leaves, but cypress should flavour our wine to-night. In drinking to a Republic whose feet are stained with the blood of such massacres as those of September, it is more than likely that we are drinking to our own destruction. Still, that does not matter," he added, glancing devoutly heavenward; "were this wine my heart's blood I would still drink it to Liberty and Equality."

"The Republic forever!" repeated all the guests in concert.

Almost at that very moment, trumpets were sounding in front of the Temple, commanding silence; and through the open windows of their chambers, the king and queen could hear a municipal officer proclaiming in stentorian tones the abolishment of royalty and the establishment of a Republic.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE STORY OF THE MARTYR KING.

IMPORTANT events followed one another now in such swift succession, that there were few breathing places between the 21st of September, the day of the monarchy's demise, and the 21st of January, the day of the monarch's execution.

The proclaiming of a Republic by the stentorian voice of municipal officer Lubin, under the windows of the royal prison-house, naturally summons us to the Temple, wherein a king who is fast becoming a man is confined, as well as a queen who remains a queen, that virgin martyr, the Princess Elizabeth, and two poor children innocent by reason of their age, if not their birth.

The king was in the Temple. Had it been deliberately planned to immure him in that squalid abode? No. At first Pétion contemplated sending Louis XVI. to the interior of France and giving him Chambord as a place of residence; in short, treating him as a sort of *fainéant* monarch.

If the other European monarchs had been content to play the part of mere lookers-on, and had not undertaken to meddle with the politics of France, this secluded residence in a beautiful palace, in a fine climate, in the middle of what is known as the garden of France, would certainly have been no very cruel punishment for a man who had not only his own faults, but those of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. as well, to expiate.

But there had just been a daring insurrection in the Vendée, and it was feared there might be a bold attempt at rescue by way of the Loire, and this seemed sufficient reason for the abandonment of that plan.

The Assembly then suggested the Luxembourg. This lovely palace, which had belonged to Marie de Medicis, with its gardens rivalling those of the Tuileries, was a no less desirable residence than Chambord for a fallen monarch.

But objection was made that the cellars under the palace were connected with the catacombs which had recently been found both unhealthy and unsafe; and though this may have been only a pretext on the part of the Commune, it was a very plausible pretext, and that municipal body decided upon the Temple, which had once belonged to the order of Knights Templar which had been abolished through the efforts of Philip the Fair. By this, the Commune did not mean the tower or donjon of the Temple, but the part called the palace which had formerly served as the Commandery of the Knights, and subsequently as the town residence of Count d'Artois, the youngest brother of Louis XVI., and afterwards King of France.

But as Pétion was about to conduct the royal family there, a denunciation reached the Commune which caused a change in these plans, and Manuel was instructed to take the august prisoners to the donjon instead of to the palace. Manuel after he had inspected the place left considerably mortified, for the accommodations were not only entirely inadequate, but the apartments were untidy, even squalid, and the beds uncomfortable and alive with vermin. Still, all this came about not so much from premeditation on the part of the judges, as from that sort of fatality which seems to always weigh down a dying race.

The National Assembly had not been miserly about the expense of gratifying the royal palate, however. The king was a hearty eater. This is not said by way of reproach. It was a characteristic of the Bourbons; but unfortunately Louis XVI. seemed disposed to eat at inopportune, or at least inappropriate times. He ate, and with much apparent zest, while the slaughter was going on at the Tuileries; and during his trial his judges not only noted his unsea-

sonable repasts with something like disgust, but, what is worse, implacable history records them in her archives.

The National Assembly made a liberal appropriation for the expenses of the king's table, and during the four months the king spent in the Temple, the expense was forty thousand francs, — ten thousand francs per month, over three hundred and thirty-three francs per day.

In the Temple, Louis had three body and thirteen table servants. His dinner consisted every day of six roasts, four entrées, three varieties of sweets, and as many of fruits, claret, malvoisie, and madeira. He and his little son drank wine. The queen and the princesses drank nothing but water.

So far as his table was concerned consequently the king had no cause to complain, but he did wofully lack fresh air and exercise and sunshine.

Accustomed to the hunting-grounds of Compeigne and Rambouillet, and the parks of Versailles and Trianon, Louis now found himself reduced to a tiny bit of dry and barren ground, whose only adornment consisted of three or four neglected flower-beds and a few stunted trees, — a disagreeable and depressing spot for one's daily promenade surely, but not as disagreeable and repulsive as the dungeons of the Inquisition at Madrid, the lead mines established by the Council of Ten at Venice, or the dungeons at Spielberg in which monarchs often incarcerated political offenders.

We are not trying to excuse the Commune, nor do we excuse the kings. We simply say that the imprisonment in the Temple was a sort of reprisal, — an ill-advised and terrible reprisal, — whereas it has been represented as a persecution, and the victim has thus been transformed into a martyr.

Meanwhile, what about the personal appearance of these personages we have undertaken to follow through all the varying phases of their lives?

The king, with his flabby cheeks and hanging lips and

lumbering and uncertain gait, looked like some worthy farmer crushed by misfortune. The queen's manner was still reserved, supercilious, and highly antagonistic. In her days of grandeur, Marie Antoinette inspired love; in the hour of the downfall, she inspired devotion, but no sympathy.

Madame Elizabeth, in her white robe, symbolic truly of her purity of heart and soul, with her fair hair which was all the more beautiful now she was obliged to wear it loosely flowing and unpowdered, looked like the guardian angel of the family.

Madame Royale was not particularly interesting in spite of her youth. A thorough Austrian like her mother, — another Marie Antoinette or Maria Theresa, — she already manifested that contemptuousness and pride which characterise alike royal races and birds of prey.

The dauphin with his golden hair and fair complexion was a rather attractive child, but his blue eye was stern and bold, and his face often wore an expression unsuited to his years. He understood everything, and in a single glance he could catch any suggestion his mother wished to make to him. He was an adept, too, in all those tricks for exciting sympathy in which some children excel, so much so, indeed, that he even touched the heart of Chaumette, — Chaumette that sharp-nosed ferret, that weasel in spectacles.

"I would give him an education," the ex-clerk remarked to Hué; "but it would be necessary to separate him from his family so he would forget his rank."

The officials were both cruel and imprudent, — cruel in subjecting the royal family to such unnecessarily harsh and insulting treatment, imprudent in allowing the captives to be seen in such a crushed and enfeebled condition. Almost every day the guards were changed. They came to the Temple sworn enemies to the king; they left it bitter enemies to Marie Antoinette,— but with more kindly feelings towards the king, with sincere compassion for the children, and loud praises for Madame Elizabeth.

In short, they found at the Temple instead of the wolf, the she-wolf, and their cubs, a worthy family, apparently of the middle class, with a rather haughty mother, it is true, who would not allow any one to so much as touch the hem of her robe, but no tyrant, and indeed, no trace of any.

And how did this family spend their time? Cléry, who remained with the master until the last, can tell us.

The family was confined in the small tower which stood directly behind the large tower, but there was no communication between them. The small tower was square and was flanked by two turrets, and in one of these turrets was a small stairway which led from the ground floor to the roof. The tower was four stories high. The first floor was divided into an antechamber, dining-room, and a small room or closet in the turret. The next floor was divided in the same way, the larger room serving as the chamber of the queen and dauphin; the other, separated from it by a dark narrow passage, was occupied by Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale, and in order to reach the room in the turret which was nothing more or less than a toilet closet used in common by the royal family, the municipal officers, and the soldiers on guard, one was obliged to pass through Madame Elizabeth's room.

The king occupied a similar suite of rooms on the floor above. He slept in the largest; the smaller one served him as a study. There was a kitchen with a small anteroom, which was occupied at first by Chamilly and Hué, but which was closed after these faithful attendants were separated from their master.

The basement, devoted to a kitchen and scullery, had not been used for a long time.

The king always rose at six o'clock in the morning. He shaved himself, — as long as he was allowed to do so; then Cléry arranged his hair and assisted him to dress; after which the king went into his study, that is to say, into a room containing the archives of the Knights of Malta, as well as a library of a thousand or more volumes.

One day the king found the works of Voltaire and Rousseau among these books, and pointed them out to Cléry. "These are the men who have ruined France," he remarked.

Every morning, when he entered this room, the king devoted five or six minutes to prayer, then he read until nine, generally from Virgil or the Odes of Horace, for he had resumed the study of Latin in order to go on with the dauphin's education.

This study was a small room, and the door was kept open, so a municipal officer, who was always in the bedroom, could look in through the open door and see what the king was doing.

The queen did not open her door until Cléry came down, so that the municipal officer could not come in. Cléry would then arrange the dauphin's hair, give the queen any assistance she might require with her toilet, and then go into the other room to render Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth like assistance if necessary. This time devoted to the toilet though brief was exceedingly precious, for it was Cléry's only opportunity to impart any news he had been able to gather outside.

At nine o'clock the ladies and children went up to the king's rooms, where breakfast was served, during which time Cléry went down to put the queen's apartments in order.

After breakfast, the king went down to the queen's room, where he spent the rest of the morning in teaching the dauphin, making him repeat passages from Corneille and Racine, giving him a lesson in geography or making him draw maps. France had been divided into departments for three or four years, and it was with the geography of the kingdom that the monarch seemed specially anxious that his son should become conversant.

Meanwhile, the queen devoted herself to teaching Madame Royale; but the lessons were often interrupted by relapses into a gloomy reverie, which frequently lasted a long time,

and when this happened, the daughter would steal softly away, leaving the mother alone wih her thoughts.

At noon, the ladies went into Madame Elizabeth's rooms to change their morning gowns, for at one o'clock when the weather permitted the royal family was taken down into the garden. Four municipal officers and an officer of the National Guards accompanied, or rather watched them. Cléry was also present, and generally amused the prince by playing ball or pitching quoits with him.

At three o'clock, they all returned to the small tower where dinner was served. Every day, too, at the same hour Santerre came to the Temple accompanied by two aides, and carefully examined the apartments of the king and queen.

The king spoke to him, sometimes; the queen, never. She had forgotten the 20th of June and what she owed this man.

After dinner they went downstairs again, and the king played a game of piquet or backgammon with the queen or his sister, after which he stretched himself out on a lounge or in a big armchair to take a nap. Then the most profound stillness reigned. The ladies busied themselves with their work or with some books, and every one, even the little dauphin, was silent. The king passed from wakefulness to slumber almost instantaneously, and generally slept from an hour and a half to two hours. When he woke, conversation was resumed, and Cléry, after giving the dauphin a lesson in writing, took him into Madame Elizabeth's room for a game of battledore and shuttlecock.

When evening came, the family gathered around the table, and the queen read something aloud to amuse and instruct the children. If the queen became weary Madame Elizabeth relieved her. The reading lasted until eight o'clock. At that hour the dauphin had his supper in Madame Elizabeth's room. The family sat in the room while he ate, and very often the king gave the children conundrums and charades to guess out of a bound volume of "The French Mercury" he had found in the library.

After the dauphin finished his supper the queen heard him say the following prayer: —

Almighty God, who hast made and redeemed me, and whom I adore, prolong the days of the king, my father, and of all the other members of my family. Protect us from our enemies, and give Madame de Tourzel strength to bear what she is enduring on our account.

Cléry then undressed the lad and put him to bed, one of the younger ladies remaining with him until he fell asleep.

Every evening about that time, a newspaper vendor went down the street crying the news of the day. Cléry would be on the alert and repeat the man's words to the king.

At nine the king had his supper, after which he went into the queen's room to bid the other members of the family good-night, and then returned to his own apartments where he would sit in the little library and read until midnight. After the king had gone, the ladies shut themselves up in their own rooms. One of the municipal guards remained in the narrow passage between the chambers of the ladies; the other always followed the king upstairs. There was always a change of guards at eleven o'clock in the morning, five in the afternoon, and at midnight.

This life lasted without any change, as long as the king remained in the small tower, that is, until September 30th.

The situation of the family was a most trying one, as every reader can see, and the more deserving of pity because it was so nobly borne. The bitterest enemies of royalty were softened by the sight. They came to guard an atrocious monster who had ruined France, ruthlessly slaughtered Frenchmen, and summoned foreign foes into their midst, — to guard a queen in whom the sensuality of a Messalina was combined with the depravity of Catherine Second; they saw a man dressed in gray whom they

might easily have mistaken for his valet, — a man who ate and drank and slept well, who played backgammon and taught his little son Latin and geography, and helped his children solve riddles; they saw a woman, whose manner was proud and scornful, undoubtedly, but who was calm and resigned, and still beautiful, teaching her daughter to embroider, and her son to say his prayers, speaking gently to the servants and saying *my friend* even to an humble valet.

At first, their hearts were full of hatred. Each man came breathing vengeance, but soon they began to relent, and usually returned home in the evening with a gloomy air and bowed head.

The wife of one of these men awaited his return with great eagerness.

"Well, did you see the tyrant?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I saw him."

"Has he a ferocious look?"

"He looks like a retired shopkeeper in the Marais district."

"What was he doing? Cursing the Republic?"

"He spends his time in teaching his young ones Latin, playing backgammon with his sister, and solving riddles to amuse his wife."

"Does the wretch look as if he was tortured by remorse?"

"I saw him eat, and he eats like a man whose conscience does n't trouble him in the least; I saw him sleep, and I bet he never had the nightmare in his life."

Then the wife became thoughtful in her turn.

"If that is so, he can't be as cruel and wicked as people say," she would exclaim.

"I don't believe he is either cruel or wicked; but the poor man is certainly wretched enough."

"Poor man!" the wife would exclaim.

So the more the Commune persecuted and humiliated the prisoner, the harder they tried to prove that he was only

an ordinary man, the more other men pitied one in whom they now recognised a fellow-man.

Sometimes there were unmistakable manifestations of this compassion.

One day a stone-cutter was making some holes in the walls of the antechamber, in which some heavy bolts were to be inserted. While the workman was eating his breakfast, the dauphin amused himself by playing with the tools, and the king taking the chisel and mallet from the lad handled them in such a skilful way that the mechanic looked on in amazement from the corner where he was eating his bread and cheese, and though he had shown the king and prince no respect before, now he approached cap in hand, and remarked: —

"When you go out of here you can say that you worked on your own prison-bars," he remarked.

"Ah! but when and how shall I go out?" exclaimed the king, sadly.

The dauphin began to cry, the mason dashed away a tear, and the king dropping hammer and chisel went into his own room where he paced the floor for a long time.

One day, Cléry, who was alone in the queen's room, noticed that the sentinel at the door was watching him very closely. Called elsewhere presently by his duties, Cléry started to go out, but the sentinel, though he presented arms, said in a low, almost trembling voice: "You cannot pass."

"Why not?" asked Cléry.

"Because I am ordered to keep my eye on you."

"On me? You must be mistaken."

"Are you not the king?"

"Then you don't know the king?"

"I have never seen him, monsieur, and I must say that if I do see him, I wish it might be in some other place."

"Be careful," said Cléry, "speak low." Then pointing to a door, he added, "I 'm going into that room, and you can see the king. He is sitting at a table reading."

Cléry went in and told the king what had happened, and the king rose and walked into the other room so the kind-hearted fellow could get a good look at him, and mistrusting that it was on his account the monarch had taken this trouble, the sentinel remarked to Cléry: "Ah, monsieur, how kind the king is! As for me I don't believe he has done half as much harm as people say!"

A sentinel stationed at the end of the walk which served as a promenade for the royal family made a sign as if to indicate that he had some information to impart. At first, no one paid any attention to these signs, but after a little, Madame Elizabeth approached him to see if he would speak, but either through fear or respect the young man, who had quite a distinguished bearing, remained silent; but his eyes filled with tears, and he furtively pointed to a pile of rubbish where it is quite probable that a letter was concealed.

Under pretext of finding some stones for the dauphin's quoits, Cléry began to search among the rubbish; but the officials, suspecting his object doubtless, ordered him to desist, and forbade his talking with the sentinels under penalty of being separated from his master.

But all persons who came in contact with the prisoners did not show them the same compassion and consideration. Hatred was too strongly implanted in some minds to be eradicated by the sight of royal misfortunes, however patiently borne, and consequently the king and queen were often subjected to the grossest insults.

One day the officer on duty was an Englishman named James. This man stuck to the king like a leech, never leaving him for an instant. When the king went into his little study to read, the man followed him and sat down near the monarch.

"Monsieur," said the king with his customary mildness of manner, "your comrades have usually left me quite alone when I entered this little room, which is so small that I could not possibly elude them when the door is open."

"My comrades can do their way, and I 'll do mine."

"But you can see yourself, monsieur, that the room is not large enough for two."

"Then go into the larger room," responded the official, bluntly.

Without a word the king rose and went into his bedroom. The Englishman followed and remained by the king's side until the guard was relieved.

One day the queen spoke to an official who happened to be present during the dinner hour.

"In what section do you live, monsieur?" she asked.

"In France," he replied proudly.

"But it seems to me France is the entire country."

"Yes, except the part occupied by the enemies you have brought into it."

Some of the guards could not speak to any member of the royal family without using an oath or some obscene epithet.

One day a man named Turlot said to Cléry, loud enough for the king to hear every word: —

"If the executioner don't guillotine this precious family soon, I 'll do it myself."

When they went out for their promenade the royal family had to pass a number of sentinels. When the officers of the National Guard and the municipal officers passed, these sentinels always presented arms, but when the king appeared, they would either ground arms or turn their backs.

These insults were carried even further. One day a sentinel, not content with evincing his animosity in the manner above mentioned, wrote on the inside of the prison door: —

The guillotine is a fixture and awaits the tyrant Louis XVI.

This was a new idea and proved immensely popular, for soon the entire walls of the Temple, especially those of

the stairways used by the royal family, were covered with such inscriptions as: —

Madame Veto has got to dance!

We must put the fat hog on short allowance.

Under the picture of a man dangling from a gallows was the inscription: —

Louis taking an air bath.

Their worst tormentors were two men who seldom or never left the Temple, Simon the shoemaker and Rocher.

Simon was a monopolist and held all sorts of offices. He was not only a shoemaker, but a muncipal official as well. He was likewise one of six commissioners appointed to superintend the work done in and around the Temple.

This man, who became notorious on account of his subsequent cruelty to the dauphin, was impudence personified. In fact, he never entered the prisoners' presence without inflicting some fresh outrage upon them.

If the valet desired anything for his master, Simon would say: "Tell Capet to ask for everything he wants at once. I can't be kept running up and down stairs just to please him."

Rocher was equally impertinent, but he was not so bad a man. It was Rocher who had caught up the little prince at the Assembly door on the 10th of August, and placed him on the presiding officer's desk.

Originally a saddler, Rocher became a military officer under Santerre, and subsequently a sort of janitor in the Temple. He usually wore his uniform, and a big black bearskin cap, and carried a huge sabre. Around his waist he wore a belt from which dangled his big bunch of keys.

When the king desired to go out, Rocher would come to the door, but would not open it until he had made the

king wait some minutes. Then, when the bolts had been drawn and the door opened, he would rush downstairs and take his stand at the end of the archway with his pipe in his mouth, and as each member of the royal family — and particularly the ladies — passed out, he would puff a cloud of smoke in their faces.

These things were done in the presence of the National Guards, who, instead of preventing them, often brought out their chairs and sat down to watch the fun, like spectators at a play.

This encouraged Rocher, who went about bragging: "That Marie Antoinette 's a proud minx, but I know how to take her down. She and Elizabeth have to bow down to me in spite of themselves. The last wicket is so low they have to stoop whenever they pass through it, and every day I give one or the other of them a puff from my pipe."

One day the sister asked: "Why is Rocher always smoking?"

"Because he wants to, I suppose," was the officer's answer.

In such cases of retribution or expiation, there is always some scoundrel who makes the victims drink the cup of humiliation to the very dregs. The chief tormentors of Louis XVI. were Simon and Rocher; in Napoleon's case it was Hudson Lowe. It is the cruel behaviour of these men that sanctifies the victim. Would Saint Helena be Saint Helena without its red-coated jailor? Would the Temple be the Temple without Rocher and Simon?

Unhappy as the prisoners were, they still had one consolation, — that of being together.

But soon the Commune decided to separate the king from his family.

On September 26th, five days after the establishment of the Republic, one of the guards told Cléry that rooms were being prepared for the king in the main tower. Much distressed, Cléry repeated this sad news to his master,

who received it with his usual fortitude, merely remarking: "Try to find out when this painful separation is to take place, and let me know."

But Cléry was unable to secure any further information.

About ten o'clock on the morning of the 29th of September, six municipal guards entered the queen's room, where the royal family was assembled. They brought an order from the Commune depriving the prisoners of all writing materials, and not only the room, but the persons of the prisoners were to be searched.

"When you want anything," said the spokesman, whose name was Charbonnier, "your man can come down and make an entry in a register which will be kept in the Council Chamber."

Neither the king nor the queen made any answer. They surrendered all the writing materials in their possession; the other members of the family did the same, even the servants following their master's example.

Then and then only did Cléry learn through some remark he overheard, that the king was to be transferred to the main tower that very evening, and he told Madame Elizabeth, who at once informed the king.

Nothing unusual happened until evening, though every sound made the hearts of the prisoners throb more quickly; but the hour of parting came at last. The same officials who had visited them that morning reappeared with another order from the Commune, which was read aloud to the king. It was an order for the king's removal to the main tower.

This time the king's self-control failed him. Where would it lead, this dark and gloomy path upon which he was about entering with fear and trembling?

The farewell was long and agonising, but at last the king was obliged to follow the officials.

The authorities were so eager to inflict this fresh torture upon their captives that they could not even wait for the king's apartments to be prepared. The furniture con-

sisted of only two chairs and a bed; the paint and paper were not dry, and this made the odour intolerable.

The king went to bed without uttering a word of complaint. Cléry slept in a chair near him.

In the morning Cléry assisted the king to dress as usual; then he started to return to the small tower to dress the dauphin, but he was stopped by an official named Viron, who said to him, "You are to hold no further communication with the other prisoners. The king will not see his children again!"

This time Cléry had not the courage to tell his master.

At nine o'clock, Louis asked to be conducted to his family as usual.

"We have no such orders," responded the commissioners.

The king insisted; but they gave him no other answer.

Half an hour afterwards, two officials came in, followed by a waiter from a neighbouring restaurant bringing some bread and a glass of lemonade.

"Am I not to eat with my family, gentlemen?" asked the king.

"We shall have to await further orders from the Commune," answered one of the men.

"But if I cannot go down, won't you allow my valet to go? He waits on my son, and I hope nothing will prevent him from still caring for the lad."

The king asked this favour so simply and with such an entire absence of animosity, that the officials were amazed, and did not know what to say in reply; so they went away again, declaring that the decision did not rest with them.

Cléry stood near the door, watching his master with profound sorrow. He saw the king break the bread which had been brought him into two pieces. One of these pieces he offered to Cléry.

"They seem to have forgotten your breakfast," he remarked. "Take this, the other half will suffice for me."

Cléry refused, but as the king insisted, the valet finally took the bread; but he could not help bursting into tears, and the king also wept.

About ten o'clock an official came in with some workmen who were making some much needed repairs in the rooms. Approaching the king with an expression of compassion on his face, this official said: "I was present when your family breakfasted, monsieur, and I take it upon myself to assure you that they are all in good health."

The king experienced a feeling of relief. The man's sympathy, too, did him good.

"I thank you," he said gratefully; "and I beg you will say to my family that I, also, am well. I wish to ask, too, if I cannot have some books I left in the queen's room? If I can, you would confer a great favour by bringing them to me."

The official was perfectly willing to comply with this request; but not knowing how to read, he was in a rather unpleasant predicament. He finally acknowledged this fact to Cléry, however, and asked him to go down with him and select the books.

Cléry was only too glad, as he would thus be able to give the queen some information concerning her husband.

Cléry found the queen in her chamber with Madame Elizabeth and the children. The ladies were weeping. The little prince, too, had been crying; but the tears of children are soon dried.

Seeing Cléry enter, the child ran up to him, exclaiming: "Here 's my good Cléry at last."

Unfortunately Cléry could say very little, the guards who had accompanied him being in the room; but the queen could not control herself, and addressing herself directly to the officials, she exclaimed: —

"Oh, gentlemen, even if we are not allowed to remain with the king, can't you grant us the favour of seeing him for a few minutes every day, say at meal time?"

The others did not speak, but clasped their hands beseechingly.

"Gentlemen, let my father come back to us, and I will pray the good God to bless you," sobbed the dauphin.

The officials glanced at each other but made no reply, and this silence made the women weep and sob still more bitterly.

"Oh, well, it certainly can't do any great harm for them to dine together to-day!" exclaimed the man who had spoken so kindly to the king.

"But how about to-morrow?" asked the queen.

"Of course we must be governed by the orders of the Commune, madame. To-morrow, we will see what the Commune says on the subject. Is n't this your opinion, too, citizen?" he asked, turning to a colleague.

The other nodded his assent.

The queen and the princesses uttered a cry of joy. Marie Antoinette took her children in her arms and pressed them to her heart. Madame Elizabeth lifted her clasped hands to Heaven in devout thankfulness. This unexpected happiness which found expression in sobs and tears seemed almost like grief.

One of the officials could not restrain his tears, and even Simon exclaimed: —

"I do believe these good-for-nothing women are going to make me cry!"

Then turning to the queen, he added, —

"You did n't cry like that when you had the people slaughtered on the 10th of August."

"Ah, monsieur, the people are mistaken in regard to our feelings," said the queen. "If they knew us better they would weep over us, like this gentleman here."

Cléry took the books the king had asked for, and hastened off to report this good news, but the municipal officers were in almost as great a hurry as Cléry. It is so delightful to do good.

Dinner was served in the king's room. The other members of the family were conducted there, and one would have supposed it was a fête day, and that these poor prisoners had gained everything by gaining a single day.

They had gained a good deal as it proved, for after that nothing more was said about any order from the Commune, and the king continued to take his meals with his family and spend the greater part of the day with them.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MASTER GAMAIN REAPPEARS.

On the morning of the same day that these events occurred at the Temple, a man wearing a red cap and carmagnole jacket, and leaning on a crutch, presented himself at the State Department.

Roland was the most accessible of officials. Nevertheless, he was obliged to have ushers in his antechamber, just as if he were the minister of a king instead of being the secretary of a republic.

The man with the crutch was, consequently, stopped in the antechamber by an usher, who inquired his business, and whom he desired to see.

"I want to see the citizen minister," said the man.

It was now about a fortnight since the titles of "citizen" and "citizeness" had been substituted for those of "monsieur" and "madame."

Ushers will always be ushers, — that is to say, rather impertinent fellows, — so this one replied in a rather patronising tone, —

"My friend, you will have to learn one thing, and that is, the citizen minister is not to be interviewed in this way."

"But how, then, is a man to get a word with him?"

"One can see him when one has a letter of introduction or a written appointment," responded the usher.

"I know it was as you say during the reign of that tyrant, but under Republican rule, and when all men are equal, things ought to be very different, it seems to me."

This remark set the rather officious usher to thinking.

"You see," continued the man with the crutch, "it's not very pleasant to come from Versailles to do a minister a service, and then not be allowed to see him."

"You say you came to do Minister Roland a service?"

"I should say so."

"And what is the nature of the service?"

"I have come to inform him of a conspiracy."

"Good heavens! we've more conspiracies on hand now than we can attend to. Did you come from Versailles just for that?"

"Yes."

"Then you can go back to Versailles."

"Very well, I will; but I tell you the minister will repent of it, if he don't see me."

"But the rules have to be observed, you see. Write to him, and then, when you get his letter granting you an interview, come back."

"That's your final decision, is it?"

"That's my final decision."

"It seems to be more difficult to get a word with Citizen Roland than it used to be to obtain an interview with his Majesty Louis XVI."

"What is that?"

"Oh, I know what I'm talking about. There was a time when I could visit the Tuileries whenever I chose."

"You?"

"Yes; I had only to give my name at the door."

"Who are you, may I ask? King Frederick William or the Emperor Francis?"

"No, I'm no tyrant, or slave-driver, or aristocrat. I am plain Nicholas Claude Gamain, master of masters, though I do say it as ought n't to say it."

"Master of what?"

"Of the art of lock-making. Is it possible you never heard of Nicholas Claude Gamain, — Citizen Capet's old teacher at the locksmith's trade?"

"What, citizen, you are the man —"

"Yes, the very man."

"Then it 's an entirely different matter."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, if you will write your name on a slip of paper I 'll take it in to the minister."

"Write my name! Well, writing wasn't my forte even before those wretches poisoned me; but now it 's even worse. See what their arsenic did to me."

And Gamain called attention to his twisted limbs, his distorted spine, and his fingers, crooked and stiff as claws, from rheumatism.

"What! did they serve you in that way, my poor fellow?"

"Yes, they did. And that is what I want to tell the citizen secretary; that, and several other things. As they say the rascal is to be brought to trial, perhaps what I 've got to tell will help the nation a little. It certainly can't do any harm under the present circumstances."

"Very well, be seated, and I 'll send your name in to the citizen minister."

So the usher wrote as follows: —

Claude Nicholas Gamain, formerly master locksmith to the king, desires an immediate audience with the citizen secretary, as he has several important disclosures to make.

He handed this paper to one of his colleagues whose business it was to announce visitors, and in five minutes Gamain was ushered into the office, — not of the nominal minister, Citizen Roland, but of the real minister, Citizeness Roland. It was a small room, hung with green paper, and lighted by a single window, in the embrasure of which stood a small desk at which Madame Roland was hard at work.

Roland himself was standing by the fireplace. The master locksmith had never been very prepossessing in appearance, even in his days of health and prosperity; and now, when the usher closed the door behind him, never did an

honest man, — and if any person ever deserved that title it certainly was Roland, — never did an honest man find himself face to face with a more repulsive-looking, low-lived scoundrel.

Roland's first feeling was one of intense repugnance, as he surveyed his visitor from head to foot; but noticing how the man tottered on his crutches, it was in a tone of pity that he finally said: —

"Sit down, citizen. You seem to be suffering."

"I should think I was suffering," grunted Gamain. "I have been ever since that Austrian hussy poisoned me."

An expression of disgust passed over Roland's face as he heard these words, and he exchanged glances with his wife, who was partially hidden from view in the alcove.

"Was it to denounce the perpetrator of that crime you came here?" asked Roland.

"That crime and others."

"Can you furnish any proofs of the truth of your allegations?"

"As for that, you 've only got to go with me to the Tuileries, and see the closet."

"What closet?"

"The closet where that scoundrel kept his valuables. Oh, I might have known some deviltry was going on when that Austrian wench said to me, in that wheedling way of hers: 'You must be tired, Gamain; take this glass of wine. It will do you good.' I might have known the wine was poisoned."

"Poisoned?"

"Yes. I might have known that men that help kings to hide their treasures would n't be allowed to live long afterwards," added Gamain, with an expression of intense hatred on his face. "The closet I 'm speaking of is a secret closet built in the wall in which Citizen Capet hid a lot of his money and papers."

"But how did you come to know anything about the existence of this closet?"

"Because I was sent for — me and my apprentice — to come from Versailles, and fix a lock that the king had made, but that would n't work."

"But this closet was probably broken open and plundered on the 10th of August."

"Not much danger of that," responded Gamain, sententiously.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I 'll defy anybody in the world but him and me to find it — much less to open it."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure and certain."

"When did you and the king make this closet?"

"I can't say exactly; but it was more than a year before he ran away. Capet sent to Versailles for me. My wife did n't want me to go. She had a presentiment. She says to me: 'The king 's in a bad fix, and you 'll get yourself into trouble if you have anything more to do with him.' But I says to her, says I: 'When he sends to me about a matter connected with my trade, why, I 've got to go, as he 's a pupil of mine — '"

"In short, my friend, you came to Paris in spite of your wife's advice."

"Yes, but I 'd have done much better if I had listened to her. I should n't have been in this fix if I had. But they shall pay for it."

"Try not to detain me any longer than you can help, my friend. All my time belongs to the nation, and I have n't a minute to waste."

"Well, he showed me a secret lock that would n't work. He had made it himself, which shows that he would n't have sent for me at all if he could have helped it — the traitor! And he says to me: 'Why don't it work?' says he, and I looked at it, and says I to him: 'Do you know why this lock won't work?' 'No,' says he; 'if I did, I should n't ask you.' 'Well, it don't work, Sire,' says I, — they called the scamp *Sire* in those days, you know, —

'it don't work because it don't.' And then I showed him why it would n't. It was plain enough, but I don't expect I can make you understand, because you don't know as much about lock-making as the king does, — but it would n't work because the projection on the key pressed so hard on the beard of the lock that the spring could only go half way around the circle. You understand, don't you? You see, the width of the beard being six lines, that of the shoulder should have been only one line."

"I see," said Roland, though he really did not understand a single word of the explanation.

"Says the king, — you know they still called the infamous tyrant that in those days, — 'Upon my word, that 's so. Well, Gamain, please do what I don't know how to do half as well as you do, my master.' 'And not your master only,' says I, 'but master of masters, master of all!'"

"Well?"

"So I set to work; and while I worked Capet talked with my assistant, whom I have always suspected of being an aristocrat in disguise. When I came downstairs, bringing the iron door with the lock fitted into it with me, the king said: 'Now, Gamain, come with me.' He led the way, and I followed him. He took me first into a bedroom, and from there into a dark passage leading into the dauphin's room. It was so dark we had to light a candle. 'You hold the candle, Gamain, so I can see,' the king says to me. Then he raised a wooden panel, and behind it I saw a round hole about two feet wide. Then, seeing my surprise: 'It 's a safe I 've made to keep my money in,' says he; 'and now I want it closed with this iron door.' 'It won't take long to do that,' says I, 'for the hinges are on already.' So I hung the door, and did n't have a bit of trouble doing it. It seemed to shut itself almost. Then we put the panel back, and so good-night. Not a single sign of closet, door, or lock could you see."

"And you think the king took all this trouble merely to make a safe place to keep his money in?"

"Oh! that was only an excuse. He tried to fool me, but I was too smart for him. He says to me: 'Now help me count the money I'm going to put in the closet.' So we counted two millions in double louis; but all the while we were doing it I watched his valet putting in pile after pile of papers, and says I to myself: 'This closet was made to hide papers in. This talk about money is all bosh.'"

"What do you think, Madeleine?" asked Roland, bending over his wife so Gamain could not hear what he said.

"I think this is a very important disclosure, and that not another moment should be lost."

Roland rang, and an usher appeared.

"Is there a carriage here?" asked the minister.

"Yes, citizen."

"Have it brought to the door at once."

"So you 've had enough of me," said Gamain, rising. The words were uttered in a very surly tone.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you 've called your carriage. Government ministers must have their carriages, even under a republic, it seems."

"Ministers will always have carriages, my friend," replied Roland, "not as a luxury, but simply as a matter of economy."

"Economy!"

"Yes, to save time, the most precious thing in the world."

"Then I will have to come again, I suppose."

"What for?"

"To show you where the safe is."

"That will not be necessary. I have ordered the carriage so we can go there now."

"Where?"

"To the Tuileries."

"That 's all right, then."

"But how about the key?" asked Roland. "It is n't at all likely that the king left it in the door."

"Of course not. He 's not such a fool as he looks."

"Then you had better take your tools with you."

"What for?"

"To open the safe."

"What do you call that?" exclaimed Gamain, drawing a key from his pocket. "I studied that lock well, feeling sure I should want to get into that closet some day."

"The man is a scoundrel," Madame Roland whispered to her husband.

"Then you think —"

"I think that in our present situation we have no right to refuse any information fortune sends to help us to a knowledge of the truth."

"Here it is!" exclaimed Gamain, twirling the key.

"And do you think," asked Roland, with a disgust he could not wholly conceal, "that a key made from memory, after a lapse of eighteen months, will open that door?"

"At the very first turn, I hope. A man is n't master of masters for nothing."

"The citizen minister's carriage is ready," said an usher.

"Shall I accompany you?" asked Madame Roland.

"Yes, if there are any papers I shall intrust them to you. You are the most honest man of my acquaintance. Come, my friend," he added, turning to Gamain.

Gamain followed them, muttering between his teeth: "Did n't I say I 'd pay you some day, you Capet?"

Pay him for what?

For the king's kindness to him, of course.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE RETREAT OF THE PRUSSIANS.

While Gamain's key made from memory opens the iron safe with marvellous ease; while the closet yields up the papers intrusted to its keeping, — papers which, in spite of the absence of those confided to Madame Campan by the king himself, are to have a fatal influence over the destiny of the prisoners in the Temple; and while Roland examines these documents one by one, vainly searching for some proof of Danton's alleged treachery, — while all this is going on, let us see what the ex-minister of justice is doing.

We call Danton an ex-minister because, as soon as the Convention was fairly organised, he had no alternative but to tender his resignation.

So he mounted the rostrum, and said: "Before expressing my opinion in regard to the first decree of this Convention, permit me to resign the functions bestowed upon me by the Legislative Assembly. I received them amid the roar of cannon. Now, a union of our forces has been effected, and the organisation of our nation's representatives has likewise been accomplished; consequently, I am now merely a representative of the people, and it is in that character I now speak."

To the words, "A union of our forces has been effected," Danton might have added, "and the Prussians have been defeated," for this speech was made on the 21st of September, and it was on the previous day that the battle of Valmy had been fought, though Danton was not yet aware of the fact.

So he contented himself with saying: "Let us dispel, once for all, those phantoms of dictatorship that so alarm the people. Let us declare, here and now, that there can be no Constitution but such an one as the people are willing to accept. Up to this time we have endeavoured to arouse the people against tyranny. Now let the laws be made as terrible against the persons who violate them as they have been annihilating to tyranny. Let every criminal be punished. And let us declare that the rights of property, territorial, industrial, and personal, shall be sacredly and permanently maintained."

With his accustomed shrewdness, Danton had detected and allayed the two principal sources of uneasiness Frenchmen feared for, — their liberty and their property.

And, strange to say, who was most solicitous concerning the rights of property, do you suppose? The new proprietors, those who had purchased property a day or two before, and still owed for three-fourths of it. These were the people who straightway became more conservative than the old landed proprietors. The nobility prized their lives far above their ancestral domains, — the fact that they abandoned their estates to save their lives proves this conclusively; whereas the peasant or the purchaser of confiscated property prized their bit of ground far above life itself, and stood guard over it, musket in hand. In fact, nothing in the world would have induced them to leave it.

Danton understood this, and realised the necessity of reassuring not only present property-holders, but those who were likely to own property in the years to come; for the one great idea of the Revolution was embodied in the following paragraph: —

"All Frenchmen should be property owners, not that the possession of property makes men better morally, but it makes them better citizens by inspiring them with a feeling of their independence."

The spirit of the Revolution is also admirably summed up in some other words uttered by Danton.

"Guarantee the abolishment of every sort of despotism, and the sacredness of all rights of property. In other words, a man has a right to govern himself; consequently, a man has a right to preserve the fruits of his industry."

And who said all this? The man who bears the odium of June 20th, August 10th, and September 2nd, — the god of tempests, who now takes upon himself the duties of a pilot by throwing out those two anchors which are the safeguard of nations, — Liberty and Property.

The Girondist could not understand this; those honest Girondists who had taken a strong dislike to the fickle Danton, for had they not seen him refuse the dictatorship at the very moment he was begging for it in order to prevent the massacre?

The Convention finally passed two resolutions; namely:

"No Constitution can be considered valid until it has been accepted by the people.

"The nation is responsible for the safety of life and property."

The next day the news of the victory at Valmy reached Paris, and caused general rejoicing. It was considered a much more decisive triumph than it really was, and as a natural consequence, the country's mood suddenly changed from abject fear to sublime audacity. The clubs belched forth blood and thunder.

"If the King of Prussia was conquered, why was he not bound and cast into prison, or at least driven back across the Rhine?" men cried, angrily.

Then, in lower tones, they added: "It is very evident that Dumouriez has betrayed us. He was bribed by the Prussians, unquestionably."

Dumouriez was already receiving the usual reward for a great service, — ingratitude.

But the King of Prussia did not consider himself beaten, by any means. He had attacked the heights of Valmy, and had not succeeded in taking them, that was all.

Neither army had been driven from its position. Before, the French had been continually losing ground; this time the French had merely held their own. The loss of life was about equal on both sides.

So vehement was the demand for a great victory that the real facts of the case could hardly be revealed to Paris and France; but Dumouriez reported them to Danton through Westermann. The Prussians had suffered so little, and were still so far from being beaten, that twelve days after the battle of Valmy they were still in possession of the same camp.

Dumouriez wrote to ask if he should treat with the King of Prussia in case any such overtures were made. There were two replies: one from the ministry, — the tone of which was arrogant, even supercilious; the other, emanating from Danton personally, was calm, and eminently judicious, even polite in tone.

The ministerial communication was a lordly document, declaring: —

"*The Republic will not treat with its enemies while they remain within its borders.*"

Danton's letter said: —

"If the Prussians will consent to evacuate our territory, you are at liberty to make any terms you can with them."

But no negotiations were likely to prove successful in the Prussian monarch's present frame of mind; for about the same time that the news of the victory at Valmy reached Paris, the news that the monarchy had been abolished and a Republic established in its stead reached Valmy, and the King of Prussia was furiously angry.

The invasion of France had been undertaken with a view to rescuing the king; but the sole results thus far had been the king's imprisonment, the massacre of the Royalists, and the abolishment of the monarchy. All this had excited Frederick William's wrath to a pitch of positive

fury, and he was resolved to fight, come what might. Accordingly, he gave orders for a bloody battle on the 29th of September.

So it will be seen that he had no intention of evacuating French territory.

But on the 29th there was a conference instead of a battle.

Dumouriez was prepared at all points. Brunswick, though bold in speech, was exceedingly prudent in deed, being much more of an Englishman than a German. He had married the sister of the Queen of England, so he was much more inclined to heed the advice of England than Germany. If England wanted to fight he was ready to fight with both hands, with one hand for England, and with the other for Prussia; but if England, his real mistress, did not intend to unsheathe her sword, he was more than willing to sheathe his.

On the 29th of September Brunswick received letters from England and Holland, refusing to join the coalition. Moreover, Custine was marching along the Rhine, threatening Coblentz, and if Coblentz was taken, the door for Frederick William's return to Prussia would be closed.

Then there was another still more potent factor in the case. The Prussian king had a lady love, — the Countess von Lichtenau. She had followed the army after the fashion of the day, and, like Goethe, who was scribbling the first scenes of his "Faust" in one of the Prussian monarch's army waggons, she had thought this would be a delightful pleasure-trip; besides, she wanted to see Paris.

But the countess stopped at Spa; and while there she heard of the defeat at Valmy, and of the peril that threatened her royal lover. There were two things that this beautiful countess was terribly afraid of, — the bullets of Frenchmen, and the smiles of Frenchwomen. So she wrote letter after letter, and the postscripts of these letters, that is to say, the substance of all she had written, was: "Come back! come back!"

The Prussian king lingered merely because he was ashamed to abandon Louis XVI.; so Danton lost no time in sending him, through Westermann, certain orders of the Commune which would seem to indicate that the royal prisoners were very well treated. As this satisfied the King of Prussia, it is evident that he was not hard to please. His friends declare, however, that before he decided to return to his native land, he made both Danton and Dumouriez promise, upon their word of honour, that they would save the French monarch's life; but there is nothing to verify this assertion.

On the 29th of September the Prussian army began its retreat and marched one league. The next day it marched another league.

The French army acted as a sort of escort for it, as if doing the honours of the country to their foreign guests. Whenever the French soldiers wanted to make an attack, or to cut off the enemy's retreat, Danton's men prevented it.

If the Prussians would only leave France, that was all Danton asked. On October 22nd this desire was fulfilled.

On November 6th the cannon of Jemmapes announced the verdict of Heaven upon the French Revolution. It was no longer a failure.

The next day, November 7th, the trial of the king was virtually begun by the introduction and passage of a motion for his prosecution.

A similar thing had occurred six weeks before, when the Republic was proclaimed the very day after Dumouriez had gained the battle of Valmy; so each victory had its celebration, so to speak, and helped France one step farther along on the revolutionary pathway.

This time it was a terrible step. The end towards which the people had been marching blindly for three years was near now, and the distinctly-defined outlines of objects which had heretofore been seen only in masses, were now becoming visible. And what did one perceive in the horizon? — a scaffold, and at the foot of the scaffold a king.

A time, too, had come when the base instincts of hatred, revenge, and destruction could no longer be held in check by the noble sentiments of superior minds. Even a man like Danton, who had assumed the responsibility of the bloody days of September, was now accused of being the chief of the Indulgents, and even the members of the Convention, or, at least, only a few of them, could understand that it was royalty, or rather royalism, not the king, that they ought to attack.

Royalty was a gloomy abstraction, a threatening and dangerous mystery, with which the people wanted nothing whatever to do, — an idol, gilded without, but, like the whited sepulchres of which Christ speaks, full of dead men's bones, and uncleanness within.

But the king himself was something entirely different. Louis XVI. had not been a particularly interesting personage in the days of his prosperity; but now his nature had been purified by misfortune, and broadened by captivity. The ennobling influences of adversity had been so marked in his case that even the queen revered and almost adored this man whose plebeian tastes and appetites had so often brought the blood to her face in days gone by. It cannot be said that she really loved him, however, for her poor broken heart had lost all the love it ever contained, like a leaking vase which had lost the liquid it once held, drop by drop.

One day the king found the queen engaged in sweeping a room in which the dauphin was lying ill. He paused on the threshold, and letting his head droop upon his breast, said, with a sigh: —

"What an occupation for a queen of France! Who would have believed I should bring such misery upon you by linking your destiny with mine!"

"And do you count as nothing the honour of being the wife of the best and most persecuted of men?" answered the queen.

Marie Antoinette said this without noting the presence of any witness, — not knowing that a poor valet would

gather up these words like so many black pearls to form a diadem, not for the brow of a king, but of a condemned prisoner.

Another day the king saw Madame Elizabeth biting off — for want of a pair of scissors — the thread with which she was mending the queen's gown.

"My poor sister!" he exclaimed. "What a contrast between your present surroundings and the pretty mansion at Montreuil, where you wanted for nothing!"

"Ah! my brother, can I regret anything when I am permitted to share your misfortunes?" answered that saintly woman.

Royalty was smitten unto death, but the imprisoned king had become endowed with a dignity that inspired reverence in the brains of not a few men, though this idea was so unpopular they dared not give utterance to it even in the most guarded manner.

"The people need salvation, but they do not need vengeance," Danton said at the Cordeliers Club.

"I wish the indictment could be drawn up, not against Louis XVI.," said Thomas Paine, "but against the entire race of monarchs. We have one of them in our power. He will be of service to us chiefly in putting us on the track of danger elsewhere. Louis XVI. is chiefly useful in demonstrating the necessity of revolutions."

Lofty minds like Paine's and Danton's and Grégoire's were thoroughly agreed on this point. Not one king, but all kings should be indicted, and Louis XVI. should be held as a witness.

Republican France, that is to say, a nation that had attained its majority, should proceed; not only in her own name, but in the name of the nations still under the sway of royalty; that is, under age. Suppose a public prosecution had been begun against Catherine II., — the murderess of her husband, the plunderer of Poland! Imagine that Pasiphæ of the North chained to the pillory of public opinion, and what the result would have been!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE INDICTMENT.

THE papers in the iron safe opened by Gamain, upon whom the Convention conferred a pension of twelve hundred francs a year for his services, and who died, tortured by rheumatism, after regretting a thousand times that he could not perish on the guillotine, to which he had helped to send his royal pupil,—these papers, to the great disappointment of the Rolands, contained no evidence against either Danton or Dumouriez.

They were very compromising to the king and the priesthood, however, showing, as they did, an exceedingly mean and ungrateful spirit on the part of Louis XVI., who seemed to specially dislike those who tried to save him; namely: Necker, Lafayette, and Mirabeau. Against the Girondists he seemed to have nothing whatever to say.

The discussion began on the 13th of November. Who opened this discussion? Who had constituted himself the sword-bearer of the Mountaineers, as the Extremists were now called?

A young man only twenty-four years old; sent to the Convention before he attained the required age, but whom we have met several times already in the course of this story.

He was from the department of the Aisne, and had recently made his first appearance in public at the Jacobin Club, under the auspices of Robespierre. He was the son of an old soldier who had received the cross of the Order of St. Louis, and the accompanying title of Chevalier for thirty years of faithful service.

Sent to Rheims to study law, his progress was not very creditable; but he wrote a good many poor verses, as well as a more ambitious poem, modelled after "La Pucelle" and "Orlando Furioso," which had proved a complete failure in 1789, but which was republished with greater success in 1792.

He left his native province and came to Paris to interest Camille Desmoulins in his behalf, — that brilliant journalist who held the future of so many unknown poets in the hollow of his hand.

Camille, a thorough Bohemian, full of genius, wit, and *verve*, received a visit one day from an arrogant and conceited youth, whose slow and measured words fell, one by one, like drops of ice-water percolating through a rock. His blue eyes were cold and stern, and overshadowed by black eyebrows. His complexion was as chalky in its whiteness as when we met him on the occasion of his initiation into the Order of the Enlightened Ones.

His sojourn at Rheims had perhaps given him that scrofulous malady which kings once pretended to be able to cure by a touch on the day of their coronation. His chin was almost concealed from sight by the enormous cravat he wore round about his throat, although it was then the fashion to wear one's cravat loose and flowing, as if to afford the headsman every facility for reaching the throat. His body was as rigid as that of an automaton, and his forehead so low that his hair seemed to grow down almost to his eyebrows, while his curt, concise language was the language of precept and command.

In short, a person better calculated to arouse Camille Desmoulins's antipathy could hardly be imagined.

The young man read his verses to the famous journalist, and among other things, curtly remarked that the world had been empty since the time of the Romans.

Desmoulins thought the verses very poor. The sentiment seemed to him mawkish, the philosophy absurd, and he openly sneered at the versification; so the poet-philosopher returned to the solitudes of Blérancourt, "where, like Tar-

quin," as Michelet says, "he took to decapitating poppies with a switch, imagining one a Danton, and another a Desmoulins."

His opportunity came at last; for an opportunity never fails to come to some men.

His native village or town of Blérancourt was in danger of losing a certain business upon which its means of livelihood largely depended; and though the young man had no acquaintance with Robespierre, he wrote to him, imploring him to support this local measure, and offering to give up his little estate, — all he possessed in the world, — to be sold for the benefit of the nation.

The very traits that had excited Desmoulins's mirth and derision set Robespierre to thinking. The result was, he sent for the youthful fanatic, studied him carefully, and finally concluded that he was of the stuff of which successful revolutionists are made; and through his influence with the Jacobins he secured the youth's election to the Convention, though he had not attained the required age. The chairman of the Electoral Committee, Jean de Bry, protested, sending, with his protest, the baptismal certificate of the member-elect, who was only twenty-four years and three months old; but at Robespierre's instigation this protest was ignored.

It was in this young man's lodgings that Robespierre had taken refuge on the night of September 2nd. It was this young man who had slept soundly, though Robespierre could not close his eyes. In short, this young man was Saint-Just.

"Saint-Just," Camille Desmoulins remarked to him one day, "do you know what Danton says about you?"

"No."

"He says you carry your head as carefully as if it were the Holy Eucharist."

A sarcastic smile flitted over the young man's rather effeminate lips.

"Well, I 'll make him carry his head as Saint-Denis did

his, — in front of him," he retorted; and he kept his word.

When Saint-Just made his speech in favour of the king's indictment, he slowly descended from the topmost bench of the Mountaineers, where he sat, to the rostrum, and with equal slowness and deliberation insisted, nay, demanded that a sentence of death should be pronounced without even the formality of a trial.

Those were terrible words that fell from the pale, delicately-cut lips of this handsome youth, — words as hard and cold and trenchant as steel.

"No prolonged trial of the king is necessary. Let him be killed at once.

"He must be killed, for there are no longer any laws by which to try him; he himself has destroyed them all.

"He must be killed as a public enemy: only citizens have a right to be tried. To try this tyrant we should be obliged to first reconstitute him a citizen.

"He must be killed as a criminal, caught in the very act, with his hands stained with blood. Royalty is, in itself, a crime. Every king is at once a rebel and a usurper. A king is nothing more or less than a monstrosity."

He went on in this strain for about an hour, without evincing the slightest emotion, and with the voice of a pedagogue and the gestures of a pedant; but in every paragraph was that same grim refrain which produced upon his auditors very much the same effect as that of the click of a guillotine knife: "He must be killed!"

This speech was terribly effective. There was not a person present who did not feel his flesh creep. Robespierre himself was alarmed to see his pupil and disciple planting the revolutionary standard so far in advance of the outposts.

After this, the king's prosecution was not only certain, but the monarch was condemned in advance. To attempt to save the king now was simply to condemn one's self to

death. Danton desired to do it, but he had not the courage. He had sufficient patriotism to allow himself to be unjustly branded as an assassin, but he had not sufficient stoicism to bear the name of traitor.

The trial began on the 11th of December. Three days before, a municipal officer presented himself at the Temple at the head of a deputation sent by the Commune, and read a warrant, ordering the prisoners to give up their knives, razors, scissors, daggers, — in short, all the sharp instruments of which prisoners are generally deprived.

About the same time, Madame Cléry, accompanied by a friend, called to see her husband, and while she was discussing family matters with great volubility in the Council Chamber, her friend managed to find an opportunity to whisper to Cléry: "The king will be taken to the Convention next Tuesday. The trial is about to begin. The king will be allowed to choose his own counsel."

The king had forbidden Cléry to conceal anything from him; and, bad as this news was, the faithful servant resolved to communicate it to his master; so that evening, while the king was undressing, Cléry told him what he had heard, adding the information that during the trial the Commune intended to separate the king from his family.

Only four days remained, consequently, in which the king could confer with his wife.

He thanked Cléry for the fidelity with which he had kept his word, and added: —

"Try to learn as much in regard to their plans and intentions as you can. Do not be afraid of distressing me. I will tell my family not to act as if we had been forewarned, so you will not be compromised."

As the day approached, the officials became more and more suspicious, so the only information Cléry was able to secure was through a newspaper some one managed to send him. This paper published the decree ordering Louis XVI. to be brought before the Convention on the 11th of December.

At five o'clock, on the morning of that day, the drums sounded a general alarm throughout the city, the gates of the Temple were thrown open, and a detachment of cavalry, with artillery, entered the courtyard. Had the royal family been ignorant of what was about to take place, all this noise and confusion would have alarmed them; so they expressed great surprise, and begged the officers on duty to explain the cause of the commotion; but this they refused to do.

About nine o'clock the king and the dauphin, who had been sharing his father's room for some time, went down to the ladies' apartments for their breakfast. They were thus allowed to spend a last hour together, though under the surveillance of the officials. At the end of the hour they were obliged to separate, and as they realised the necessity of concealing the fact that they knew what was about to occur, they could indulge in no demonstrations of grief on parting.

The dauphin was really ignorant of the truth. He had been spared this sorrow on account of his youth. He insisted upon playing a game of ninepins, and, preoccupied as he was, the king wanted to please the child. The dauphin lost every game, and three times his score ended with the number sixteen.

"Confound sixteen!" cried the boy. "I believe that number brings me bad luck."

The king made no reply, but the remark struck him as an unfortunate omen.

At eleven o'clock, while he was giving his son a lesson in reading, two officers entered, and informed him that they had come to take the lad to his mother. The king asked the reason of this removal; but the officers merely replied that they were carrying out the orders of the Commune.

The king kissed his son, and bade Cléry conduct him safely to his mother. On the valet's return the king asked him where he had left the boy.

"In the queen's arms," replied Cléry.

One of the officers had also reappeared at the same time. "Monsieur," he said, addressing the king, "Citizen Chambon, Mayor of Paris, is in the Council Chamber, and will soon come up."

Citizen Chambon was Pétion's successor in office.

"What does he want?" asked the king.

"I don't know," replied the officer, going out of the room, and leaving the king alone.

The mayor did not make his appearance until nearly one o'clock, however, and he was then accompanied by Chaumette, the new attorney for the Commune, Recording Secretary Coulombeau, and several other municipal authorities, as well as by Santerre, who was likewise attended by his aides.

The king was sitting in an arm-chair at the head of the bed, but he rose on their entrance.

"What is your business with me?" he asked.

"I have come for you by virtue of a decree of the Convention, which Secretary Coulombeau will read to you."

The Secretary unrolled a paper and read as follows: —

"*Decree of the National Convention, ordering Louis Capet* —"

"Capet is not my name," interrupted the king. "It is the name of one of my ancestors —"

Then, as the secretary was about to resume the reading of the document, the king added, —

"It is not necessary, monsieur. I have seen the decree already in a newspaper."

Then, turning to the officials, he continued, "I wish my son had been allowed to remain with me during the two long and dreary hours I have spent in waiting for you, — hours which would have been very sweet under those circumstances. Still, this is only a specimen of what I have endured at your hands for the past four months. I shall accompany you, not from any respect I owe the Convention, but because my enemies can compel me to do so."

"Come, then, monsieur," said Chambon.

"I only ask time to put on my riding-coat. Cléry, my coat!"

Cléry handed the king the desired garment, which was of a chestnut-brown colour.

Chambon led the way, and the king followed. It was raining. The king was placed in a carriage, and during the entire drive he manifested no emotion whatever. As he passed the Porte Saint-Denis and the Porte Saint-Martin, he even asked which of them was to be demolished.

When they reached the door of the Riding School, for the Convention still met in the old hall, Santerre laid his hand on the king's shoulder, and led him to the same place and arm-chair where he had sworn allegiance to the Constitution.

The deputies remained seated, only one member rising and saluting him as he passed. Much surprised, the king turned, and recognising Dr. Gilbert, exclaimed, —

"Good-day, Monsieur Gilbert!"

Then addressing Santerre, he said: "Do you know Dr. Gilbert? He was formerly my physician. I trust you will not be too hard upon him for having shown me this respect."

The examination began, and the prestige of misfortune began to fade in the glare of publicity. The king was not only obliged to reply to a running fire of questions; but he replied clumsily, hesitatingly, evasively, trickily, — like a country lawyer arguing about some boundary line. The examination lasted until five o'clock. The king was then conducted to the Conference Chamber, where he was obliged to wait a few minutes for his carriage.

The mayor came to him, and asked: "Are you hungry, monsieur? Will you have anything?"

The king shook his head; but a moment afterwards, seeing a grenadier take a loaf of bread from his knapsack and give half of it to Chaumette, Louis stepped up to him, and said: "Will you give me a bit of your bread, monsieur?"

"Willingly," replied Chaumette, handing him the half loaf. "Help yourself. It is certainly a Spartan-like repast. If I had a root, I would give you half of that."

They went down into the courtyard. On seeing the king, the crowd began to sing the chorus of the "Marseillaise."

Louis turned a trifle pale as he stepped into the carriage. Then he began to eat his bread, — the crust only; and as he did not seem to know exactly what disposition to make of the soft part of the loaf left on his hands, Chaumette took the bread and threw it out of the carriage-window.

"It is too bad to throw bread away, especially when it is so scarce," remarked the king.

"How do you know it 's scarce?" asked Chaumette. "You certainly don't suffer for the want of it."

"I know it must be scarce, because that you gave me had so much bran in it."

"My grandmother," responded Chaumette, "used to say: ' My child, never waste a crumb of bread, for if you do you may want for it some day.' "

"Your grandmother must have been a very sensible woman, it seems to me, Monsieur Chaumette," said the king.

They were silent for some time; then, seeing Chaumette lean back in the carriage, the king asked: —

"What is the matter? You look pale."

"I don't feel altogether right," answered Chaumette.

"Perhaps it is the motion of the carriage."

"Perhaps so."

"Were you ever at sea?"

"I went to sea under La Motte-Picquet in the glorious days of yore."

"La Motte-Picquet was a brave man," responded the king; then he, too, relapsed into silence.

Of what was he thinking? Of his splendid navy, victorious in the Indies? Of his superb harbour at Cherbourg, wrested from the sea? Of his gorgeous admiral's uniform of scarlet and gold, so unlike the dingy costume he was now wearing?

How fallen from his once high estate was this poor king as he jolted along in this dirty old hack through a sea of people, — waves from an ever-encroaching tide rising up out of the very cesspools of Paris! The light of day made his eyes blink painfully; his beard was long and straggling, his flabby cheeks hung in folds upon his scrawny neck, and his clothing was soiled and worn.

As he jogged along, he murmured softly to himself, with the memory of the Bourbons and young children:

"Ah! here is such and such a street!"

When they reached the Rue d'Orléans, he said:—

"Ah! here 's the Rue d'Orléans."

"You mean the Rue Égalité," said his companion.

"Oh, yes, on account of Monsieur —"

He did not complete the sentence, but again relapsed into silence, and from the Rue Égalité to the Temple, he did not utter another word.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE STORY OF THE MARTYR KING.

The king's first request on reaching the Temple was that he might be taken to his family; but he was told that no orders to that effect had been received, so Louis perceived that he was to be kept in solitary confinement, like all prisoners on trial for capital offences.

"But you will at least tell my family that I have returned," he said.

Then, without paying any attention to the four officials who were guarding him, he began to read, as usual.

He still hoped that at tea-time his family would come up to his room; but his expectations were not realised.

"I suppose my son will spend the night with me," he remarked, "as I see his things are still here."

But, alas! the prisoner no longer felt the confidence he feigned, even with regard to his son.

The answer vouchsafed him was no more definite than the other had been.

"Suppose I go to bed, then," he remarked.

Cléry assisted him to undress, as usual; and as he rendered his master the usual services, the king whispered:

"Ah, Cléry, I was not at all prepared for the questions they asked me!"

In fact, nearly all the questions put to the king were connected with the papers found in the iron closet; and the king, ignorant of Gamain's treachery, did not even suspect that the safe had been discovered.

Nevertheless, he was hardly in bed before he fell asleep, with that tranquillity of mind of which he had given such numerous proofs in the past, and which seemed, some-

times, to amount to positive apathy. It was very different with the other prisoners. This entire separation was frightfully significant.

As the dauphin's bed was still in the king's room, where he had slept for several weeks, the queen put the child in her own bed, and all night she sat by the foot of the bed watching over his slumbers.

Her grief and distress were so intense that Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale resolved to share her vigil; but the officials interfered, and compelled them to retire to their own room.

The next day the queen asked a favour of her guardians, for the first time since her imprisonment. She asked that she might be allowed to visit the king, and that she might see the newspapers, so as to keep herself informed in regard to his trial.

These requests were referred to the Council: the first was partially granted; the second was positively refused.

The queen was not to be permitted to see her husband, or the sister her brother; but the children would be allowed to see their father on condition that they were entirely separated from their mother and aunt.

This ultimatum was made known to the king. He reflected a few moments, then replied, with his accustomed resignation:—

"Happy as it would make me to see my children again, I renounce that happiness. Besides, the matter which is now occupying me would prevent me from devoting the attention they need to them, so let the children remain with their mother."

On receiving this answer, the officials removed the dauphin's bed to his mother's room, and Marie Antoinette did not leave her children again until she was summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal for trial.

In spite of this rigorous separation, they devised a plan for communicating with each other by the aid of an attendant of the princesses named Turgy.

Turgy and Cléry often met as they came and went in the discharge of their duties; but the surveillance of the municipal officers made any conversation an impossibility. The only words they were able to exchange were: "The king is well," or "The queen and the children are well."

But one day Turgy gave Cléry a tiny note, and said, hurriedly: —

"Madame Elizabeth slipped this into my hand as she gave me back a napkin."

Cléry hastened to the king with the note. It was written with pin-pricks, — for the ladies had long since been deprived of writing materials, — and read as follows: —

"We are well, my brother. Write to us in your turn."

Since the trial began, the king had been allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper, so he wrote a note in reply.

When he gave it to Cléry, he said: "Read it, my dear Cléry, and you will see that it contains nothing that can possibly compromise you."

Cléry respectfully declined to read it; but ten minutes afterwards Turgy was in possession of the king's reply, which was promptly transmitted to the other prisoners.

That same day, as Turgy was passing the half-open door of Cléry's chamber, he threw a ball of yarn under the bed. This ball contained a second note from Madame Elizabeth, for this was the mode of communication that had been agreed upon.

Cléry wound the same yarn around a second note from the king, and hid it in the cupboard, among the napkins. Turgy found it there, and concealed the reply in the same place.

This means of communication was resorted to several times during the next few days; but every time the faithful valet gave fresh proofs of his cunning, the king would shake his head and say: "Be careful, my friend, be careful. You are running a great risk!"

This method was, indeed, too precarious; and Cléry set about inventing another.

The prisoners were supplied with candles tied in bundles. Cléry carefully saved all the strings; and, as soon as he had a sufficient quantity, he informed the king that he had devised a way of carrying on a more active correspondence.

Madame Elizabeth occupied a room on the floor below Cléry's, and her window was directly under a window in a small passage opening out of Cléry's room. During the night he could lower the twine; Madame Elizabeth could tie her letters to it, and receive those of her brother in the same way.

By this same string stationery could also be lowered, so the ladies need no longer write with pins.

The prisoners were in this way able to hear from one another every day.

The position of Louis XVI. had been unmistakably weakened by his demeanour before the Convention.

It had been generally supposed that he would do one of two things: either follow the example of Charles I., whose history he knew so well, and refuse to answer the questions put to him, or that if he did condescend to answer them, it would be in the lordly manner befitting a monarch, — not like an ordinary prisoner before a court of justice, but like a knight who accepts a challenge, and proudly picks up the gauntlet which has been thrown down.

But, unfortunately for him, Louis XVI. was not of a nature to fill either of these rôles successfully. His defence, though not devoid of ability, was too much like that of an ordinary prisoner. He answered awkwardly, timidly, and hesitatingly, as we have already remarked. Hampered by the numerous proofs which had fallen in some inconceivable way into his enemies' hands, he finally asked for counsel.

After the stormy debate that followed the king's departure, the Convention finally decided to grant his request;

and the next day a committee of four visited the monarch to ascertain whom he would select as his counsel.

He named Target, and that gentleman was promptly notified of the honour conferred upon him by the king.

But, strange to say, this able man, an honoured member of the Constitutional Assembly, and a man who had taken a prominent part in the framing of the Constitution, was afraid, and declined, in the most cowardly manner, turning pale with fear before his own generation to afterwards blush with shame before posterity.

But, on the following day, the president of the Convention received the following letter:—

CITIZEN PRESIDENT: I do not know that the Convention will allow Louis XVI. the services of an advocate to defend him, or if it will allow him to select that advocate; but, in any case, I would like Louis XVI. to know that, if he sees fit to name me for that office, I am ready and willing to devote myself to it.

I do not ask you to inform the Convention of my offer, for I do not consider myself a person of sufficient importance to inspire the members of that body with any special interest; but twice, when such appointments were much sought after, I was called to a place in the Council of my master, and I owe him the same service now that it is a post which people consider dangerous.

If I knew of any other way to apprise the king of my willingness to serve him, I should not take the liberty of addressing you; but, by reason of the position you occupy, it seemed to me that you could transmit the information better than any one else.

I am, with respect, etc., etc.

MALESHERBES.

Two other similar requests were received at the same time: one from a Troyes advocate, Monsieur Sourdal. He spoke even more boldly.

"I am moved to defend Louis XVI.," he wrote, "by my firm conviction of his innocence."

The other was from Olympe de Gouges, an eccentric and whimsical improvisatrice who dictated her comedies, it is said, because she did not know how to write.

Olympe de Gouges had constituted herself a champion of the Rights of Women, and insisted that they ought to have the same privileges as men, — the right to vote, to frame laws, and to declare peace and war; and she based her claim on this sublime sentence: —

"Why should not women mount the rostrum? They can mount the scaffold."

Poor creature! she did, indeed, mount the scaffold; but when the time arrived she became a woman again: that is to say, weak, and desirous of availing herself of all the benefits of the law. She declared herself *enciente*. The tribunal ordered a consultation of physicians and nurses; and they decided that if she was in such a condition it was too recent to constitute any claim for mercy. On the scaffold, she displayed more courage, and died as became such a woman.

As for Monsieur de Malesherbes, he was the Lamoignon de Malesherbes who was in the Royal Council with Turgot, and who fell with him. He was a small man, about seventy years of age, rather awkward in manner, and very absent-minded, as well as very insignificant in appearance; in short, a man from whom one would scarcely expect the heroism of classic times, as Michelet expresses it.

Before the Convention he invariably addressed the king as "sire."

"What makes you so daring?" inquired one of the members.

"My indifference to death," responded Malesherbes, promptly.

And he was indeed indifferent to the death to which he afterwards rode so calmly, chatting cheerfully with his companions in the cart, and receiving the fatal blow as if it did indeed only cause a slight sensation of coldness about the neck as Guillotin claimed.

The superintendent of the Monceaux Cemetery, for it was

to this resting-place that the bodies of those publicly executed were taken, related a singular proof of Malesherbes' contempt of death. In Malesherbes' pocket, he found his watch, which was still going, and which marked the hour of two. According to his usual custom, Malesherbes had wound his watch at noon, exactly one hour before he mounted the scaffold, and it had continued to run.

As he could not secure Target, the king accepted Malesherbes and Tronchet, and, being pressed for time, they associated another lawyer named Desèze with them.

On the 14th of December, Louis was informed that he could confer with his counsel; and that same day he received a visit from Monsieur de Malesherbes.

That gentleman's devotion had touched the king deeply, though his was by no means a susceptible nature; and he received the venerable man with open arms and tearful eyes.

As he pressed his visitor affectionately to his heart, he said, in a voice faltering with emotion: "I realise my situation perfectly. I expect death, and I am prepared to meet it. I am calm now, as you see; well, I shall mount the scaffold just as calmly."

On December 16th, a delegation, consisting of Valazé, Cochon, Grandpré, and Duprat, came to the Temple, bringing the indictment and numerous documents connected with the case; and the entire day was devoted to the examination and verification of these papers.

Each document was read by the secretary, after which Valazé would ask: "Do you admit this as evidence?" and the king would answer, yes or no, as the case might be.

Several days afterwards, the same committee returned with about fifty additional documents of a like nature. There were about one hundred and fifty such papers, and the king had copies of them all.

At eleven o'clock on the night of December 25th, the king began his will. This document is so well known in history that it is useless to record it here.

Two last wills and testaments have occasioned us much serious thought, — that of Louis XVI., who lived in the time of a Republic but could see only royalism, and that of the Duke of Orleans, who lived in the time of a monarchy and could see only republicanism.

We will quote one paragraph of the king's will, however, because it shows us the standpoint from which he viewed the events of the day.

"I close by declaring before God, being ready to appear before Him, that I cannot reproach myself with any of the crimes laid to my charge."

These words have won for Louis, in the eyes of posterity, the reputation of being an honest man; but how could a man who had broken all his oaths, and who, on attempting to flee to a foreign land, had left behind him a protest against the very oaths he had solemnly taken, — a man who while he had discussed, appreciated, and recorded the plans of Lafayette and Mirabeau for his salvation, had yet secretly importuned a foreign foe to enter the heart of France, — how could such a man, knowing he was about to appear before his Judge, and believing that God would deal with him according to his deeds, good and evil, — how could such a man feel able to say, "I cannot reproach myself with any of the crimes laid to my charge"?

Possibly the construction of the phrase explains the matter. The king does not say: "The crimes imputed to my charge are false;" he says, "I cannot reproach myself with any of the crimes laid to my charge," which is not the same thing at all.

Though ready to mount the scaffold, Louis was still a follower of Monsieur de la Vauguyon.

To say: "The charges against me are false," would be to deny those charges, and Louis could not deny them; but to say: "I cannot reproach myself with the crimes laid to my charge," might mean, "These crimes were committed, but I cannot reproach myself for them."

And why? Because the standpoint from which he viewed these offences was a monarch's standpoint; because, thanks to the influences under which he had been reared, to his honest belief in the sacredness of hereditary rights, and the infallibility of these divine rights, kings do not view crimes, particularly political crimes, in the same light as other people.

In the eyes of Louis XI., his revolt against his father was no crime; it was a war for the welfare of the nation.

In the eyes of Charles IX., the massacre of Saint Bartholomew was no crime. It was only a means of insuring public tranquillity.

This same Malesherbes who was now defending the king had endeavoured, when a member of the Council, to induce his master to re-instate the Protestants in their political rights; but he found Louis XVI. obdurate on this subject.

"No," answered the king, "no! The proscription of Protestants is a law of the state, a law made by Louis XIV., and such time-honoured edicts should never be tampered with."

"Yet political expediency should not be allowed to overrule justice," pleaded Malesherbes.

"But," exclaimed the king, after the manner of a man who could not, or would not, understand, "what injustice was there in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Was not the revocation of that edict necessary for the welfare of the state?"

So, in the eyes of Louis XVI., this terrible persecution of the Protestants, instigated by a revengeful bigot, this atrocious measure which reddened the rivers of the Cevennes valleys with blood and kindled hundreds of funeral pyres at Nismes, Albi, and Béziers, was not a crime, but simply a matter of political expediency.

There is another point, too, worthy of mention. A king who is generally born of a foreign princess, from whom he derives the greater part of his blood, is almost an entire stranger to his people. He rules them, that is

all. And through whom does he rule them? Through his ministers.

His subjects are not only considered unworthy of being allied to him by marriage, but of even being governed directly by their king. Foreign sovereigns, on the contrary, are considered the brothers and natural allies of a king, and he can communicate with these sovereigns without the intervention of public officials.

The Spanish Bourbons, the Neapolitan Bourbons, and the Italian Bourbons, all came from the same parent stem, Henry IV., and were all cousins.

The Emperor of Austria was the brother-in-law of Louis XVI. The Savoy princes, too, were his kinsfolk, for Louis was of Saxon origin on his mother's side.

Now when the people became bold enough to insist upon imposing conditions upon their king, conditions which he did not consider just, to whom did Louis XVI. look for aid? To his cousins, to his brother-in-law, and his kinsfolk. In his eyes, the Spaniards and Austrians were not enemies of France, for were they not relatives and friends of the King of France? and, from a royalistic point of view, the king was the state, or in other words, France.

And what were these monarchs coming to defend? The sacred, almost divine, rights of royalty. Perhaps this is the reason why Louis XVI. felt that he need not reproach himself for the crimes laid to his charge.

Doubtless the people, too, had their reasons, — reasons which seemed to them equally cogent, considered from their point of view, — for the outbreaks and excesses of July 14th and October 5th and 6th, 1789, as well as of June 20th and August 10th, 1792.

We do not include the atrocities of September 2nd, for, as we have said before, the Commune, not the people, was responsible for those.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE TRIAL.

The 26th of December came, and found the king prepared for anything, even for death itself.

He had made his will the evening before, because he feared — it is hard to say why — that he would be assassinated on his way to the Convention, the following day.

The queen had been warned that the king was to be again taken to the Assembly; but for that, the movements of the troops and the loud beating of drums would have alarmed her beyond measure.

At ten o'clock, the king started for the Convention guarded by Chambon and Santerre.

On his arrival, he had to wait an hour. The people were having their revenge for being obliged to await a monarch's pleasure for five hundred years in the antechambers of the Louvre, of Versailles, and of the Tuileries.

A discussion was taking place which the king must not hear. On December 12th, a key which the king had given to Cléry was found in the valet's possession. The idea of trying this key in the lock of the iron closet occurred to some one, and the key fitted.

This key was afterwards shown to Louis XVI.

"I do not recognise it," he replied, though it is almost certain that he had made the key himself.

It was under such circumstances as these that the king showed his littleness.

When the discussion ended, the president announced that the accused and his counsel were outside; and, in a few moments, the king was ushered in, accompanied by Malesherbes, Tronchet, and Desèze.

"Louis, the Convention has decided that you shall be heard to-day," said the president.

"My counsel will read my defence," replied the king.

There was a profound silence. The entire assemblage felt that a few hours might well be granted this dethroned monarch, — this man whose life was so soon to be cut off.

Now that it was about to lie down in its bloody sepulchre, perchance royalty would suddenly arise, clothed in the majesty of death, and utter some of those thrilling words which history records, and future ages re-echo.

But this was not the case. The speech of Desèze was simply the ordinary plea of an ordinary advocate, yet this was a notable cause he had to defend, — this cause of the descendant of so many powerful sovereigns, now arraigned before the people, not to answer for his own crimes alone, but for the crimes of an entire race.

It seems to us, that had we been in Monsieur Desèze's place, we should not have spoken in the name of Monsieur Desèze, but in the name of Louis the Saint, and of Henry IV. It was certainly those great heroes of that royal line who should have been called upon to clear Louis XVI. of the weakness of Louis XIII., the prodigality of Louis XIV., and the debauchery of Louis XV.

Desèze controverted with great earnestness and adroitness, the long series of charges against the king; but he should have been flowery and poetical rather than logical. He should have appealed to the heart, not to the understanding.

But perhaps when this rather commonplace discourse came to an end, the king himself would speak. As he had consented to defend himself, perhaps he would do it nobly, grandly, majestically.

What he *did* say was as follows: —

"GENTLEMEN: My means of defence have been made known to you. I will not revert to them. In addressing you now, perhaps for the last time, I solemnly declare that my conscience does not

reproach me, and that my defenders have spoken nothing but the truth.

"I have never shrunk from a public investigation of my conduct, but it pains me beyond expression to find in your indictment the charge that I have ever desired to shed the blood of my people, and that the atrocities of the 10th of August are imputed to me.

"The numerous proofs which I have given of my love for my people, from time to time, seem to me abundant proof that I have not hesitated to risk my own life to save bloodshed, and my whole career as a sovereign should, it seems to me, shield me from any charge of wanton bloodshed."

Can you understand why the successor of sixty monarchs, the descendant of Saint Louis, Henry IV., and Louis XIV. should have nothing more to say to his accusers?

Ah, sire, the more unjust the accusation from thy point of view, the more withering should have been thy indignation! Thou shouldest have bequeathed something to posterity, if only a sublime curse hurled at thy executioners!

Much surprised, the president of the Convention asked: —

"Have you nothing more to say in your defence?"

"No," responded the king.

"Then you may retire."

It was five o'clock when Louis returned to the Temple. An hour later, his three legal advisers visited him.

"You see I was right," the king remarked to Malesherbes. "From the very first, I saw that my doom was sealed."

"As I left the Convention, sire," replied Malesherbes, "a number of persons came to me, and assured me that you should not perish, or at least that they and their friends would perish first."

"Do you know them?" asked the king, quickly.

"I know only a few of them personally; but I should certainly recognise them if I saw them again."

"Then try to see each one of them," said the king, "and tell them I should never forgive myself if another drop of

blood was shed on my account. I would not permit bloodshed even when it might have preserved my throne and my life; and I am all the more opposed to it now, when both throne and life are hopelessly lost."

So Monsieur de Malesherbes left almost immediately to fulfil this request.

The first day of the New Year dawned, and Louis was lying sorrowfully brooding over his misfortunes, when Cléry approached the bed, and said: "Sire, I beg leave to offer my most sincere wishes for a speedy termination of your misfortunes."

"I accept your kind wishes, Cléry," said the king, offering his hand to the valet.

Cléry took the proffered hand and kissed it reverently. Then he helped his master to dress. The king's toilet was scarcely completed when several officials entered.

Seeing an expression of sympathy on the face of one of them, the king stepped up to him, and said: —

"Will you do me a very great favour, monsieur?"

"What is it?" asked the man.

"Will you go and inquire concerning the health of my family, and give them my best wishes for the year that is just beginning?"

"I will," replied the official, deeply touched.

"Thank you," said the king. "I hope God will reward you for the kindness you are doing me."

"Why does n't the prisoner ask leave to see his family?" whispered one of the other officials to Cléry. "Now the examination is over, I am sure the request would be granted."

"To whom should it be addressed?"

"To the Convention."

A moment later the official who had been sent to the queen's room returned.

"Your family thank you for your good wishes, and beg you will accept theirs."

The king smiled sorrowfully.

"What a New Year's day!" he murmured.

That night Cléry repeated to the king what the official had said in regard to the possibility of securing permission to see his family.

The king reflected a few moments, then he said: "No, I will not ask now; but in a few days they will not refuse me this consolation. We must wait."

Judgment was to be pronounced on January 16th, 1793.

Monsieur de Malesherbes remained with the king several hours during the morning. About noon he went away, promising to soon return again and report concerning the result of a formal appeal he had made.

The vote was to be taken upon three questions terrible in their directness.

1st. Is Louis guilty?

2nd. Shall there be an appeal from the decision of the Convention to the people?

3rd. If guilty, what shall the penalty be?

In order that posterity might see that no compulsion was exercised, the vote was taken publicly.

A Girondist named Birotteau demanded that each member should ascend the rostrum and state his decision aloud.

One of the Mountaineers, as the Extremists were called, went even further, and insisted that each vote should be signed.

Then began that memorable session which lasted sixty-two hours.

The hall presented a singular aspect which did not at all harmonise with what was going on there. The proceedings themselves were sad and lugubrious,—the appearance of the place conveyed an entirely different impression.

The rear end of the hall had been converted into *loges*, in which the prettiest women in Paris sat in their rich winter toilets of velvet and fur, eating oranges and ices.

Many members went to speak to these ladies and have a chat with them, and then returned to their seats, from which they exchanged signs with their fair acquaintances

now and then. One would have supposed himself at the opera.

The Mountaineers were specially remarkable for the elegance of their appearance. In fact, it was with this party that the millionnaires now sat: The Duke of Orleans, Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, Hérault de Séchelles, Anacharsis Clootz, and the Marquis de Châteauneuf. All these gentlemen had seats reserved in the gallery for their mistresses, who were adorned with tricoloured ribbons, and provided with special cards of admission, which they presented to the ushers.

The galleries, which were open to the populace, were crowded to suffocation all three days; and the occupants were constantly eating and drinking as if they were in a restaurant.

To the first question: "Is Louis guilty?" six hundred and eighty-three members answered, "Yes."

Upon the second question, the Gironde was divided in opinion. Two hundred and eighty-one members favoured an appeal to the people; four hundred and eighty-three persons voted against it.

Then came the third question, — the momentous question, the terrible question: What shall the penalty be?

When they reached this stage of the proceedings it was about eight o'clock on the evening of the third day, — a cold, rainy, gloomy January day. Everybody was thoroughly tired out. Human endurance, on the part of the actors as well as the spectators, had been well-nigh exhausted by a session of forty-five consecutive hours.

Each member mounted the rostrum in turn, and voted for imprisonment, exile, death with the right of appeal to the people, or death.

Every sign of approval or disapproval had been strictly forbidden. Still, when the galleries heard anything except the word "Death," they murmured.

Nevertheless the word was in one instance greeted with derisive yells and hisses. This was when Philippe Égalité

ascended the rostrum and said, "Thinking solely of my duty, and convinced that all who have endeavoured to destroy the sovereignty of the people, or who are likely to do so, deserve to die, I vote for death!"

In the course of this terrible scene, a deputy named Duchâtel, who was ill, had himself brought to the Convention in his dressing-gown and night-cap. He came to vote for banishment.

Vergniaud presided, as he had done on the 10th of August, and it was he who pronounced the death sentence of Louis XVI. as he had previously pronounced his deposal from office.

"Citizens," he said, "you have just performed an important act of justice. I hope Humanity will now lead you to maintain a religious silence. When Justice has spoken, Humanity should have her turn."

He then announced the result of the vote. Out of seven hundred and twenty-one members, three hundred and thirty-four had voted for imprisonment or exile, and three hundred and eighty-seven had voted for death, with or without the privilege of an appeal to the people. Taking from this majority of fifty-three votes, the forty-six votes for death after a reprieve, there still remained a majority of seven votes for immediate death.

"Citizens," continued Vergniaud, in tones of profound sadness, "I therefore declare in the name of the National Convention, that sentence of death is pronounced upon Louis Capet."

The roll call had taken twenty-four hours and did not end until eight o'clock on the night of the 19th of January; but it was not until three o'clock the next morning that Vergniaud announced the result.

Louis, though shut off from all communication with the outside world, knew that his fate was decided. Alone, separated even from his wife and children whom he had refused to see, probably in order that he might mortify his heart as a sinful monk mortifies his flesh, he committed

his fate to God, indifferent, at least to all appearance, as to whether the fiat was to be life or death.

At six o'clock Sunday morning, Malesherbes paid him a visit. The king had already risen, and was now sitting with his face buried in his hands, and his elbows resting on the table.

"Well, monsieur?" he asked, on seeing his visitor.

Malesherbes dared not answer; but the prisoner could see from the expression of the lawyer's face that there was no hope.

"Death," exclaimed Louis. "I was sure of it!" and opening his arms he pressed Malesherbes to his bosom.

The lawyer burst into tears.

"Monsieur de Malesherbes," the king said, after a moment, "for two whole days I have been trying to decide if in the whole course of my reign I have merited the slightest reproach from my subjects. Ah, well! I swear to you, with all the solemnity of a man who is about to appear before his God, that I have always desired the welfare and happiness of my people above all things, and have never knowingly done aught to impair either."

This conversation took place in the presence of Cléry, who was sobbing bitterly. The king, pitying his valet, took Malesherbes into his study, where he remained closeted with him nearly an hour. Then he came out, and, after embracing the worthy lawyer, begged him to return that evening.

Endeavouring to conceal his feelings as much as possible, Cléry began his preparations for shaving the king.

The king made the lather himself, while Cléry stood in front of him holding the basin; but suddenly the king became very pale. His cheeks and lips and even his ears turned white. Fearing his master was ill, Cléry set the bowl down and tried to support him; but the king seized his hands, exclaiming: "Come, come, courage!" and then shaved himself calmly and deliberately.

About two o'clock the Executive Council came to announce the verdict.

Garat, minister of justice, acted as spokesman. Without removing his hat from his head, he said: "Louis, the National Convention has charged the Provisional Executive Council with the task of communicating to you the proceedings of January 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th. The secretary of the Council will now proceed to read these decrees."

Grouvelle, in a trembling voice, read the following:—

ARTICLE I.

The National Convention declares Louis Capet, formerly king of the French, guilty of conspiring against the liberty of the Nation, and of imperilling the safety of the State.

ARTICLE II.

The National Convention imposes upon Louis Capet the penalty of death.

ARTICLE III.

The National Convention refuses the request made in behalf of Louis Capet by his counsellors, asking an appeal to the nation from the decision of the National Convention.

ARTICLE IV.

The Provisional Executive Council will communicate the decision of the Convention to Louis Capet without delay, and make such arrangements as will enable the execution to take place within twenty-four hours of this notification, and the Council will report to the National Convention as soon as the execution is over.

The king remained perfectly calm during the reading of the above document, though a disdainful expression played about his lips when he heard the words *guilty of conspiring*. At the words *penalty of death*, he raised his eyes devoutly heavenward, as if to bring himself into closer communion with God.

When the reading was ended, the king stepped up to Grouvelle, took the decree from his hands, folded it carefully, and placed it in his portfolio; then he drew from the

same receptacle another document, which he handed to Garat, saying, —

"Monsieur secretary, I beg you will transmit this letter to the National Convention at once."

As Garat seemed to hesitate, the king said: "I will read it to you."

Then, in a voice which contrasted strikingly with Grouvelle's, he read the following letter: —

I ask a delay of three days to prepare myself to appear before God; and I desire, for that purpose, permission to see, at any and all times, the person whose name I will mention to the municipal commissioners. I also ask that the person named may be shielded from any fear or danger on account of the act of charity he will perform for me.

I also ask to be freed from the continual espionage the Common Council has exercised over me for some time past.

During this interval, I ask the privilege of seeing my family whenever I please, and without witnesses. I also desire that the National Convention decide immediately as to the welfare of my family, and that the members of it may be allowed to leave this place whenever it suits them to do so.

I commend to the benevolence of the nation all persons who have been attached to my service. Many of them were dependent upon their positions for support, and, having no employment, they must be in want. Among the pensioners, there were many aged men, as well as women and children, who had no other means of subsistence.

Done in the Tower of the Temple. LOUIS.
Jan. 20th, 1793.

Garat took the letter.

"It shall be transmitted to the Convention at once, monsieur," he said.

The king again opened his portfolio, and, taking from it a tiny scrap of paper, remarked: "If the Convention grants my request in relation to a confessor, this is his address."

The paper bore the following name in Madame Elizabeth's handwriting, —

"Monsieur Edgeworth de Firmont, No. 483 Rue Bac."

As there seemed to be nothing more to do or say, the king took a step backward, making the same gesture with which he had been wont to indicate that an audience was at an end in days gone by, and the ministers withdrew.

"Cléry," said the king to his valet, who, feeling that his limbs were giving way under him, had leaned against the wall for support, — "Cléry, order my dinner."

Cléry went into the adjoining room to obey the command. There he found two officials, who showed him a warrant forbidding the king the use of knives and forks. A knife however was to be intrusted to Cléry, so he could cut his master's bread and meat in the presence of two guards.

Cléry not being willing to tell his master of this new restriction, the officials themselves notified the king.

So the king broke his bread with his fingers, and cut his meat with a spoon. Contrary to his usual custom, he ate very little, and the meal was over in a few moments.

About six o'clock, the minister of justice was again announced. The king rose to receive him.

"I delivered your letter to the Convention," said Garat, "and have been instructed to bring you this reply."

"Louis is at liberty to select his religious adviser and to see his family whenever he pleases, without witnesses.

"The Nation, always generous and just, will provide for the future of his family.

"The creditors of his household will receive their just dues.

"The National Convention refuses the request for a reprieve."

The king bowed in silence. and Garat withdrew.

"Citizen minister, how is Louis to see his family?" asked one of the guards.

"In private."

"Impossible! We have orders from the Commune not to lose sight of him, night or day."

The situation was rather embarrassing; but at last they compromised by deciding that the king should receive his

family in the dining-room, so he could be seen through the glass door, but that the door might be closed so the conversation could not be heard.

In the mean time, the king had said to Cléry: "See if the minister of justice is still here, and, if so, recall him."

A moment later, Garat re-entered the room.

"I forgot to ask if Monsieur Edgeworth de Firmont was at home, and when I can see him," said the king.

"I brought him with me in my carriage," replied Garat. "He will come up at once, if you desire it."

And even as the minister of justice uttered these words, Monsieur Edgeworth de Firmont appeared in the doorway.

CHAPTER XL.

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF JANUARY.

Monsieur Edgeworth de Firmont was Madame Elizabeth's confessor. Nearly six weeks prior to this time the king, foreseeing the sentence of death which had just been pronounced upon him, asked his sister's advice in regard to the selection of a spiritual adviser, and Madame Elizabeth had tearfully recommended her brother to send for Abbé Firmont.

That worthy priest, who was of English origin, having escaped the September massacre, had retired to Choisy-le-Roi, where he had been living under the name of Essex. Madame Elizabeth knew his alias, and having written to him at Choisy, hoped that he would come to Paris as soon as the king's fate was decided.

She was not mistaken. The abbé was not a man to shrink from a duty, however dangerous.

On the 21st of December, he wrote to one of his friends in England:—

"My unfortunate master has selected me as the spiritual adviser to prepare him for death, if the fury of the people leads them to parricide.

"I too am preparing for death; for I am convinced that the fury of the populace will not permit me to survive the terrible scene a single hour; but I am resigned. I count my life but as dross; and if by sacrificing it, I could save the king, I would gladly do so, and feel that I had not died in vain."

The king ushered the abbé into his cabinet, and closed the door; and the two remained closeted together until

eight o'clock in the evening, when Louis asked to be conducted to his family.

"That is impossible; but they can see you here, if you wish," was the reply.

"So be it, provided I can see them alone, and without witnesses," replied the king. "You doubtless have heard that the Convention has given orders to that effect."

"We have arranged the matter with the Minister of Justice. You are to see your family in your dining-room. The door is to be closed; but we can keep an eye on you through the upper part of it, which is glass."

"Very well."

The king went into the adjoining room. Cléry followed him, and pushed the table to one side, and placed the chairs against the wall so as to make more room.

"Bring a glass of water, too, Cléry, lest the queen should be thirsty," said the king.

There was a pitcher of ice-water on the table already, so Cléry only brought a tumbler.

"Bring some water," repeated the king. "If the queen drinks ice-water it may make her ill, as she is not accustomed to it. You had also better ask Monsieur de Firmont to remain in my private room. The sight of him here might affect my family too deeply."

About half-past eight the door opened, and the queen came in, leading the dauphin by the hand. Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth followed. The king opened his arms, and the weeping ladies and children rushed into them.

Cléry went out and closed the door. For several minutes there was a gloomy silence, broken only by sobs. Then the queen tried to lead the king into the adjoining room, for she wished to say a few words to him in private.

"No," said he, "I can only see you here."

The royal family knew that sentence had been pronounced; but they had heard none of the details of the trial.

The king gave them a full account of it, making excuses for the men who had condemned him, and calling the queen's attention to the fact that neither Pétion nor Manuel had voted for his death.

The queen listened; but whenever she tried to speak, her sobs burst forth afresh. God vouchsafed the poor prisoner this consolation, — in his last hours he was adored by all around him, even the queen.

The queen had always allowed herself to be too much attracted by the romantic side of life. She was endowed with a very vivid imagination, an attribute which is very apt to lead to imprudence on the part of its possessor; and the queen had been extremely imprudent both in her friendships and in her love-affairs.

Her imprisonment had been her regeneration from a moral point of view.

At Varennes, and at the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, Louis had seemed an irresolute, almost cowardly man, absolutely devoid of energy. In the Temple, Marie Antoinette began to understand that the wife had not only greatly misjudged the husband heretofore, but that the queen had also misjudged the king. Now, seeing him so courageous and resigned in the presence of Death, so patient under insult, and so kind and considerate to those around him, her love revived. In the days of their prosperity she had only seen the dull and commonplace side of her husband's nature, and had despised him accordingly; now there came an entire revulsion of feeling, and as she was a person who could do nothing in moderation, she now began to worship him as a saint.

Besides, during this last interview, the queen was a prey to something like remorse. She longed to be alone with her husband for a few moments; but, finding that was impossible, she drew the king into a recess formed by a window, and was about to fall at his feet and implore his forgiveness in a passion of tears and sobs. The king probably understood all this; for, checking her, he drew his will from his pocket, and said: —

"Read this, my beloved wife."

As he spoke, he pointed to the following paragraph, which the queen read in a half-whisper: —

"I entreat my wife to forgive me for all the ills she is suffering on my account, as well as for the sorrow and mortification I must have caused her during our wedded life; and she may rest assured I harbour no resentment against her, even if she feels she has anything for which to reproach herself."

Marie Antoinette seized the king's hands and kissed them passionately. There was infinite mercy in the words: "I harbour no resentment against her," and infinite delicacy in the phrase, "Even if she feels she has anything for which to reproach herself."

So she died in peace, this poor, royal Magdalen. Her love for the king, tardy as it was, won her both human and divine compassion. Forgiveness was granted her, not privately and secretly, like something of which the king was ashamed, but openly and publicly.

So who dares to reproach her when she thus stands before posterity, doubly crowned, — crowned with the glory of martyrdom and with her husband's forgiveness?

She was conscious of this. She felt that from that moment she was strong in the eyes of History; but she felt none the less weak in presence of him whom she had wronged. No words, only despairing moans escaped the lips of the unhappy woman. She exclaimed, again and again, that she wanted to die with her husband; and if this boon was refused her, she would starve herself to death.

The guards who witnessed this scene through the glass door could not bear it. They averted their eyes, but they could still hear the heart-breaking sobs and moans of the unhappy family; and they, too, could not repress their tears.

This distressing scene lasted nearly two hours. The king was the first to rise; but his wife and sister and children clung to him despairingly. The king and the queen each held one of the dauphin's hands. Standing on her father's

left, Madame Royale put her arms around his waist. Madame Elizabeth, standing on the same side, but a little farther back, grasped his arm, while the queen, as if she had a right to the most consolation, — though she really deserved it least, — passed her arm around her husband's neck.

The little group moved slowly on together; and amid their sobs and moans such words as these could occasionally be distinguished: —

"We shall see each other again, shall we not?"

"Yes, yes! Be calm!"

"To-morrow morning, — to-morrow morning at eight o'clock?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Why not at seven?" pleaded the queen.

"Well, yes, at seven," replied the king; "but now farewell! farewell!"

By the tone in which he uttered the word "farewell" it was evident that he was afraid his courage would fail him.

Madame Royale could bear it no longer, she sank to the floor with a long sigh. She had fainted.

The king felt that it was time to put an end to this harrowing scene; so, resolutely freeing himself from the detaining grasp of the dauphin and the queen, he went into the next room, and closed the door behind him.

The queen, completely overcome, did not dare to ask the king to re-open it, but stood there weeping and sobbing, and smiting the panels with her open palm. But the king had the courage to resist her appeal.

The guards then begged the queen to retire to her own room, renewing the assurance already given that she should see her husband at seven o'clock the next morning.

When the queen had gone, the king turned to the abbé, who had been waiting for him all this while in the little turret room, and said, —

"Monsieur, let us now forget everything else and attend to the all-important business of my soul's salvation."

"I am ready to do my best, sire, and I sincerely hope God will atone for my deficiencies. Do you not think it would be a great comfort to you to hear mass and receive the sacrament?"

"Yes, undoubtedly," responded the king. "You may well believe I should thoroughly appreciate such a great privilege; but how can you accomplish it?"

"Leave the arrangements to me, sire. I wish to prove to your Majesty that I am not unworthy of the honour you have done me in selecting me as your spiritual adviser. If the king will empower me to proceed in the matter, I will be responsible for the result."

"Do whatever you think best, monsieur; but I greatly fear you will not succeed."

The abbé went down to the Council Chamber, and, without any preamble, said to the officials who were on guard there: "The person who is to die to-morrow desires to hear mass and make his confession before death."

The officials gazed at each other in surprise. The idea that such a request would be made had never once entered their minds, and they did not know what to say in reply.

"Where the deuce can you find a priest and all the paraphernalia at this late hour?" they asked.

"The priest is already found, as I am here. As for the needed vessels, the nearest church can supply them. It is only necessary to send for them."

The officials hesitated.

"What if this should be a trap?" remarked one of them.

"What do you mean?" asked the priest.

"What if you intend to poison the king under the pretext of administering the sacred wafer."

The abbé looked the speaker full in the face.

"You know that history furnishes enough examples of that sort of thing to make us very cautious," continued the official.

"I was so carefully searched when I entered the prison that you must be pretty well satisfied that I have no poison

about me. If I have any to-morrow I must certainly have received it from you, as nothing could possibly reach me without passing through your hands."

The request was finally granted upon two conditions: First, that the abbé should put his request in writing, and affix his signature to it; secondly, that the ceremony should be over at seven o'clock the next morning, as the prisoner was to be taken to the place of execution at eight o'clock precisely.

The priest complied with the first condition, and was then conducted back to the king.

It was now ten o'clock, and the abbé remained closeted with the king until midnight. The king then remarked: "I am tired now, Monsieur Abbé, and I must sleep, for I shall have need of all my strength to-morrow."

Then he called for Cléry, who came in and undressed his master, and suggested taking down his hair; but the king said, with a smile: "It is hardly worth while, Cléry. Be sure and wake me at five to-morrow morning."

He went to bed immediately, and his head had hardly touched the pillow before he fell asleep, so imperious were the demands of this man's physical nature.

The abbé threw himelf down upon the bed usually occupied by Cléry, who spent the night in a chair.

Cléry's slumbers were restless in the extreme; and he was awake some time before five o'clock.

At last he arose and began to make the fire.

The noise woke the king.

"Well, Cléry, is it five o'clock?" he asked.

"Several clocks have struck the hour, sire; but ours has not," replied Cléry, approaching the bed.

"I rested very well," remarked the king. "I needed to, for yesterday was a very fatiguing day. Where is Monsieur de Firmont?"

"Asleep on my bed."

"On your bed? Then where did you spend the night?"

"In a chair."

"I am sorry. You should not have done it."

"Oh, sire, how could I think of myself at a time like this?"

"My poor Cléry," said the king, giving him his hand, which Cléry tearfully kissed.

The faithful servant began to dress the king for the last time, having laid out for the purpose a brown coat, a pair of grey knee-breeches, and grey silk stockings.

After the king was dressed, Cléry arranged his hair, and, while he was doing it, Louis detached a seal from his watch and placed it in his vest-pocket. He then laid the watch on the mantel, and, removing a ring from his finger, placed it in the same pocket with the seal.

When Cléry handed him his coat, the king took from the pockets his memorandum-book, snuff-box, and glasses, and placed them, as well as his purse, on the mantel beside his watch. These preparations were all made in the presence of the municipal officers, who entered the room of the condemned as soon as they saw the light.

Half-past five sounded.

"Wake Monsieur de Firmont," the king said to Cléry.

The priest was already up and dressed, and, hearing the order given to Cléry, he came in. The king bade him good-morning, and asked him to enter the private room.

Cléry immediately set to work preparing the altar, which was merely the bureau covered with a table-cloth. The sacerdotal vessels had been secured at a neighbouring church.

When the altar was dressed, Cléry notified the king. "Can you take part in the service," asked Louis.

"I think so, only I'm afraid I don't know all the responses by heart."

Whereupon the king gave him a prayer-book open at the *Introït.*

Father Edgeworth was already in Cléry's room putting on his robes; and when he entered, the officials retired to the ante-chamber, fearing they should become contaminated by contact with an ecclesiastic, probably.

It was now six o'clock, and the celebration of mass began. The king listened devoutly to the entire service upon his knees. When mass was over, he received the communion, after which the abbé, leaving him to his devotions, went into the next room and proceeded to divest himself of his sacerdotal robes.

The king took advantage of this opportunity to thank Cléry for his devotion, and to bid him a last farewell. Then he went into his private room, where the abbé joined him, while Cléry sat down on the bed and wept bitterly.

At seven o'clock, the king called him, and Cléry hastened to answer the summons. Leading the valet into a sort of recess formed by a window, Louis said: "You will give this seal to my son, and this ring to my wife. Tell them it breaks my heart to part with them. This small package contains a lock of hair of each member of my family. Give this, too, to the queen."

"But will you not see her again?" asked Cléry.

The king hesitated a moment, as if the temptation was almost too strong for him, but after a little he replied in a decided tone: "No; I know I promised to see them again this morning; but it will be much better for me to spare them the cruel grief of such a parting. Cléry, if you ever see them again, tell them how much it cost me to depart without embracing them once more."

And dashing away a tear, he said, in mournful accents: "Cléry, you will take them my last farewell, will you not?"

After this, the king again returned to his devotions.

The officials had seen the king place these different articles in Cléry's hands, and one of the men asked for them; but another suggested that they had better leave them with Cléry until the Council decided what was to be done with them, and this last suggestion prevailed.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the king again emerged from his cabinet. Cléry was still standing near the door, awaiting his master's orders.

"Ask if I can have a pair of scissors, Cléry," he said; and then went back into his private room again.

"What does he want of scissors?" inquired one of the officials.

"I do not know, ask him," replied Cléry.

So one of the officials entered the cabinet, only to find the king kneeling before the priest.

"You asked for scissors," the officer remarked. "What do you want with them?"

"I want Cléry to cut my hair."

The official returned to his colleagues and a long consultation ensued. At the end of half an hour the request was refused.

"I need not touch the scissors," urged the king, "and Cléry can cut my hair in your presence. Pray reconsider your decision."

The official went out and repeated the prisoner's request, but his superior officers still refused.

Shortly afterwards, an official approached Cléry, and said to him: "I think it is about time for you to be getting ready to accompany the king to the scaffold."

"Good heavens, what for?" asked Cléry, trembling in every limb, for fear the last hour had come for him also.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed another official, "the headsman can do all that is needful."

It was day now, and drums could be heard beating loudly in every part of the town. The noise and stir penetrated to the inmost recesses of the tower, and fairly froze the blood in the veins of Cléry and the priest.

Apparently much calmer than they, the king listened, and then said without the slightest trace of emotion: "The National Guards are beginning to assemble, probably."

A short time afterwards several detachments of cavalry rode into the courtyard of the Temple. The king and his companions could distinctly hear the neighing of the horses and the voices of the officers. Again the king listened, and remarked, with the same unruffled calmness, "They seem to be coming."

Between seven and eight o'clock several persons knocked at the door of the cabinet under various pretexts or for different purposes, and each time the abbé thought the last summons had come; but each time the king quietly rose, went to the door, tranquilly answered the intruders, and then returned to his confessor's side.

The abbé could not see these persons, but he overheard some of their remarks.

Once, for instance, he heard an intruder say: —

"All that was very well when you were a king, but you 're not a king any longer."

Nevertheless, Louis XVI. turned from the door with the same tranquil countenance.

"You see how these men treat me, father," he remarked, "but one must learn to endure all things."

Soon there came another rap, and the king again went to the door. This time he remarked on his return: "Those fellows see daggers and poison everywhere. How little they know me! Suicide would be an evidence of weakness on my part. They would think I did not know how to die!"

About nine o'clock the noise seemed to increase. A loud slamming of doors began, and Santerre entered the ante-chamber accompanied by seven or eight municipal officers and ten gendarmes who ranged themselves in two lines.

Without waiting for them to rap at the door, the king came out of his cabinet and said: "You have come for me, I suppose."

"Yes, monsieur."

"I ask but for one moment more."

And he stepped back into the cabinet, closing the door behind him.

"The end has come, my father," he exclaimed, throwing himself once more at the priest's feet. "Give me your final blessing, and ask God to sustain me until the last."

After the benediction was given, the king arose, and

opening the door advanced towards the officials who were standing in the middle of the room. They all kept their hats on their heads.

"My hat," said the king to Cléry, who tearfully hastened to obey his master's behest.

"Is there any member of the Commune among you?" asked the king. "You are one, I believe," he added, addressing a man named Jacques Roux, a priest who had taken the oath of allegiance to the Constitution.

"What do you want with me?" asked the former priest.

The king drew his will from his pocket, and said: "I beg you to deliver this paper to the queen, — to my wife."

"We did not come here to do your commissions, but to take you to the scaffold," replied Jacques Roux, roughly.

The king received this insult as meekly as Christ would have done, and turning with the same gentleness of manner to another official named Gobeau, he said: "Will you, too, refuse my request, monsieur?"

And as Gobeau seemed to hesitate, the king added: —

"It is only my will. You can read it if you like. There are some things in it to which I would like to call the attention of the Commune."

Gobeau took the paper.

Then, seeing that Cléry was not only holding the hat he had asked for, but his overcoat as well, — because he feared like the valet of Charles I. that his master would shiver with the cold, and that people would think it was from fear, — the king said: "No, Cléry, give me only my hat."

Cléry obeyed; and the king took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to press his faithful servant's hand for the last time.

Then, in the tone of command he had so rarely assumed, "Let us start, gentlemen," he said.

On the staircase they met Mathay, the concierge of the tower, whom the king had found seated in front of his fire a short time before, and whom he had rather roughly ordered to move aside.

"I was too hasty when I spoke to you day before yesterday, Mathay," said the king. "Do not lay it up against me."

Mathay turned his back without replying.

The king crossed the inner courtyard on foot, turning two or three times as he did so, as if to bid farewell to the only love of his life, his wife, to his dear sister, and his sole joy, his children.

A hack stood at the gate of the courtyard.

Two gendarmes were holding the door open; as the prisoner approached, one of them stepped into the carriage and took his place on the front seat. The king followed him, and motioned the abbé to sit beside him on the back seat. Then the other gendarme got in and closed the door.

It was quarter past nine when the procession started.

A word or two now, in relation to the queen and Madame Elizabeth.

The evening before, after the interview which had been so sweet and yet so painful, the queen threw herself on her bed without undressing; and all that long winter's night Madame Elizabeth heard her moaning with cold and despair.

At quarter past six her door opened, and the entire family eagerly awaited the expected summons to the king's apartment.

The hours dragged slowly by. The queen and the princess, standing all the while, heard all those ominous sounds which did not impair the king's composure, though they made his valet and his confessor shudder with horror. They heard the loud opening and shutting of doors. They heard the yells of the populace which greeted the king's exit from the prison; and, finally, they heard the booming of cannon and the clatter of horses' hoofs.

Then the queen sank into a chair groaning: —

"Oh, my God! he has gone without bidding us farewell!"

Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale knelt, sobbing, by her side.

One by one their hopes had fled; at first they had hoped for exile or continued imprisonment, but this hope had vanished. Next they had hoped for a reprieve, but that hope, too, had fled. Lastly they had hoped for some attempt at rescue even on the way to the scaffold, but they felt now that this hope was destined to prove as futile as all the others.

"My God! my God! my God!" cried the queen. And in this last frenzied appeal to her Creator, the poor woman exhausted the last remnant of strength she possessed.

Meanwhile the hack had reached the boulevards. The streets were nearly deserted, and half the shops closed. There was no one to be seen in the doorways or at the windows. A proclamation from the Commune had forbidden any citizen, not forming a part of the escort, to traverse the streets leading from the boulevards, or show themselves at the windows along the route.

A cloudy, misty sky overhung the forest of pikes, in the midst of which an occasional bayonet glittered. Directly in front of the carriage there was a squad of cavalry, and in front of that, a drum corps.

The king attempted to converse with his confessor, but was unable to do so on account of the noise; so the abbé loaned him his breviary, and the king read that attentively.

On nearing the Porte Saint-Denis, he raised his head fancying he detected a very different sound, and he was right. A dozen young men came rushing down the Rue Beauregard, sabre in hand, shouting, "Help! help, all who would save the king!"

Three thousand conspirators were to respond to this appeal made by Baron de Batz.

He courageously gave the signal, but only a handful of men kept their promise; and the baron and his eight or ten followers seeing that no good could be accomplished, took advantage of the commotion created by their out-

break, and made their escape through the labyrinth of streets around the Porte Saint-Denis.

It was this incident that diverted the king's attention from his prayers; but it was of so little importance that the carriage did not even stop. When it did pause at the end of two hours and ten minutes, it had reached its destination.

When the king noticed that the carriage had ceased to move, he leaned towards the abbé and said: "Here we are, I think, monsieur;" but the priest made no reply.

One of the three Samson brothers, the public executioners of the city, opened the carriage door.

Placing his hand on the priest's knee, the king said in a tone of authority: "Gentlemen, I commend this gentleman here to your care. See that no harm befalls him after my death."

Meanwhile the other headsmen had approached.

"Yes, yes; we will take care of him. Leave him to us," replied one of them.

Louis alighted. The assistants surrounded him and attempted to remove his coat, but he waved them aside, and began to make the necessary preparations unaided.

For an instant, the king stood entirely alone in the circle, while he threw his hat on the ground, untied his cravat and removed his coat; but these preparations completed, the executioners again approached him, one of them with a rope in his hand.

"What do you want?" demanded the king.

"To bind you," was the reply.

"I will never consent to that. You may as well abandon that idea. Do your work, but you shall never bind me, never!"

The executioners insisted, and a hand-to-hand struggle seemed likely to deprive the victim of the admiration which six months of calmness, courage, and resignation had earned for him in the eyes of the world; but one of the three Samsons moved with pity, though obliged to

perform this odious task, said to the king respectfully: "With this handkerchief, sire —"

The king glanced at his confessor.

"Sire, consent to make this sacrifice. It will only be another point of resemblance between your Majesty and the Divine Being who will surely reward you," said the abbé, though it was evident that it cost him a terrible effort to speak.

The king lifted his eyes heavenward with an expression of intense sorrow.

"Nothing but His example could induce me to submit to such an affront," he murmured.

Then, turning to the headsmen, he extended his hands.

"Do what you will," he added. "I will drink the cup of humiliation to the very dregs."

The steps of the scaffold were steep and slippery. He mounted them leaning on the arm of the priest, who feared the king might show some weakness in his last moments; but as soon as he reached the topmost step Louis freed himself from the abbé's grasp, and walked briskly across the platform. His face was flushed and never had he looked so animated and full of energy.

The drums were beating loudly, but he silenced them with a look.

Then, in a strong voice, he cried: —

"I die innocent of the crimes imputed to my charge. I forgive the authors of my death, and I pray God the blood you are about to shed may never be visited upon France!"

"Beat the drums!" cried a voice which was long supposed to be that of Santerre, but which was really the voice of Monsieur de Beaufranchet, Count d'Oyat, the son of Louis XV. and the courtesan Morphise, and, consequently, the illegitimate uncle of the condemned man.

The drummers, obeyed. The king stamped his foot

angrily. "Silence!" he cried imperiously. "I have something more to say."

But the drums beat on.

"Do your duty!" yelled the pikemen who surrounded the scaffold.

The executioners seized the king; who was walking slowly towards the knife, glancing up at the bevelled edge which he himself had suggested two or three years before. Then he looked back at the priest, who was kneeling in prayer near the edge of the scaffold.

A confused and hurried movement between the two posts of the guillotine followed, for a single instant the head of the condemned appeared in the opening, then came a flash, and a dull thud, after which nothing but a stream of blood was to be seen.

One of the executioners picked up the head and showed it to the people. The pikemen shouted with joy at the sight, and rushing forward dipped their pikes or the point of their sabres or their handkerchiefs — such of them as had any — in the monarch's blood, shouting: "Long live the Republic!" the while.

But for the first time this glorious cry, which had so often thrilled the hearts of the people with joy, died away without an echo. The Republic was branded now with one of those fatal stains which can never be effaced. As a great statesman subsequently remarked: "The Republic had been guilty of something worse than a crime, — a blunder."

A feeling of stupefaction seemed to pervade the city. With some, this feeling amounted to positive despair.

A bookseller went mad; a hair-dresser cut his throat; an old officer died of grief, and a woman threw herself into the Seine.

At the opening of the next session of the Convention a letter was received by the presiding officer. It was from a man who asked that the body of Louis XVI. might be sent to him so he could bury it beside that of his father.

Head and trunk remained separated. Let us see what became of them. We know of no recital more terrible than the official report of the burial made that very day which we here append.

REPORT ON THE INTERMENT OF LOUIS CAPET.

On January 21st, 1793, in the second year of the French Republic, we, the undersigned, Commissioners for the department of Paris, empowered by the General Council by virtue of certain decrees of the Provisional Executive Council of the Republic, went at nine o'clock in the forenoon to the house of Citizen Ricave, curé of Saint Madeleine. Finding him at home, we inquired if he had arranged for the execution of the orders issued the evening before by the Executive Council for the burial of Louis Capet. He replied that the instructions he had received had been faithfully carried out, and that everything was in readiness.

Thence, accompanied by Citizens Renard and Damoreau, both vicars of Saint Madeleine Parish, and deputised by the Citizen Curé to attend the burial of Louis Capet, we repaired to the cemetery connected with the aforesaid parish, situated on the Rue Anjou Saint-Honoré. Soon after our arrival, there was deposited in the cemetery in our presence, by a detachment of gendarmes, the body of Louis Capet which we found entire in all its members, the head only being separated from the trunk. We took notice that the hair on the back of the head was cut, and that the corpse was without a cravat, coat, or shoes, but it was clad in a shirt, pointed vest, gray cloth breeches, and a pair of gray silk hose.

Thus clothed, it was placed in a coffin which was immediately lowered into a grave and covered.

Everything was consequently done in a manner conforming with the orders issued by the Provisional Executive Council of the French Republic, as we, together with Citizens Ricave, Renard, and Damoreau, curé and vicars of Saint Madeleine hereby certify.

LEBLANC, *Administrator of the Department.*
DUBOIS, *Administrator of the Departmnt.*
DAMOREAU, RICAVE, RENARD.

Thus, on the 21st of January, 1793, Louis XVI. died

and was buried. He was thirty-nine years, five months, and three days old. He reigned eighteen years, and was a prisoner five months and eight days.

His last wish was not fulfilled, for his blood brought misery not upon France alone but upon all Europe.

CHAPTER XLI.

CAGLIOSTRO'S ADVICE.

THE following evening while pikemen were running wildly through the deserted but brilliantly lighted streets of Paris, which looked all the more desolate by reason of this illumination, flourishing tattered handkerchiefs and shirts stained with blood on the ends of their weapons, and shouting: "The tyrant's dead! Look at the tyrant's blood!" two men were alone together in a house in the Rue Saint-Honoré.

Both were equally silent, but in manner and appearance they were utterly unlike.

One, dressed in black and evidently overwhelmed with grief, was seated at a table with his bowed head resting on his hands.

The other, who was clad in the garb of a well-to-do farmer, was striding excitedly up and down the room. There was a heavy cloud upon his scarred forehead, his eye was gloomy, and every time he passed the table in his walk to and fro, he cast a furtive glance at the silent man on the opposite side of it.

How long the men had been thus occupied, we cannot say; but at last, the man in rustic attire seemed to become weary of this silence, and pausing in front of the man whose face was buried in his hands, he said:—

"Well, Citizen Gilbert, you think me a brigand for voting for the king's death, I suppose."

The man dressed in black looked up and, shaking his head sadly, replied:—

"No, Billot, no. You are no more a brigand than I am an aristocrat. You voted according to your sense of right, and I voted according to mine, only I voted for life, and you voted for death. It is an awful thing to take from any man that which no human power is able to restore."

"So you consider despotism inviolable, and a desire for freedom, rebellion!" exclaimed Billot. "According to you, there is no such thing as justice here below, except for kings, that is, — for tyrants. What is left for the people? The privilege of serving and obeying. And you say this, you, the pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and a citizen of the United States."

"I did not say that, Billot. It would be an insult to the human race."

"See here, Gilbert, I want to put a plain question or two to you. Do you admit that a nation which justly considers itself oppressed, has a right to abolish its church, to depose or supersede its rulers, and fight for freedom with all its might?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then has it also a right to consolidate the results of its victory?"

"Yes, Billot, it has an incontestable right to do so; but consolidation is not effected by violence and murder. Have you forgotten the command: 'Thou shalt not kill thy fellow-man'?"

"But the king is not my fellow-man; he is my enemy," cried Billot. "I remember well how my poor mother used to read to me in the Bible about what Samuel said to the Israelites when they wanted a king."

"I remember that too, Billot. Nevertheless, Samuel consecrated Saul. He did not kill him."

"Oh, if I attempt to argue with one of your learning, I shall be worsted, of course. Only let me ask you this: Had we a right to take the Bastille?"

"Yes."

"When the king tried to deprive the people of freedom

of speech had we any right to hold that meeting in the Tennis Court?"

"Yes."

"When the king tried to flee the country had we any right to arrest him at Varennes?"

"Yes."

"And when we found out that he was corresponding with refugees and conspiring against us with foreigners, even after he had sworn to support the Constitution, had n't we a right to straighten things out, and give him to understand that we would have no more of it, as we did on the 20th of June?"

"Yes."

"And when he refused to sanction the expression of the people's will, had n't we a right to take possession of the Tuileries and abolish the monarchy?"

"Yes."

"But if the king continued to fight against Liberty even while he was confined in the Temple, had we or had we not a right to summon him before the Convention and try him?"

"You had."

"But if we had a right to try him, we also had a right to condemn him, it seems to me."

"Yes, to exile, banishment, or even continual imprisonment. In fact to anything except death."

"And why not to death?"

"Because though guilty so far as the result of his actions was concerned he was not guilty in intent. You look at these matters from the people's standpoint, my dear Billot; he, from his standpoint, — the standpoint of royalism. Was he a tyrant? No. Was he an oppressor of the people? No. An accomplice of the aristocrats? No. An enemy of Liberty? No."

"So you, too, judge him from a royalist's standpoint, do you?" asked Billot.

"No, for from a royalist's point of view, I should have to absolve him entirely."

"But did you not absolve him when you voted to spare his life?"

"Yes, but with imprisonment for life. Billot, believe me, I speak the truth when I tell you, I was forced to think more favourably of him and to judge him far more leniently than I wished. A man of the people, or to speak more correctly, a son of the people, I had a preference for the popular side. You saw the king from afar off; you did not have the opportunity to judge of his real character that I did. Dissatisfied with the part assigned him, he was dragged one way by the Assembly, and another way by an ambitious wife. He was urged to adopt one course by the selfish refugees, and another by his brothers, who went about everywhere inciting persons to oppose the Revolution in his name. You say he was not your fellow-man, but your enemy. Well, your enemy was defeated, and civilised men do not kill vanquished foes. A murder in cold blood is not an act of justice, but an immolation. You have just invested royalty with the glory of martyrdom and have made justice seem too much like vengeance. Be careful! Charles I. was beheaded, but Charles II. became king; James II. was banished from England, and his son, too, died in exile. You have overdone the matter, Billot, and have alienated from Republicanism for fifty, perhaps even a hundred, years that immense portion of the human race who judge Revolutions solely with the heart. Believe me, my friend, it is the Republicans who should most deeply deplore the death of Louis XVI., for his blood is sure to be required of them, and will cost them their Republic eventually."

"There is a good deal of truth in what you say, Gilbert," responded a voice from the doorway.

The two men started and turned simultaneously. Then they exclaimed as if with one accord, "Cagliostro!"

"Yes, of course," he answered. "But there is also considerable truth in what Billot says."

"Alas! that is just the trouble," said Gilbert; "the

subject we are discussing has two sides, and each person looking only at one side is necessarily obliged to believe himself in the right."

"Yes, but he ought also to be willing to let it be said that he is wrong," responded Cagliostro.

"Tell us what you think about the matter," said Gilbert.

"Yes, tell us what you think," exclaimed Billot.

"So you have tried the prisoner, and I am to sit in judgment upon the trial," said Cagliostro. "If you had condemned the *king* you would have done right; but you condemned the *man*, and there you made a great mistake."

"I do not understand," said Billot.

"Listen, and our friend will explain," interrupted Gilbert.

"The king ought to have been killed while he was at Versailles or the Tuileries," continued Cagliostro; "while he was surrounded by his throng of courtiers and his Swiss Guards, and while he was a stranger to his people. He ought to have been killed on the 6th of October or the 10th of August, for then he was a tyrant! But after being confined in the Temple for five months, in constant communication with the common people, — eating before everybody, sleeping before everybody; the comrade of the workman, the mechanic, and the petty shopkeeper, — he was elevated by his very apparent abasement to the dignity of true manhood, and consequently should have been treated like a man, that is to say, banished or imprisoned."

"I did not understand you," Billot remarked to Gilbert, "but I *do* understand Citizen Cagliostro."

"During these five months of imprisonment, the king was certainly seen in a most attractive and touching and flattering light. He proved himself to be a good husband, a good father, and a good man. The fools! I thought they had more sense. They regenerated him, — they remodelled him. As the sculptor hews the statue from the block of marble, blow by blow, so through the agency of misfor-

tune after misfortune, this prosaic and commonplace being, neither bad nor good, self-indulgent and yet the greatest of bigots, — out of this dull nature was moulded a marvel of courage, patience, and resignation, which has now been mounted on a pedestal of grief. This poor king's nature became so broadened, and elevated, and sanctified, that it even came to pass that his wife loved him. And who would have believed, my dear Gilbert, in October, 1789, or even last August, that the queen would ever love her husband?"

"Oh, if I had only thought of all this!" murmured Billot.

"But what would you have done about it?" asked Gilbert.

"What would I have done? I would have killed him either in July or October, three years ago, or else last August."

"Yes, but you did n't do it," rejoined Cagliostro, after a moment's silence. "You voted for death, Billot. You, Gilbert, voted for life. Now, will you listen to one last word of advice? You, Gilbert, only had yourself elected to the Convention in order to fulfil a duty. You, Billot, had yourself elected in order to secure your revenge. Duty and vengeance having both been accomplished you are no longer needed here. My advice to you, therefore, is to go away at once."

Both men gazed wonderingly at Cagliostro.

"Yes," he resumed; "neither one of you is really a partisan. You are men of good common sense and sound judgment. Now the king is dead the political parties will find themselves drawn up face to face, and they will soon destroy each other. Which will succumb first, I do not know; but this much I do know, they will both go down, one after the other. To-morrow, Gilbert, your leniency towards the king will be regarded as a crime; but in a short time, your severity, Billot, will be considered equally culpable. Believe me, Billot, in this im-

pending conflict between hatred, fear, revenge, and fanaticism, few will escape unscathed. Some will be smirched with mire and others with blood. So flee, my friends, flee!"

"But France?" asked Gilbert.

"Yes, France?" repeated Billot.

"Oh, France is to all intents and purposes saved. Her foreign foes are defeated, the enemies within her borders are virtually dead, for fraught with danger as the guillotine may be for the future, it is unquestionably a formidable power in the present. The death of Louis XVI. exposes us to the wrath of the other monarchies, and imbues the Republic with the convulsive and desperate energy of a nation under sentence of death. Look at Athens in ancient times! Look at Holland in modern times! All indecision must cease from to-day. The Revolution holds the axe in one hand and the tri-coloured flag in the other now. Go! Before the axe is laid aside, the aristocrats will lose their heads. Before the tri-coloured flag is laid down France will have all Europe at her feet. Depart, my friends, depart!"

"God is my witness that I shall not regret leaving France if her future is what you predict. But where shall we go?"

"Ingrate!" cried Cagliostro, "have you forgotten your fosterland, — America? Have you forgotten its immense lakes, its virgin forests and prairies boundless as the ocean? Do you not feel the need — you who can rest — of the tranquillising influences of nature after the terrible ordeal through which you have passed?"

"Will you accompany me, Billot?" asked Gilbert, rising.

"Will you forgive me?" asked Billot, advancing a step towards Gilbert.

The two men threw themselves into each other's arms.

"Very well," said Gilbert, "we will go."

"And when?" inquired Cagliostro.

"In — in a week's time."

Cagliostro shook his head.

"You will start this evening," said he.

"And why this evening?"

"Because I leave to-morrow."

"Where are you going?"

"You will know some day."

"But how can we go?"

"The ship 'Franklin' sails for America in thirty-six hours."

"But our passports?"

"Here they are."

"And my son?" asked Gilbert.

Cagliostro stepped to the door, and opened it.

"Come in, Sebastian, your father wants you," he called out.

The lad entered and sprang into his father's arms.

"A post-chaise is all that is wanting," remarked Gilbert.

"And mine is harnessed and at the door," replied Cagliostro.

Gilbert walked to a secretary where there were a thousand louis, — about five thousand dollars in the common purse, — and motioned Billot to take his share.

"Have we enough?" asked Billot.

"We have enough, and more than enough to buy an entire province."

Billot glanced around him with a rather embarrassed air.

"What are you looking for, my friend?" asked Gilbert.

"I am looking for something that would n't be of much use to me, even if I found it, as I don't know how to write."

Gilbert smiled, opened a desk, took up a pen, dipped it in the ink:

"Dictate," he said.

"I want to send a farewell line to Pitou."

"I will attend to that for you," replied Gilbert, beginning to write. When he had finished, Billot asked: "What have you written?"

Gilbert read as follows: —

My Dear Pitou, — We are about leaving France, — Billot, Sebastian, and I, — and we all three embrace you tenderly.

We think that as you have control of Billot's farm you need nothing more.

Some day we shall probably write for you to join us.

Your friend,

Gilbert.

"Is that all?" asked Billot.

"I have added a postscript," replied Gilbert.

"What is it?"

Gilbert looked the farmer full in the face, as he said slowly: —

"Billot commends Catherine to your care."

Billot uttered a cry of gratitude, and again threw himself into Gilbert's arms.

Ten minutes afterwards the post-chaise, containing Gilbert, Sebastian, and Billot, was rolling swiftly along towards Havre.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

HOW ANGE PITOU AND CATHERINE BILLOT WERE ENGAGED ON FEBRUARY 15th, 1794.

One clear cold morning, a little more than a year after the execution of the king, and Gilbert's and Billot's departure for America, three or four hundred persons, that is to say, about one-sixth of the population of Villers-Cotterets, were waiting in the square, and in the courtyard of the Town Hall, for the exit of two lovers whom our old friend Monsieur de Longpré was uniting in marriage.

These two lovers were Ange Pitou and Catherine Billot.

It is needless to say that many important changes must have occurred to induce the Vicomte Isidore de Charny's former sweetheart and little Isidore's mother to become Madame Ange Pitou.

People related and commented on these events after their own fashion; but however much the facts were twisted and turned they only redounded to the glory and devotion of Ange Pitou, and the wisdom of Catherine, though the more interesting the lovers became in the eyes of their acquaintances and friends, the more their acquaintances and friends pitied them.

They were probably much happier than any man or woman in the crowd, but a crowd is so constituted that it must always either pity or envy.

That day the tendency was towards compassion, and they pitied the couple accordingly.

The events predicted by Cagliostro on the night of January 21st, 1793, had followed one another with frightful rapidity, each leaving an ineffaceable bloodstain in its wake.

On February 1st, 1793, the National Convention had voted to issue assignats to the amount of eight hundred million francs. This increased the total amount of assignats issued to three billion one hundred million francs.

On March 28th, 1793, the Convention, on the motion of Treilhard, passed an edict against the Royalist refugees, making their exile perpetual, and confiscating their estates for the benefit of the Republic.

On November 7th, the Convention directed the Committee of Public Instruction to devise a plan for the substitution of some rational form of worship in place of that taught and practised by the Roman Catholic Church.

It is unnecessary for us to speak of the proscription and death of the Girondists, or of the execution of the Duke of Orleans, the queen, Bailly, Danton, Desmoulins, and so many others; for though the influence of these events extended even to the little town of Villers-Cotterets, they did not affect the persons of whom we are speaking.

The result of this confiscation of property was that Gilbert and Billot being regarded as refugees, their estates were advertised for public sale. And the same thing happened to the property of Charny, who was killed on the 10th of August, and of his countess, slain during the massacre on the 2nd of September.

Catherine was consequently obliged to leave the farm, which was now considered the property of the nation. Pitou was anxious to institute a claim for it in Catherine's name; but Pitou, having become a *moderate*, was himself regarded with something like suspicion, and sagacious persons advised him not to oppose the nation either by word or by deed.

At first, Catherine had some idea of taking up her abode in the hut of Father Clouis, as she had done twice before; but when she presented herself at the door of the Duke of Orleans's former gamekeeper, the old man placed his finger on his lip, as if to recommend silence, and shook his head to denote impossibility.

This impossibility was due to the fact that Catherine's old place was already occupied. The law against rebellious priests had been rigorously enforced; and as nothing could have induced Abbé Fortier to take the required oath, he would certainly have been banished if he had not previously taken the precaution to banish himself.

But this was not a favourable time for crossing the frontier, so he limited his exile to forsaking his house at Villers-Cotterets, — leaving his sister, Mademoiselle Alexandrine, to watch over his worldly goods, — and seeking an asylum with Father Clouis, which the old gamekeeper felt obliged to grant on account of the relations that formerly existed between both these men and the Orleans family.

It will be remembered that the accommodations at Clouise Rock were extremely limited, so there was not room for the priest and Catherine and little Isidore; besides, even if there had been room, Catherine was not enough of a Christian to forgive the priest for his refusal to bury her mother; and even if she had been enough of a Christian to forgive him, he was too much of a Catholic to forgive her, so she had to abandon all idea of residing at Clouise Rock.

Of course Aunt Angelica's house was not to be thought of. The farther the Revolution progressed, the more irascible the old woman became, if that were possible; this deterioration of temper on her part being due to the fact that at Villers-Cotterets, as everywhere else, the parish church was closed until some rational form of worship could be substituted by the Committee on Public Instruction, and the church being closed, the rental of chairs, which constituted Aunt Angelica's chief source of revenue, dwindled away to nothing.

We should also say, by way of explanation, that, having heard so much about the capture of the Bastille by Billot and Ange Pitou, and having seen her nephew and the farmer start off for Paris on the eve of each great outbreak at the nation's capital, she had not the slightest doubt that the French Revolution was conducted by Ange and Billot, and that Citizens Marat, Danton, and Robespierre were merely the assistants or tools of these two chief managers.

Mademoiselle Alexandrine, of course, encouraged her in these absurd ideas, which after Billot's regicidal vote resulted in a sort of fanatical hatred; so it would not do to think of placing Catherine with Aunt Angelica. The only place of refuge left consequently was Pitou's little cottage at Haramont; but how could the two dwell there together without causing the very worst kind of gossip?

Pitou therefore decided to ask the hospitality of his friend Désiré Maniquet, — a hospitality which was cheerfully granted, and which Pitou more than repaid by services of every kind.

All this placed poor Catherine in a very trying position. Pitou lavished all the attentions of a friend and all the kindness of a brother upon her, but she was beginning to feel that it was neither as a friend nor as a brother that she loved Pitou.

Poor Catherine felt that she was entirely alone in the world except for Pitou and her child, and knew that if she were to die, little Isidore would not have a friend in the world except Pitou; so it gradually came about that Catherine was almost ready to make Pitou the only return in her power by giving herself to him body and soul, though the idolised lover of her youth had been transplanted to heaven.

Nearly six months passed, during which Catherine kept her resolve carefully concealed in a corner of her mind, or rather in the bottom of her heart, for she could not quite accustom herself to this new idea. So, though Pitou was greeted every morning with a pleasanter smile and a rather

more tender pressure of the hand, he had no idea that any such change had taken place in Catherine's sentiments; but as Pitou's love and devotion did not arise from any hope of a return, he only loved Catherine more and more, and became more and more devoted to her.

This state of things might have continued until both Catherine and Pitou were in their graves, or until Pitou was as venerable as Philemon, and Catherine as old as Baucis, without arousing any hope in the heart of the captain of the Haramont National Guards; so Catherine was obliged to speak first, — that is, after the feminine mode of speaking.

So one evening, instead of offering him her hand as usual, she offered him her forehead.

Pitou, fancying this was merely a piece of absent-mindedness on Catherine's part, did not take advantage of the supposed inadvertence, but retreated a step or two, whereupon Catherine, instead of releasing his hand, drew him towards her, and this time offered him not her forehead, but her cheek. Pitou, poor fellow, was even more at a loss to know what to do now.

Seeing all this, little Isidore interposed in his mother's behalf.

"Papa Pitou, kiss Mamma Catherine," he cried imperiously.

"Oh, God!" murmured Pitou, turning deathly pale as he touched Catherine's cheek with his cold and trembling lips.

Picking up her child, Catherine placed him in Pitou's arms.

"I give you my child, Pitou," she said. "Will you not take the mother too?"

Pitou's head whirled. He closed his eyes, and, still pressing the child to his heart, dropped into a chair, crying out with that delicacy of feeling which only a susceptible nature can appreciate, "Monsieur Isidore, my darling Monsieur Isidore, how much I love you!"

Isidore always called their benefactor "Papa Pitou," but Pitou had always called the viscount's son "Monsieur Isidore."

Pitou felt that it was chiefly on account of Catherine's love for her child that she was inclined to love him, and for that reason, he did not say, "How much I love you, Mademoiselle Catherine!" but "How I love you, Monsieur Isidore!"

It being settled that Pitou loved the child better than he did the mother, they began to talk of marriage.

"I will not hurry you, Mademoiselle Catherine," said Pitou. "Take your time; but if you will consent to make me happy, don't keep me waiting too long."

Catherine only asked for a month; so at the end of three weeks, Pitou, in full regimentals, started out to pay a ceremonious visit to Aunt Angelica to invite her to honour with her presence his approaching nuptials with Mademoiselle Catherine Billot.

Aunt Angelica saw her prodigal nephew while he was still afar off, and hastily closed the door; but Pitou advanced towards the inhospitable portal just the same. On reaching it, he rapped.

"Who 's there?" demanded Aunt Angelica, in her most acrid tones.

"Me, your nephew, Aunt Angelica."

"Go away, you September fiend!" cried the old woman.

"Aunt, I came to announce a piece of news which cannot fail to please you, and which gives me great happiness."

"What is it, you Jacobin?"

"Open the door, and I will tell you."

"Tell me through the door; I won't open it for such a scalawag."

"Won't you really, Aunt Angelica?"

"No, I won't."

"Well, I 'm about to be married."

The door opened as if by magic.

"To whom?"

"To Mademoiselle Catherine Billot."

"You wretch! You scoundrel! You ass!" cried Aunt Angelica. "Marry that hussy! that — Clear out! I wash my hands of you!"

"I 'm too used to your pet names to mind them much. I thought I owed you the courtesy of announcing my marriage to you. I have done it, so good-bye."

And, raising his hand to his three-cornered hat in a military salute, he walked on down the lane.

CHAPTER II.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEWS ON AUNT ANGELICA.

Pitou had to notify Monsieur de Longpré, who resided on the Rue de l'Ormet, of his intended marriage; and Monsieur de Longpré, being less prejudiced against the Billot family, congratulated Pitou upon the highly commendable action he was about to perform, and Pitou listened to him in astonishment, for he had never once thought he was doing such a virtuous act in insuring his own happiness.

A good Republican, Pitou was more grateful than ever to the Republic, for had it not abolished the publishing of the bans, and all other tedious preliminaries, by suppressing marriages in church; and it was consequently agreed between Citizen-Mayor Longpré and Pitou that the latter should be united in marriage with Catherine at the town-hall on the Saturday following.

The next day, Sunday, was the day appointed for the sale of Billot's farm and the Château de Boursonnes. The farm was valued at four hundred thousand francs, and the château at six hundred thousand; but these valuations were estimated in assignats, and paper money had depreciated terribly in value. A gold louis was formerly worth twenty-four francs in specie; but this same golden louis was now worth nine hundred and twenty francs in paper money.

Pitou went back to tell Catherine the good news, though he was a little afraid she would be displeased that he had ventured to hasten the marriage a couple of days. Catherine manifested no dissatisfaction, however, so Pitou was in raptures; but Catherine insisted that Pitou should again

visit Aunt Angelica to announce the exact date of the marriage, and urge her to be present. The old lady was Pitou's only relative; and though not a very affectionate kinswoman, it was only right for Pitou to fulfil the usual social requirements.

So, on Thursday morning, Pitou went to Villers-Cotterets to pay his aunt another visit. The clocks were just striking nine as he came in sight of the house. Aunt Angelica was not standing in the doorway this time; but when he reached the cottage, he found the door fastened exactly as if his aunt had been expecting him.

Pitou concluded that she must have gone out, and was delighted. He had made his call, and now a respectful letter could take the place of the speech he so dreaded.

But as Pitou was the most conscientious of youths, he rapped on the door; and as no one responded to the summons, he began to shout his aunt's name.

Attracted by all this uproar, a neighbour appeared.

"Do you know whether my aunt has gone out, Mother Fagot?" inquired Pitou.

"Does n't she answer?"

"No, as you can see for yourself. She has gone out, most probably."

"I 'm sure I should have seen her pass if she had," replied Mother Fagot, shaking her head. "Her door faces mine; and as soon as she gets up she comes into our house to get some warm ashes to put in her sabots, and so keep herself warm all through the day. Is n't that so, neighbour Farolet?"

This question was addressed to a new-comer, who, having been attracted to his door by the noise, now closed it, and came forward to join in the conversation.

"What is that, Madame Fagot?" he asked.

"I 'm almost sure Aunt Angelica has not gone out. Have you seen her pass?"

"No, and I 'll venture to say she is still in the house; for if she had got up and gone out, the shutters would be open."

"True!" exclaimed Pitou. "Good heavens! I wonder if anything can have happened to my poor aunt!"

"That is very possible," said Mother Fagot.

"It is more than possible; it is probable," remarked Citizen Farolet, sententiously.

"She was n't a very good friend to me," remarked Pitou; "but for all that, I should hate most terribly — How can we find out what the matter is?"

"There 's no great difficulty about that, it seems to me," answered another neighbour. "You 've only got to send for Rigolet the locksmith."

"There is no need of that delay, for I often used to open the door with my knife," said Pitou.

So he took out his knife, and in the presence of a group that numbered about a dozen persons now, he began his work with a dexterity which indicated that he had adopted this means of entering the home of his boyhood more than once.

At last the bolt slipped back, and the door opened. The room had been very dark, but now the dull light of a gloomy winter's morning creeping in through the open door revealed Aunt Angelica lying on the bed.

Twice Pitou called her by name; but the old woman remained motionless, nor did she make the slightest response.

Pitou went up and took hold of her.

"She 's cold and stiff!" he exclaimed.

Some one opened the shutters. Aunt Angelica was dead.

"How terrible! What a misfortune!" cried Pitou.

"Not such a very great one," remarked Farolet. "She certainly did n't love you overmuch, this aunt of yours."

"That may be, but I was really very fond of her. Poor Aunt Angelica!" and as he spoke, two big tears rolled down the kind-hearted youth's cheeks, and he fell upon his knees by the bedside.

"Now, Monsieur Pitou, if you 're in need of any help, we 're at your service," said Mother Fagot.

"Thank you, Mother Fagot. Is your boy anywhere around?"

"Yes. Here, Fagotin."

A lad about fourteen years of age appeared in the doorway.

"Here I am, Mother Fagot," he replied.

"Ask him to run to Haramont," said Pitou, "and tell Catherine not to be uneasy about me, but that I have found Aunt Angelica dead. My poor aunt!"

And Pitou dashed away a tear.

"Do you hear, Fagotin?" asked his mother.

"Yes."

"Then be off."

"Go by Dr. Raynal's, and tell him there's a case of sudden death to be looked into here," added the practical Farolet.

"Do you understand?" asked the mother.

"Yes," responded the urchin, starting off at a run in the direction of the doctor's house.

The crowd had increased until there were now at least a hundred persons in front of the door. Every one had some theory to expound in relation to Aunt Angelica's death. Some said apoplexy was the cause, others that it was a rupture of a bloodvessel, while others declared that it was a case of quick consumption; but all whispered under their breath that, if Pitou looked sharp, he would be sure to find a handsome sum of money hidden away on the topmost shelf of a cupboard, in a butter crock, under a mattress, or in an old stocking.

In the midst of all this hubbub, Dr. Raynal arrived, accompanied by the Receiver-General. Now the mystery connected with the old lady's death would be solved. Dr. Raynal entered, approached the bed, examined the body, and then to the profound astonishment of Pleux circles, announced that the old maid had unquestionably died of cold and perhaps starvation as well.

Pitou's grief was greatly increased by this announcement.

"My poor aunt! my poor aunt!" he exclaimed; "and I thought she was rich. I was a wretch to leave her! Oh, if I had only known! It can't be possible! Doctor, it can't be possible!"

"Look in the pantry, and see if there is any food. Look in the woodshed, and see if there is any fuel. I always predicted that she would die like this, the old miser!"

They did look, and there was not a shaving in the woodshed, or a crumb of bread in the cupboard.

"Why did n't she tell me?" groaned Pitou. "I 'd have brought her wood from the forest! I 'd have turned poacher, if need be, to get her food. It was all your fault," continued the poor fellow, addressing the neighbours. "Why did n't you tell me she was so poor?"

"We did n't tell you she was poor for the simple reason that everybody considered her rich," replied Farolet.

Dr. Raynal placed a wet cloth on Aunt Angelica's face and started towards the door. Pitou ran after him.

"Surely you 're not going, Dr. Raynal?"

"What can I do here, my friend?"

"Is she really dead?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, my God!" groaned Pitou. "To have died of cold and hunger, think of it!"

"All the same, I advise you to search high and low," said the doctor, in a whisper. "Understand?"

"But you say that she died of cold and hunger, Dr. Raynal?"

"Plenty of persons have died of cold and hunger, and yet had a good deal of money hidden away. But mum 's the word," he added, placing his finger warningly on his lip as he walked away.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT ANGELICA'S ARMCHAIR.

Pitou might have reflected more deeply upon what Dr. Raynal had said to him, had he not seen Catherine hastening towards the house with her child in her arms.

As soon as it became known that Aunt Angelica had probably died of hunger and cold, her neighbours' desire to render her some last service diminished very perceptibly, so Catherine's arrival was most opportune. She declared that as Pitou's affianced wife it was her duty to perform the last sad offices for his aunt; and she rendered them, poor girl! with the same tender reverence which she had shown to her mother eighteen months before.

Meanwhile, Pitou must make arrangements for the funeral, which would take place the second day afterward; as in case of a sudden death, like Aunt Angelica's, that delay was required by law.

It was only necessary to see the mayor and undertaker, however, all religious services being forbidden at funerals, as well as weddings.

"My dear," remarked Catherine, as Pitou picked up his hat to go and notify the mayor, "don't you think, under the circumstances, it would be well to postpone our marriage a day or two?"

"If you wish it, Mademoiselle Catherine."

"Well, consult Monsieur de Longpré, and do as he thinks best."

"So be it, Mademoiselle Catherine."

"You see, it might bring us bad luck to marry so near the time of a funeral in the family."

"Oh, as for that, the minute I'm your husband I defy ill luck to get any hold on me."

"Dear Pitou," said Catherine, taking his hand, "wait until Monday. You see I am trying to reconcile our wishes and the proprieties as much as possible."

"Wait two days, Mademoiselle Catherine? that's a long time!"

"That sounds well from a man who has already waited five years."

"A great many things may happen in two days," sighed Pitou.

"It is not likely to happen that I shall love you any less, my dear Pitou; and as you pretend that is the only thing you feel any anxiety about—"

"It is, Mademoiselle Catherine; it is, indeed!"

"Well, in that case— Come here, Isidore."

"Well, mamma?" said the child.

"Speak to Papa Pitou. Say to him: 'Don't be afraid, Papa Pitou, mamma loves you, and will always love you.'"

The child repeated, in his soft, childish voice: "Don't be afraid, Papa Pitou, mamma loves you, and will always love you!"

After this assurance Pitou made no further objection, but started for the mayor's. When he returned, at the end of an hour, he had made all the necessary arrangements both for the wedding and the funeral, paying the bills in advance. With the remainder of his money he had purchased fuel and provisions enough to last two days.

It was time for the wood to come, for in such a dilapidated old house, where the wind penetrated every nook and crevice, one might easily die of cold; and, in fact, Pitou found Catherine chilled through.

The marriage, in compliance with her wish, had been deferred until Monday. During the time that intervened, Pitou and Catherine did not leave the house at all; and in spite of the enormous fire Pitou built in the fireplace, the wind would steal in, icy and sharp, chilling them to the

very marrow of their bones, until Pitou declared that if Aunt Angelica had not died of hunger, she would certainly have perished of cold.

The time for removing the body came. It was a short journey, for Aunt Angelica's cottage was close to the graveyard.

All the people of the immediate neighbourhood and many of the townsfolk followed the poor woman to her last resting-place. In the country both men and women go to the grave, so Catherine and Pitou acted as chief mourners.

After the ceremony was concluded, Pitou thanked those present, in the dead woman's name and in his own; and after some holy water had been sprinkled on the grave, the crowd quietly dispersed.

Left alone with Catherine, Pitou turned to the place where he had left her a moment before, but she was no longer there. She was kneeling, with little Isidore, by a slab at each of the four corners of which a small cypress was growing. This was Mother Billot's grave, and the trees had been brought from the forest and planted by Pitou.

He did not wish to disturb Catherine's pious meditations; but thinking she would be dreadfully cold when her prayer was ended, he hastened back to the house with the intention of starting a good fire. But, unfortunately, there was a very serious obstacle in the way. The supply of wood was exhausted.

Pitou scratched his head dubiously. He had spent all the money he had, so he looked around to see what piece of old furniture he could sacrifice. The bedstead, though of no great value, could still be used; but the armchair was positively worthless. In fact, for a long time no one but the old maid had dared to sit in it, so hopelessly dislocated was every joint.

So the armchair being condemned, Pitou proceeded after the fashion of the Revolutionary Tribunal with it; that is to say, the execution immediately followed the sentence. Placing one knee on the leather seat, black

with age, he seized a post with both hands, and pulled vigorously. At the third jerk the arm gave way, and the chair, as if to show its grief at this dismemberment, gave forth a strange moan. If Pitou had been superstitious, he would have believed that Aunt Angelica's soul had its abiding-place in that old armchair, as, in fact, it had!

But Pitou was superstitious in regard to but one thing in the world, — that was Catherine; and the armchair had been condemned for Catherine's sake. So even if it had shed as much blood and given forth as many groans as the enchanted trees in Tasso's forest, that armchair would have been shivered into splinters just the same; so Pitou grasped the other post with equal determination, and wrenched it from the now dismembered carcass.

Again the armchair gave forth a strange metallic sound. Nevertheless, Pitou still showed it no mercy; but, seizing the mutilated piece of furniture by the leg, he banged it upon the floor with all his might. This time, the armchair was broken in twain, and to Pitou's profound astonishment, great clots, not of blood, but of gold, burst from the gaping wound.

It will be remembered that whenever Aunt Angelica collected twenty-four francs in silver she always exchanged those twenty-four francs for a louis, and this louis she hid in her armchair.

Pitou was dumfounded. He fairly trembled with incredulity and amazement. His first impulse was to rush after Catherine and little Isidore, and bring them back, so they might see the treasure he had discovered; but a terrible thought flashed across his mind, and deterred him. If Catherine knew he was rich, would she be willing to marry him? He shook his head. "No, she would refuse; I am sure of it," he said to himself.

For a moment he stood motionless, absorbed in thought. Then a smile illumined his face. He had doubtless discovered a way out of the dilemma in which this unexpected piece of good fortune had involved him.

He collected all the gold-pieces that were scattered over the floor; then, taking his knife from his pocket, he cut open the seat of the chair, pulling out every particle of the stuffing, and searching every corner carefully. Every part of the chair had been filled with coin. In fact, there was enough to fill the big pot in which Aunt Angelica had cooked the famous rooster which occasioned the terrible scene between aunt and nephew, described in the volume entitled "Ange Pitou."

Pitou counted his louis. There were one thousand five hundred and fifty of them; and with one thousand five hundred and fifty louis, or thirty-seven thousand two hundred francs in gold, Pitou was a rich man, for as every gold louis was worth nine hundred and twenty francs in assignats, Pitou was now the possessor of one million four hundred and twenty-six thousand francs, — nearly a million and a half, — the cost of the queen's famous necklace.

And think of it! this immense wealth came into his possession at a moment when, having no money to buy wood, he was breaking up a chair to warm his precious Catherine.

How fortunate that he was so poor, the weather so cold, and the armchair so old! But for the combination of circumstances, what might have been the fate of this valuable inheritance? He stuffed all the gold into his pockets, then breaking the frame of the chair into small pieces, he piled them up in the fireplace and set fire to them.

It was quite time, for in a minute or two Catherine and little Isidore came in shivering with cold. Pitou pressed the boy to his heart, kissed Catherine's cold hands, and then hurried off, saying, "I 've some very important business to attend to; so good-bye for a little while."

"Where is Papa Pitou going?" asked the child.

"I don't know," replied Catherine; "but this much is certain. When he rushes off like that, he is busy, not with his own affairs, but with thine or mine."

In this case Catherine might have said with perfect truth, "with thine and mine."

CHAPTER IV.

THE USE PITOU MADE OF THE GOLD FOUND IN AUNT ANGELICA'S ARMCHAIR.

It should not be forgotten that the sale of Billot's farm and the Charny Château was to take place on the following day. It will be remembered, too, that the lowest price which would be accepted for the farm had been set at four hundred thousand francs, while the château was valued at six hundred thousand francs, in assignats.

When the day of the sale came, Citizen Longpré purchased both these estates for some unknown person, paying for them one thousand three hundred and fifty louis in gold; that is to say, for one million two hundred and forty-two thousand francs in assignats. He paid cash for the property.

This sale took place on Sunday, the afternoon before the wedding day.

Early that morning, Catherine had gone to Haramont to make some of those little preparations which the most sensible ladies deem necessary on the eve of wedlock. Perhaps, too, she did not care to remain in town while they were selling the beautiful farm where her childhood had been spent, and where she had been so happy and suffered so cruelly.

The crowd that assembled in front of the mayor's office at eleven o'clock the next morning both pitied and praised Pitou for marrying a girl who was not only destitute of fortune, but was likewise hampered with a child, who, instead of being richer than herself some day, as she had once fondly hoped, was now even poorer and more dependent than his mother.

While the crowd was thus engaged outside, Monsieur de Longpré was asking, in accordance with the formula of the time, —

"Citizen Ange Pitou, do you take for your wife Citizeness Anne Catherine Billot?"

And to Catherine, —

"Citizeness Anne Catherine Billot, do you take for your husband Citizen Pierre Ange Pitou?"

When both had answered in the affirmative, — Pitou in a voice trembling with emotion, and Catherine in the serenest possible tones, — the citizen-mayor proceeded to pronounce them husband and wife in the name of the law, and then beckoned little Isidore to come forward and speak to him.

"My child," said the worthy mayor, "here are some papers you must give to Mamma Catherine after Papa Pitou takes her home."

"Yes, monsieur," lisped the child, clutching the papers tightly in his little hands.

All was over now, only, to the intense astonishment of every one, Pitou drew five louis from his pocket and handed them to the mayor.

"For the poor, monsieur," he said.

Catherine smiled.

"Are we such rich people?" she asked.

"One is rich when one is happy, Catherine," replied Pitou; "so you have just made me the richest man in the world."

He offered her his arm, upon which she leaned confidingly. The crowd greeted them with loud acclamations as they appeared in the doorway. Pitou thanked his friends, and shook hands with them in the heartiest manner. Catherine also exchanged salutations with her friends, and bowed her thanks right and left.

Meanwhile, Pitou had turned to the right.

"Where are you going, my dear?" asked Catherine.

For if Pitou intended to return to Haramont, he should have taken the street to the left.

"Come with me, my beloved Catherine," replied Pitou. "I am taking you to a place you will be very glad to see again."

They walked on together until they came to the lane where he met Catherine riding along on her donkey six years before, — the very day he was driven from his home by Aunt Angelica, and knew not where to lay his head.

"We are not going to Pisseleu, I hope," said Catherine, stopping her husband.

"Come, Catherine; please come," pleaded Pitou.

After walking about ten minutes longer, they came to the little bridge where Pitou had found Catherine in a deep swoon at the time of Monsieur Isidore's sudden departure for Paris.

Here Catherine again paused, exclaiming, —

"No, no, Pitou; I can go no further."

"Only as far as the willow-tree, Mademoiselle Catherine!" pleaded Pitou.

It was the same willow where Pitou had hidden Isidore's letters, and found those which were to be sent to the young viscount in return. Catherine sighed heavily, and walked on; but on reaching the willow, she paused again, and exclaimed, —

"Let us turn back now, I beg of you."

But Pitou laid his hand on her arm and said, "Twenty yards more, Mademoiselle Catherine, that is all I ask!"

"Oh, Pitou," cried Catherine, in such a reproachful tone that Pitou, too, paused and said, "Ah, Mademoiselle Catherine, — and I thought it would make you so happy!"

"Make me so happy by taking me to the home of my childhood, — the home which belonged to my parents and which ought to belong to me, but which has passed into the hands of a stranger, whose very name is unknown to me!"

"Only twenty yards more, Mademoiselle Catherine. That is all I ask."

Twenty yards brought them in sight of the big gate of

the farm; and around this gate all the waggoners, hostlers, and milkmaids were assembled with Father Clouis at their head. Each person had a bouquet in his hand.

"Ah, I understand," exclaimed Catherine. "You wanted to bring me here, so all the old servants could bid me good-bye before the new owner came. Thank you, Pitou."

And, dropping her husband's arm and little Isidore's hand, she walked on towards these good people, who surrounded her and led her into the hall of the farm-house. Pitou took little Isidore in his arms and followed Catherine.

His wife was sitting in the middle of the spacious hall rubbing her forehead with her hand, as if she were trying to arouse herself from a dream.

"In Heaven's name, what are they telling me, Pitou?" she cried wildly. "I cannot understand it."

"Perhaps the papers your child has, will help you to understand it better, my dear Catherine," said Pitou, pushing little Isidore gently forward.

Catherine took the papers from the child's little hands, and, opening one of them, read as follows: —

This is to certify that the Château de Boursonnes and the lands pertaining thereto were purchased of me and paid for yesterday, February 14th, 1794, on account of Jacques Philippe Isidore, the minor child of Citizeness Catherine Billot; and therefore it is to said minor child the aforesaid Château de Boursonnes and its appurtenances legally belong.

Signed, De Longpré,
Mayor of Villers-Cotterets.

"What does this mean, Pitou?" asked Catherine. "You must see that I don't understand a word of it!"

"Read the other paper," said Pitou.

And so, unfolding the other paper, Catherine read the following: —

This is to certify that the farm known as Pisseleu, with all its appurtenances, was bought of me and paid for yesterday, February

14th, 1794, on account of Citizeness Anne Catherine Billot, and that she is consequently the sole and lawful owner of said property and all its appurtenances.

Signed, DE LONGPRÉ,
Mayor of Villers-Cotterets.

"For God's sake tell me what this means, or I shall go mad!" cried Catherine.

"It means that, owing to the fact that I found fifteen hundred gold louis in Aunt Angelica's old armchair that I was breaking up to kindle a fire with, before your return from the funeral, the Château de Boursonnes will not pass out of the Charny family, or Pisseleu farm out of the possession of the Billots."

And Pitou related the incidents with which our readers are already familiar.

"Oh, Pitou, and you had the courage to burn that old armchair when you had all that money in your pocket!" exclaimed Catherine.

"But you were about to return, Catherine," replied Pitou, "and you would nearly have perished with the cold before I could have bought any wood and got it home."

Catherine held out both her arms. Pitou pushed little Isidore forward.

"You, too, dear Pitou! you, too!" cried Catherine, clasping both her son and her husband to her heart in a single embrace.

"Oh, my God!" murmured Pitou, overwhelmed with joy, but at the same time paying the tribute of a last tear to his aged aunt. "And to think she should have died of cold and hunger! Poor Aunt Angelica!"

"Upon my word," said a burly waggoner to a fresh-looking, blooming milkmaid, "upon my word, there are two persons who don't seem likely to die in that way!"

THE END.